THE ILIAD OF HOMER, WITH NOTES.

BY

Madam DACIER.

Done from the *French* by Mr. *BROOME*, and by him compar'd with the *Greek*.

Illuſtrated with Twenty-Six CUTS, by the beſt Gravers, from the *Paris* Plates, deſign'd by *COYPEL*.

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Argument of the Tenth Book.

AGamemnon *having ſpent the Night without Sleeping, riſes before Day, goes, together with* Menelaus, *and raiſes the Chieftains of the Army; and in a Council of War, which he held near the Ditch, it is thought proper to ſend Spies to obſerve what paſſes in the* Trojan *Camp.* Diomed *offers himſelf the firſt, and demands a Companion. The braveſt Chieftains preſent themſelves to accompany him;* Diomed *makes choice of* Ulyſſes. *Theſe two ſet out, and on the way meet with* Dolon, *whom the Enemy had likewiſe ſent as a Spy into the* Grecian *Camp. They kill him, after having got out of him the whole Diſpoſition of the* Trojan *Army, and learnt that* Rheſus, *Prince of* Thrace, *was newly arriv'd therein, with his Troops, and that he had a very ſumptuous Chariot, and very beautiful Horſes.* Ulyſſes *and* Diomed *advance as far as the Quarter of the* Thracians, *kill* Rheſus, *and ſeveral of his Guards, unty the Horſes, carry them off, and return into the* Grecian *Camp.*

THE ILIAD OF HOMER.

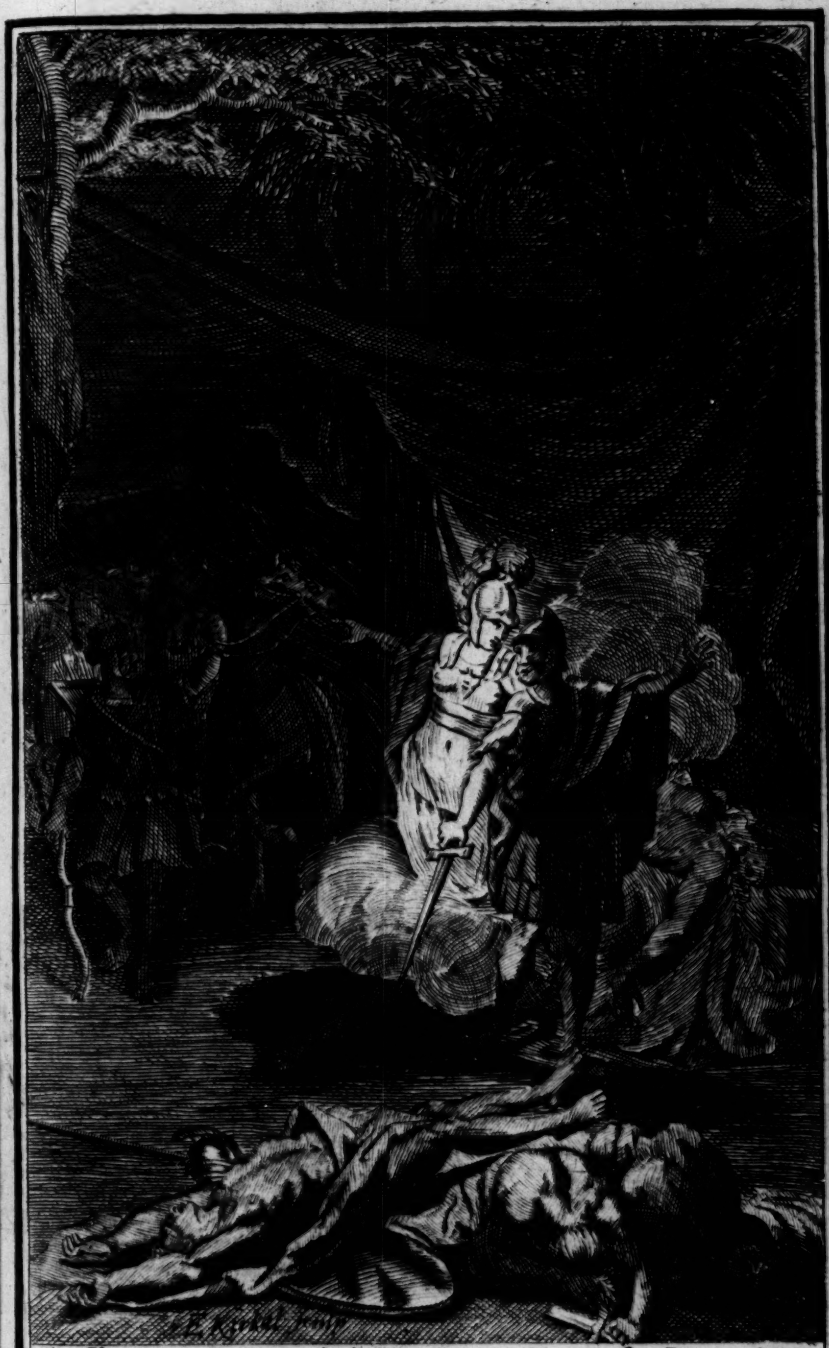
BOOK X.

NOW all the valiant Leaders of the *Greeks* Enjoy'd profound Repose, dissolv'd in Sleep, All but *Atrides*; from his wakeful Eyes, Inquietude dispell'd the Sweets of Slumber.

(*a*) As when the gloomy Thunderer prepares To drown the World with Deluges of Rain, Or

(*a*) *As when the gloomy Thunderer.*] What Magnificence! What Sublimity in this Image! *Agamemnon* afflicted, and upon the Brink of a great Battel, is compar'd

sends



The Greeks *surprizd at* Achilles *s refusal: having sent* Diomed *&* Ulysses *in the night to observe the* Trojan *Camp. Those Princes artfully discover the disposition of it & kill* Rhesus, *whose Horses they carry off.*

B 10

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ſends his ſtormy Hail, or fleecy Snows, To cloath the Surface of the hoary Earth; (*b*) Or when he's ready to excite to Arms Two Nations, and (*c*) diſcloſe the Jaws of War; (*d*) Thro' all the Heav'ns the dreadful Lightnings play, Nor ceaſe, nor pauſe, but Flaſh ſucceeds on Flaſh: So, when *Atrides* meditates the War, Sighs after Sighs burſt from his manly Breaſt, O'ercaſt his Look, and ſhake his very Soul.

to *Jupiter*, who is going to overflow the Earth with a Deluge, or to kindle a War. The Sighs of that Prince are compar'd to Flaſhes of Lightning, which precede, and foretell thoſe Ravages. This is what made the Antients ſay, that never Poet knew better than *Homer* to equal in the Grandeur of his Ideas the Majeſty of the greateſt Subject.

(*b*) *Or when he's ready to excite to Arms*] We have already ſeen, that all Nations, as well *Greeks* as *Barbarians*, were equally tainted with this Superſtition, that Lightning and Thunder were the Forerunners of Wars and Battels.

(*c*) *Diſcloſe the Jaws of War.*] The *Greek* Expreſſion deſerves to be remark'd: *Homer* ſays, *or prepare the Mouth of War*, στόμα πολεμοιο. This Poet gives War a Mouth, becauſe of its Voraciouſneſs.

(*d*) *Through all the Heavens the dreadful Lightnings play.*] When People find fault with Poets, and charge them with ſaying Things which are contradicted by Experience, they ought to be very ſure of what they advance, for otherwiſe they make wrong Criticiſms, and fall into the very ſame Vice they condemn. Thus it befell *Julius Scaliger*, who in his Poetics is very ſevere upon *Homer*, for ſaying in this place, that it Thunders and Lightens at the ſame time when it Snows: *This*, ſays he, *is what we never ſaw.* He is certainly miſtaken. *It is no more than what has been ſeen in our Days*, ſays Father *Boſſu*, in his excellent Treatiſe of *Epic* Poetry; *In the Month of* January *there was ſuch violent Thundering, it burnt Part of the Church of* Chalons; *as alſo of the Abbey of* Chaly *near* Senlis; *and had the like miſchievous Effect in ſeveral other Places. Dreadful Claps of Thunder were heard at* Senlis, *during a very great and thick Snow. Homer* had undoubtedly ſeen the ſame Thing; and he was better acquainted with the Power of Nature than *Scaliger* was.

(e) When tow'rds the *Trojan* Plain he caſts his Eyes, Aſtoniſh'd he beholds the frequent Fires That blaze with dreadful Luſtre o'er the Field; While the loud (*f*) Voice of Flutes and ſounding Pipes, Mixt with the Din of Soldiers, ſtrikes his Ears: But when he tow'rds the *Grecian* Army turns His mournful Looks, with Grief o'erwhelm'd he lies, And, with wild Sorrow frantick, from his Head Tears his diſhevel'd Locks, and inward groans, And in his ſore Diſtreſs, with loud Complaints, Makes his Addreſs to *Jove*, and mourns his Woes. At length, the beſt Expedient he could find, Was to ſeek out ſage *Neſtor* fam'd for Wiſdom, And try if any Project could be form'd, To ſave th'unhappy *Greeks* from inſtant Ruin. Then from his Bed he roſe, and round his Shoulders Caſt a rich Veſt, embroider'd o'er with Gold; And on his

(e) *When tow'rds the* Trojan *Camp, he caſts his Eyes.*] Some Critics of Antiquity us'd to ask how *Agamemnon*, ſhut up in his Tent, in the midſt of a well fortify'd and well entrench'd Camp, cou'd ſee what paſs'd in the *Trojans* Camp? *Ariſtotle*, in the 26th Chapter of his *Poetics*, has ſufficiently anſwer'd this Objection. *When* Homer *ſays of* Agamemnon, *that, ſhut up in his Tent in the middle of his Camp, he turn'd his Eyes towards the* Trojan *Camp; in this place,* to turn the Eyes, *is a Metaphorical Term, which only ſignifies,* to think, to revolve in the Mind. See the Remarks there.

(f) *Voice of Flutes,* &c.] The ſame Critics, juſt now mention'd, blam'd *Homer* for ſaying, *the Voice of Flutes and Pipes*, becauſe the Voice is a Word only uſed in ſpeaking of human Creatures. But *Ariſtotle* has very well anſwer'd this impertinent Cenſure, by ſaying that *Voice* is a metaphorical Term, which ſignifies only *Sound*. There is nothing more Noble than this Metaphor, and it is wonderfully uſed in the Sublime. Thus *David* ſays, *the Voice of the Thunder*; the Prophets, *the Voice of the Scourge, the Voice of the Wheels, the Voice of the Sword*; and has not God himſelf ſaid, *the Voice of Blood?*

Feet

Feet he bound his ſtately Buskins; Then o'er his Back he threw a Lion's Hide, Tawny and vaſt! that with a dreadful Length Cover'd his Ankles; in his Hand he graſp'd A Spear prodigious both in Weight and Size.

(g) With equal Care was *Menelaus* toſt, Nor did ſoft Sleep weigh down his Eyes to reſt; Much fear'd he, leſt the *Greeks*, who for his Sake Had croſs'd the Ocean to avenge his Quarrel, Far from their Native Soil ſhould fall in Arms. Then o'er his Back a Leopard's Hide he caſt Diſtinct with Spots; a Helm of poliſh'd Braſs Shone on his Head with formidable Brightneſs; And in his Hand a mighty Spear he bore: Thus arm'd, with martial Stalk he ſtrode along Forth from his Tent he march'd to wake his Brother, Him whom the *Grecians* as a God ador'd: He found him ſitting on his poliſh'd Arms, Who at his Brother's Sight with Joy was raviſh'd. But firſt the valiant *Menelaus* ſpoke: "Why thus in Arms my Brother? "What Deſign Thus wakes you? (b) Is it to "ſend forth ſome Spy To view the poſture of "the *Trojan* Army? But much I fear, leſt "none be found who dares Perform a Task ſo "venturouſly bold, And ſingly paſs the dread-

(g) *With equal Care was* Menelaus *toſt.*] It had been diſhonourable for *Menelaus*, the ſole Cauſe of the War, to have ſlept at a time when the Army was in ſuch melancholy Circumſtances. *Homer* ever obſerves *Decorum*. *Menelaus* is up ev'n before *Agamemnon*.

(b) *Is it to ſend forth ſome Spy.*] *Menelaus* is not only awake, and ris'n before *Agamemnon*; but as he meditated in the Night upon what was to be done, he concluded, that the beſt way was to ſend Spies into the Enemy's Camp, and thereby gives into the Opinion of *Neſtor*, who will by and by open that Matter.

" ful Gloom of Night: Brave muſt he be, and
" reſolutely daring.

Thus he. And *Agamemnon* thus reply'd;
" In this Diſtreſs thus threaten'd with De-
" ſtruction The moſt mature Precautions muſt
" be us'd To ſave the Army, and avert the
" Storm; For *Jove* is deaf to us, but views
" with Joy The riſing Incenſe of the favour'd
" *Trojans*. And ſure, ſuch noble Feats, ſuch
" Deeds in Arms, In one ſhort Day Man ne'er
" before perform'd, As *Hector*, thro' the Aid
" of *Jove*, atchiev'd: Nor is he from a God
" or Goddeſs ſprung. His Deeds in Arms,
" long, very long, the *Greeks* With Grief and
" Tears have reaſon to remember! But haſte,
" and wake *Idomeneus* and *Ajax*, While I to
" raiſe up *Neſtor* take my way, And bring him
" to give Orders to the Guards: With Readi-
" neſs his Orders they'll obey, Since *Neſtor*'s
" Son, and brave *Meriones*, To whom we gave
" the Charge, are their Commanders.

" But what Directions (anſwer'd *Menelaus*)
" Shall I receive? With *Ajax* and *Idomeneus*
" Muſt I continue, or to you return With ſpeed,
" when I've deliver'd your Commands?

Then thus the valiant *Agamemnon* ſpoke:
" Stay there, leſt taking different Ways, while
" Night Thus reigns, we meet no more;
" (i) for many Ways Traverſe the Camp, and

(i) *For many Ways traverſe the Camp.*] *Homer* is commended for the profound Knowledge he had in all the Arts. Here we ſee he was skill'd ev'n in that of Encamping, for as the *Greek* Camp was very extenſive, ſo he makes it croſs'd and travers'd by ſeveral Routes, for the readier repairing to any Part that wanted Relief.

" fortify

" fortify our Army. (*k*) But cry aloud, and
" bid the *Grecians* arm; Call ev'ry ſingle Per-
" ſon by his Name, And add the Father's
" Name, to grace the Son's: (*l*) Diſdain not
" to addreſs the meaneſt Soldier; For like
" the meaneſt Soldier we muſt labour, Since
" equally, when we were born, great *Jove*
" Expos'd us to all Forms of Wretchedneſs.

Such were th' Inſtructions *Agamemnon* gave, And tow'rds the Tent of *Neſtor* held his Way. Him in his Bed he found inviting Sleep, And by his Side his various Arms were lay'd; Two Spears, a Buckler, and a beamy Helmet, And near, (*m*) a Scarf with curious Art embroider'd, With which the Hero girt his mighty Loins, When forth he march'd to Battle, clad in Arms; For he, tho' old, tho' hoary in the War, Headed his valiant Forces to the Field; Nor ſunk beneath th' oppreſſive Weight of Age. When in his Tent he ſaw the Son of *Atreus*; Thus, leaning on his Side, half-rais'd, he ſpoke:

" Who's this that thro' the Camp alone

(*k*) *But cry aloud.*] That he might be inſtantly known, for fear leſt the Soldiery being waken'd by his Tread, and taking him for an Enemy, ſhou'd give th' Alarm; for they were in thoſe Days unacquainted with what we call *the Watch-Word*.

(*l*) *Diſdain not*, &c.] In Point of Decency and Dignity, the Heralds ſhou'd have been ſent to wake the Troops, but the Condition of Affairs does not admit that exact Obſervation of Rules and Ceremonies; Neceſſity is paramount to Law.

(*m*) *A Scarf.*] I have follow'd *Euſtathius*, who ſays, that ζωστὴρ does not here ſignify the Shoulder-Belt, but a Girdle or Saſh, which they put over their Armour, and which cover'd the quilted Truſs that was worn at the Extremity of the Cuiraſs.

" thus walks, Thus thro' the Darkneſs of the
" gloomy Night, While the whole World en-
" joys profound Repoſe? Is it to find the
" Watch, or ſome Companion? Speak who you
" are, and make your Buſineſs known.

Thus he: And thus the Godlike King reply'd;
" O thou that art the Glory of the *Greeks!*
" Here, in thy Tent, thou *Agamemnon* view'ſt,
" A King, the moſt unhappy of Mankind. Me
" *Jove* afflicts with Troubles without num-
" ber, Which ne'er will ceaſe, until forgot in
" Death. Thus ſore diſtreſs'd, forlorn, and void
" of Hope, (*n*) I wander all the Night around
" the Camp, And Sleep is grown a Stranger
" to my Eyes; The Weight of all the War, the
" Load of Woes That preſſes ſore the *Greeks*,
" afflicts my Soul; I tremble for their Fate,
" my tortur'd Heart Sinks overwhelm'd with
" Cares that wreck my Breaſt; Grief diſcom-
" poſes and diſtracts my Thoughts: My panting
" Heart, as tho 'twould force its Priſon, Boun-
" ces and beats againſt my Sides; my Strength
" Fails me thro' Grief, and e'en my Feet refuſe
" To bear ſo great a Load of Wretchedneſs.
" But if, while thus the friendly Night pro-
" tects us, (Nor has ſoft Sleep weigh'd down your
" weary Eyes) If you have hopes to diſſipate
" the Storm That gathers black, and threatens
" us with Ruin; Come, let us view each
" Quarter of the Army, Leſt, with Fatigues
" and Wearineſs oppreſs'd, The Watch ſhou'd

(*n*) *I wander.*] He did not wander, for he very well knew whither he was going, and for what; but he uſes this Term, to denote his Unquietneſs and Dejection of Spirit.

" ſlumber,

" ſlumber, and remit their Guard. For near
" our Hoſt encamps the War of *Troy*, And who
" can tell, but, even in the Night, Ee'n now
" they may aſſault the trembling *Greeks*?

Then *Neſtor* thus; " O mighty King o'er
" Kings, *Jove* will not crown all *Hector*'s
" tow'ring Hopes, His airy Dreams of Con-
" queſt, with Succeſs; But deeper Cares, a
" blacker Train of Woes Shall overwhelm the
" now victorious *Trojan*, If e'er great *Peleus*'
" Son, the brave *Achilles*, Foregoes his Anger,
" and reſumes his Arms. But thee, O King,
" I'm ready to attend, Yet let us wake the
" other valiant Leaders; *Tydides*, fierce in
" Arms, and wiſe *Ulyſſes*, *Ajax* the Son of
" *Oileus*, and brave *Meges*, *Idomeneus*, and *Ajax*
" Son of *Telamon*, Who guard the utmoſt
" Quarters of the Camp; But *Menelaus*, tho'
" to me he's dear, Tho' I incur your Anger,
" will I blame, Who ſleeps and leaves to you
" the Cares of War. He ought to go to ev'ry
" leading *Greek*, And animate his Courage by
" his Prayers, While thus a dreadful View of
" Danger threatens.

" Sage *Neſtor*, ſaid the valiant *Agamemnon*,
" Reſerve to other Seaſons this Reproach;
" (o) Sometimes, indeed, that Energy of Soul,

(o) *Sometimes, indeed, that Energy of Soul, which ſhou'd be ſhewn, appears not in my Brother.*] There is a Becomingneſs here, which charms me. *Agamemnon*, to defend *Menelaus*, whom *Neſtor* accuſes of Idleneſs, will not abſolutely juſtify him, nor ſay that his Brother is altogether free from Fault; for that wou'd be offending Truth, and accuſing *Neſtor* of Injuſtice and Calumny: but he does better than if he had juſtify'd him, for he turns the Vices he is reproach'd with into Virtues, and ſhews that what is taken

" Which ſhou'd be ſhewn, appears not in my
" Brother; But even this is not thro' Want of
" Thought, Or Idleneſs, but thro' Reſpect to
" me: On me he waits, and he expects my
" Orders; And now before me long he was in
" Arms, And gone to call the Leaders you have
" nam'd: But let us haſte, for they expect our
" Preſence, Now at the Watches Poſt where
" they 're aſſembled.

" Great King, reply'd the ſage and prudent
" *Neſtor*, If *Menelaus* thus perſiſts to act, Sure
" none of all the *Greeks* will blame his Con-
" duct, (*p*) But all with Readineſs obey his Orders.

Thus while he ſpoke, he o'er his Shoulders threw A Veſt, and on his Feet his Buskins bound; (*q*) Then button'd on a Cloak of Purple Dye, Both large and broad, and ſoft with downy Nap; Pointed with ſhining Braſs a Spear he bore; And thus array'd, he march'd along the Camp, Till coming to *Ulyſſes'* Tent, he call'd. Immediately the Hero heard his Voice, And ruſhing from his Tent, in haſte thus ſpoke;

in *Menelaus* for Sloth and Idleneſs, is only a Deference and Reſpect which he has for him. How happy wou'd it be, if we were as ingenious as this Prince, to turn into Virtues what is amiſs in our Friends?

(*p*) *But all with Readineſs obey his Orders.*] *Neſtor* thereby means, that Soldiers always willingly obey a Prince, who not only commands, but ſets an Example.

(*q*) *Then button'd on a Cloak of Purple Dye.*] The *Greek* ſays, χλαῖναν διπλῆν, *lanam duplicem*; and one may be deceiv'd by this Word, for *lana duplex* does not ſignify a lin'd Cloak, as we now-a-days ſay, but a very large Cloak, and which might make two; it is call'd διπλῆν abſolutely, and διπλοΐδα. It does not appear, that the ancient *Greeks* ever knew the Practice of lining Clothes.

" Why

" Why walk you thus alone around the Camp,
" All Night in Darkneſs? Say, what Danger
" threatens? Divine *Ulyſſes*, ſaid the prudent
" *Neſtor*, Be not diſpleas'd that we diſturb
" your Reſt, The Storm is ready to o'erwhelm
" the *Greeks*; Come then, and let us wake the
" other Chiefs To Council ſummon'd, that we
" may adviſe (r) Whether to fly, or to prepare
" for Fight.

He ſpoke; *Ulyſſes* ſprung into his Tent, Put on a mighty Shield, and ſtrode away. Then to the Tent they went of *Diomedes*; (s) Him clad in Arms before his Tent they found, Stretch'd on the Earth; on every Side him lay Sleeping his brave Companions of the War: Their Shields ſuſtain'd their Heads, (t) and near them ſtood Upright their Spears; and from them ſtream'd a Flame As Lightning dreadful,

(r) *Whether to fly, or to prepare for Fight.*] He ſpeaks of *Flight* before *Fight*, the better to ſhew the Grief and Diſtreſs of the Army. Βαρυνομένης ὑ ψυχῆς, ſays *Euſtathius*, προτιθέναι τὸ φεύγειν τῦ μάχεσθαι, οἷα ἤδη Ἀχαιῶν πρὸς τὴν φυγὴν ὄντων. *'Tis the Sign of a dejected and griev'd Mind, to put Flight before Fight; as if the* Greeks *were already diſpos'd to fly.*

(s) *Him clad in Arms*, &c.] *Homer* always raiſes the Character of *Diomed*, by Strokes which ſhew a great Warrior: *Diomed* ſeeing the Enemy ſo near at hand, ſleeps completely arm'd, and out of his Tent.

(t) *And near them ſtood upright their Spears.*] Theſe Spears were ſtuck upright in the Earth, as was the Cuſtom of thoſe Nations; a Cuſtom which laſted a long time among the *Illyrians*. The *Greeks* left it off very late, and by an Accident which happen'd; for ſome Spears, ſo ſtuck in the Ground, falling one Night upon the Soldiers, and having wak'd them in a Surprize, caus'd in the Camp a general Alarm; ſo they took care not to have Armies expos'd any more to ſuch Terrors. See the Remarks upon *Ariſtotle*'s *Poetics*, Chap. 26.

which,

which, to fright the World, The Thund'rer launches from his angry Arm. Thus ſlept the Chief: beneath him, on the Ground, Was ſpread the Hide of a wild Savage Bull: And a rich Purple Carpet bore his Head: Then *Neſtor* wak'd him with his Foot, and ſpoke.

" Riſe, *Diomed*, Why ſleep you thus all Night?
" Do you not know, that from a Riſing Ground,
" The *Trojan* Army hovers o'er our Camp?

Thus he: And *Di'med* in a moment roſe, And, with Reſpect, to *Neſtor* thus reply'd; " Too
" cruel to your ſelf, O Sage, you are, (*u*) Who
" thus deny your Age the Sweets of Reſt. Are
" there not many in the Bloom of Youth Whom
" you might ſend to wake the *Grecian* Chiefs?
" (*w*) But you forbid yourſelf the Taſte of
" Comforts.

" 'Tis true, my Friend, reply'd the reverend
" *Neſtor*, I have both Sons obedient and cou-
" rageous, And thouſands ready to perform
" my Orders: But ſuch a Train of Woes af-
" flicts the *Greeks*, That none ſhou'd be en-
" truſted but ourſelves. Alas! this dreaded Hour
" our Fate decides; It ſaves us, or it loſes us
" for ever. But ſince you're troubled at an old
" Man's Pains, And wiſh me to take Reſt, and

(*u*) *Who thus deny your Age the Sweets of Reſt.*] *Diomed* does not complain of being wak'd, but only that *Neſtor*, old as he is, does not take more Care of himſelf.

(*w*) *But you forbid yourſelf the Taſte of Comforts.*] This is the Senſe of this Word, σὺ δ' ἀμήχανος ἐσσί. The *Greeks* call'd ἀμηχάνους, thoſe who do not know how to help themſelves, and who in the midſt of all the Conveniences, which might put them above the neceſſity of fatiguing, do, notwithſtanding, give themſelves perpetual Torment.

" Life's

" Life's ſweet Comforts, Go now, for you are
" younger far than I; Go, and awake the va-
" liant Son of *Oileus*, *Ajax* the brave, and *Phy-*
" *leus'* noble Offspring.

Thus he: And *Di'med* o'er his Shoulder threw A Lion's Hide, tawney, and vaſt, and frightful! That with a dreadful Length ev'n reach'd his Feet; And in his Hand a mighty Spear he bore. Then went, and wak'd, and brought the valiant Heroes. When to the Watch they came, ſecure they found Each Poſt, and all the Captains on their Guard. As watchful Dogs ſecure a Fold of Sheep, And hearing from afar a furious Lion Shaking the Woods, and ruſhing from the Mountains, Renounce ſweet Sleep, and wake the drowzy Shepherd: Thus ſhook the Guards ſweet Slumber from their Eyes; And watching, ſpent the tedious Night in Arms. Still towards the *Trojan* Plains they turn'd their Eyes; And when they heard the Sound of treading Feet, Silent they liſten'd to prevent Surprize. *Neſtor* rejoic'd to find 'em thus in Arms, And ſaid, " Go on, my Sons,
" thus keep your Guard, Nor let ſoft Sleep op-
" preſs your weary Eyes, Leſt *Troy* ſhould tri-
" umph in the *Grecians* Ruin.

(x) He ſpoke, and paſs'd the Ditch; the Leaders follow'd, With them *Meriones* and

(x) *He ſpoke, and paſs'd the Ditch.*] *Neſtor* being minded to excite ſome-body to go as a Spy to the *Trojan* Camp, paſſes the Ditch on purpoſe to encourage him that ſhou'd have the Boldneſs to take that Commiſſion upon him; for that Spy ſeeing *Neſtor* and the other Princes out of the Camp, will believe himſelf ſeconded, and nearer Help, than if they had been in their Intrenchments.

Thraſy-

Thraſymedes (Who too were ſummon'd) to the Council went: When they had paſs'd the Ditch, they ſate 'em down Upon a Spot of Ground unſtain'd with Blood, There where from Slaughter Godlike *Hector* turn'd, When the dark Veil of Night involv'd the Skies, And ſav'd the *Grecians* from his fatal Spear. When they were ſeated, *Neſtor* roſe, and ſaid, "Is "there a Man of ſuch a noble Soul, That "dares paſs over to the Camp of *Hector*, "(y) And try to intercept ſome ſtraggling "*Trojan*, Or hear what new Deſigns they "entertain? Whether before our Fleet they "mean to ſtay, Beſiege our Army, or return "to *Troy*. If, when the noble Warrior this "performs, If to our Camp in Safety he re-"turns, He o'er the World ſhall win eternal "Glory, And the great Deed a great Reward "ſhall gain; (z) A jetty Ewe, the Beauty of the "Fold, That ſuckles with her Dugs a comely "Lamb, Shall each Commander of each Ship "preſent; And ever at our Feaſts and Enter-"tainments, A Seat of Honour and Diſtin-"ction find. He ſaid; and ſilent the whole

(y) *And try to intercept ſome ſtraggling* Trojan.] This Word *Straggling*, ἀποπλανώμενον, is not added without a Deſign; 'tis to inſpire Courage, by making the Enterprize ſeem leſs dangerous, and more eaſy; as if they requir'd of him, who ſhou'd offer himſelf for a Spy, only to approach the Enemy's Camp without going into it; and this is what *Diomed* very well ſaw, as will appear by his Anſwer.

(z) *A jetty Ewe*, &c.] He ſays, *a black Ewe*, not only for the Rarity, but alſo to ſhew, that the Colour of the Flock wou'd in ſome manner mark the Nature of the Service, *viz.* going in the Night to ſcout the Enemy's Camp.

Council

Council ſate, Till thus the valiant *Diomed* reply'd; " *Neſtor*, my Soul intrepid at the Dan-
" ger, (a) Prompts me to penetrate the *Trojan*
" Camp; But if ſome other Man, ſome gallant
" *Greek*, Wou'd be Companion in the noble
" Danger, I ſhou'd be bolder, more aſſur'd
" ſhou'd grow. When two together go on one
" Deſign, This ſees Advantages, which that
" o'erlooks; And tho' the ſingle Man be brave
" in Arms, His Thoughts are dubious, unre-
" ſolv'd his Soul.

(a) *Prompts me to penetrate the* Trojan *Camp.*] *Neſtor* only wants ſome-body to offer himſelf to go and approach the *Trojan* Camp, and he propoſes it as an Enterprize which requires a great deal of Courage and Audacity. *Diomed* preſents himſelf, and promiſes not only to approach the Enemy's Camp, but to enter pretty far in it, ἐῢρὰ σπάτον. But what is moſt remarkable here, is, that this ſame Man, as intrepid and reſolute as he is, has however the Wiſdom and Modeſty to demand a Companion, and to own that with this Companion he ſhould have more Courage, than if he were alone. To ſhew how natural this is, I need only relate an Example very like it, which Holy Scripture furniſhes us with in the Hiſtory of *Judges*. *Gideon*, by the Angel of the Lord, is call'd *Mighty Man of Valour. Dominus tecum, virorum fortiſſime*, vi. 12. The Lord chuſes him to deliver his People from the Yoke of *Midian*, and he ſays himſelf to that valiant Man, that he need only deſcend into the Enemy's Camp, becauſe he has deliver'd it into his hands: *Surge, & deſcende in caſtra, quia tradidi eos in manu tua.* But as God knew Nature, who is the Work of his own Hands, he adds, *but if thou fear to go down, go thou with* Phura *thy Servant down to the Hoſt. Sin autem ſolus ire formidas, deſcendat tecum Phura puer tuus.* And *Gideon* did not think it a Diſhonour to him, to repreſent that he ſhould be bolder and more aſſur'd, if he had a Companion with him. He took his Servant *Phura*. I have expatiated a little upon this Paſſage, to ſhew the perfect Conformity which is between *Homer*'s Writings and Holy Scripture, both for the Style and Manners.

He

He ſpoke: And many proffer'd to attend The gallant *Diomed*, and ſhare the Labour: Each *Ajax* ſtrove to bear away the Glory, While brave *Meriones*, and *Neſtor*'s Son, And *Menelaus*, and the great *Ulyſſes*, Ask'd, and contended for the glorious Danger. Then thus the mighty *Agamemnon* ſpoke:

" O thou that art the Deareſt to my Soul!
" O *Diomed*, of all the *Greeks* here preſent,
" Take thou the braveſt to be thy Companion;
" Let not Reſpect to Dignity or Pow'r, De-
" termine thee to chuſe a Man leſs valiant,
" Becauſe his Birth or Titles are ſuperiour.

Thus ſpoke the Gen'ral; fearing (*b*) leſt *Tydides* Shou'd chuſe his gallant Brother *Menelaus*. Then thus illuſtrious *Diomed* reply'd; " Since
" I am free to chuſe my own Companion,
" (*c*) How can I be forgetful of *Ulyſſes*, Whoſe
" Wiſdom ever ſhines in Dangers bright, And
" whom with her Protection *Pallas* ſhields?
" If He be with me, tho a Thouſand Fires Op-
" poſe our Courſe, thro all we ſhall return;
" With Eaſe his Wiſdom will diſcloſe a Way.

(*b*) *Leſt* Tydides *ſhou'd chuſe his gallant Brother* Menelaus.] In this Age, ſuch a Commiſſion does not affect Princes, much leſs the Brother of a King; but in thoſe Heroic Times, the meaneſt Functions, provided they were the moſt dangerous, were the moſt honourable; the greateſt Princes ſollicited for them; and *Menelaus*, notwithſtanding he was *Agamemnon*'s Brother, might be choſen as well as another. In my preceding Remark, we juſt ſaw that *Gideon* General of the *Iſraelites* deſcended as a Spy into *Midian*'s Camp.

(*c*) *How can I be forgetful of* Ulyſſes, *&c.*] *Diomed* does not chuſe *Ulyſſes* as the moſt valiant; that wou'd be injurious to the others: but he chuſes him as the wiſeſt, and as moſt belov'd by *Minerva*; and on this Occaſion, there is as much or more need of Wiſdom than Courage.

Thus

Thus he: And thus the wiſe *Ulyſſes* ſpoke;
" *(d)* Nor blame, nor here, O *Diomed*, com-
" mend; You ſpeak to *Greeks*, and they *Ulyſſes*
" know: But let us march, near is the Morn's
" Approach; *Aurora* haſtens to diſplay her
" Beams, *(e)* The ſetting Stars have almoſt
" run their Courſe, And fall into the Seas,
" *(f)* and of the Night More than two Thirds
" are paſt, and one remains.

Now they put on the dreadful Pomp of Arms: A two-edg'd Sword the valiant *Thraſymedes* Gave with a Buckler to the brave *Ty-*

(d) Nor blame, nor here, O Diomed, commend.] Praiſe and Blame are uſeleſs, when they are ſpoken in the Hearing of Perſons who know thoſe for whom ſuch Praiſe or Blame is intended. *Ulyſſes* interrupts *Diomed* for that reaſon; and he had rather make his Actions ſpeak, than let *Diomed*.

(e) The ſetting Stars, &c.] It appears by this Paſſage, and by ſeveral others, that *Homer* knew that the Univerſe was of a round Figure; for it were not poſſible for the Stars to ſet and riſe, if the Sun did not go under the Earth to finiſh its Courſe. *Homer* took care to mark this Time preciſely, becauſe it was the moſt convenient Hour for Spies: for the Fires which the *Trojans* had kindled, and which illuminated all the Plain, would not permit them to go ſooner; whereas, towards the End of the Night, they were moſt of them extinguiſh'd, or very much deadned.

(f) And of the Night more than two Thirds are paſt, and one remains.] *Homer* literally ſays, *The Night is more than two Thirds gone, and there remains no more than a Third of it:* And upon this the Critics have accus'd him of expreſſing himſelf ill; for if the Night was more than two Thirds gone, there cou'd not remain another Third. *Ariſtotle* confutes this inſipid Cenſure, by ſhewing, that this word *More* ſhou'd not be taken literally; and that *Homer* only means, that the greateſt Part of the Night was already gone, and that there remain'd no more than a Third of it. This is a Negligence which Cuſtom authorizes in all Languages. The Poet, by dividing the Night into three Parts, ſhews, that the *Greeks* divided it into three Watches; that is to ſay, they reliev'd the Guards three times a Night.

dides;

dides; His own behind he left within his Tent. (*g*) Then on his Head a Leathern Helm he plac'd, No plumy Creſt, no Ornaments it bore; But plain as thoſe which Youths are wont to wear. *Merion* gave a Quiver to *Ulyſſes*, A Quiver and a Bow, and fatal Sword; Then on his Head a Leathern Guard he plac'd, Th' Inſide was bound with complicated Thongs, On the Outſide were plac'd, in dreadful Rows, The Teeth of a wild ſavage Boar, that grinn'd Dreadful, and ſtrengthen'd every way the Cask. (*h*) The Cask *Autolycus* from *Eleon* brought, *Eleon*, the Royal City of *Amyntor*; *Autolycus* gave it to *Amphidamas*; *Amphidamas* to *Molus*; to his Son *Merion*, *Molus* left the precious Gift; And now it grac'd the Head of wiſe *Ulyſſes*. Thus, clad in Arms, they from th' Aſſembly march'd; And *Pallas*, as a Token of Succeſs, (*i*) Sent on their Right a Bird, th' Auſpicious Heron. (*k*) The Darkneſs which involv'd the Earth and Air, Conceal'd him

(*g*) *Then on his Head a Leathern Helm he plac'd.*] *Homer* is always a great Painter. Here by this Armour, which may be ſaid to be picturiſh, he throws Poetry and Variety into his Verſes. Beſides, this Sort of Armour was neceſſary for Spies; Steel Armour might have diſcover'd them by its Brightneſs.

(*h*) *This Cask* Autolycus.] To raiſe the Value of this Cask, he gives the Story of it, as he has elſewhere done that of *Agamemnon*'s Scepter.

(*i*) *Sent on their Right a Bird, th' Auſpicious Heron.*] This Bird is auſpicious, becauſe it is a Bird of Rapine, and ſeeks its Prey only in the Night.

(*k*) *The Darkneſs which involv'd the Earth and Air, conceal'd him from their Sight, but yet on high they heard*, &c.] This Bird might be very ill explain'd; for not being ſeen, but only heard, he might foretell that theſe Spies will be diſcover'd, notwithſtanding the Darkneſs, by the Noiſe they wou'd make. But *Ulyſſes* is too wiſe and experienc'd in Au-

from

from their Sight; but yet on high, They heard the Clangor of his ſounding Wings. With Joy *Ulyſſes* took the happy Omen, And thus to *Jove*'s great Offspring, *Pallas*, pray'd.

" Hear me, O Goddeſs of the dreadful Shield,
" (For thou waſt e'er propitious to *Ulyſſes*)
" And ſince, where-e'er I go, thou view'ſt my
" Ways, Now view, and be propitious to my
" Arms. Grant that ſome noble Act we may
" perform, At which whole *Troy* may tremble,
" and lament; And then return in Safety to
" our Friends.

Then *Diomedes* thus addreſs'd the Goddeſs;
" Hear me, O Virgin Daughter of great *Jove*;
" Defend me as thou didſt defend my Father,
" (*l*) When to proud *Thebes* he went Ambaſ-
" ſador. He at *Aſopus* left th' embattled
" *Greeks*, And bore an Embaſſy of Peace to
" *Thebes*; But by thy Aid, Celeſtial Maid,
" perform'd In his Return ſurprizing Deeds of
" Valour. Thus aid me, Virgin Goddeſs,
" with thy Favour, Then I will offer, on thy
" Holy Altar, A Heifer young and fair, that
" never knew The galling Yoke; her ſacred
" Blood, O *Pallas*, I'll ſhed to thee, and point
" her Horns with Gold.

gury, to be deceiv'd. He preſently takes the Preſage in its true Senſe. He is ſenſible that this Preſage ſignifies, that they ſhall not be diſcover'd, and that they ſhall execute ſome Exploit which ſhall be famous; and 'tis in this Senſe that he makes the following Prayer.

(*l*) *When to proud* Thebes *he went Ambaſſador.*] *Homer* has recounted this Hiſtory at length in the fourth Book, wherefore he only ſpeaks here of it *en paſſant*; Time does not permit him to ſay more of it.

Thus they both pray'd, and *Pallas* heard their Pray'rs: Then on they march'd, like two intrepid Lions Thro' the dark Shade of Night; and held their Way (*m*) Thro' Death, and broken Arms, and Blood, and Slaughter.

(*n*) Nor did brave *Hector* let the *Trojans* ſleep, But ſummon'd all the leading Heads of *Troy*: They met, and thus the warlike *Hector* ſpoke:

" Who's he that dares perform what I pro-
" poſe? A mighty Recompence he ſhall re-
" ceive; A Chariot, and a Pair of generous
" Steeds, The beſt and braveſt in the *Grecian*
" Camp. This ſhall be his Reward, whoſe
" daring Soul, Fir'd with the noble Thirſt of
" Fame and Glory, Incites him to paſs over
" to the *Greeks*, And learn, if now in Arms
" upon their Guard They ſtand; or, vanquiſh'd
" by our conqu'ring Arms, Neglect their Veſ-
" ſels, meditating Flight; Or, weary'd with
" the Labours of the Day, Enjoy the Night,
" and lie diſſolv'd in Sleep. Thus he: the *Trojans*, with Amazement ſtruck, Sate ſilent, ſhock'd at ſuch a dangerous Deed.

(*m*) *Through Death, and broken Arms, and Blood, and Slaughter.*] This Verſe of *Homer* has a Beauty which renders it remarkable above the others, tho' very fine ones too. The Ancients have very much prais'd this Paſſage of *Xenophon*, *When the Battle was ended, the Field of Battle is overflow'd with Blood, cover'd with Dead, and ſown with broken Spears and Swords, ſome on the Ground, and others in the dead Bodies.* But *Homer* has collected all this Image into one Verſe, which is of a wonderful Vivacity and Harmony.

(*n*) *Nor did brave* Hector, *&c.*] *Homer*, to raiſe the Prudence of *Hector*, and his Capacity in the Military Art, makes him hold a Council in the Night, and propoſe the ſame Thing as *Neſtor* had.

There

(*o*) There was a Man, *Eumedes'* Son, nam'd *Dolon*, Sprung from a Herald, and himſelf a Herald, Wealthy in Stores of Braſs, and Heaps of Gold; (*p*) His Form was hideous, but his Feet were fleet; Who thus, at laſt, addreſs'd himſelf to *Hector*:

" My Courage, *Hector*, prompts me to ap-
" proach The *Grecian* Fleet, and learn what
" you demand; But to me ſwear, (*q*) upon

(*o*) *There was a Man*, &c.] *Homer* ſets down here the Birth of this *Dolon*, his Riches, and Swiftneſs of Foot, to ſhew that he did not undertake this Action thro' Greatneſs of Courage, but becauſe he hoped, either, that if he was diſcover'd, he ſhou'd ſave himſelf by his Swiftneſs; or that, if he was taken, they wou'd ſpare him as being the Son of a Herald, and a Herald himſelf; or laſtly, that if they did not in him reſpect his Profeſſion, which render'd him Sacred, they would ſuffer him to ranſom himſelf, becauſe of his great Riches.

(*p*) *His Form was hideous, but his Feet were fleet.*] Some Ancients have criticis'd this Paſſage, pretending that *Homer* contradicted himſelf, and that it was not poſſible for a Man ugly in his Perſon, to be ſo active. This Criticiſm was founded upon the word εἶδος being taken in the common Uſage of the *Greek* Tongue for the Air of the whole Perſon, ſo that they call'd ἰυειδὴς, a Man that was well-ſhaped. But *Ariſtotle* has very well defended *Homer* in his *Poetics*, Chap. 26. theſe are his Words: *When* Homer *ſaid of* Dolon, *that he was ugly, he meant in the Face, and not in the Body; for the* Candiots, *when they wou'd ſpeak of a Man's Handſomeneſs of Face, uſe the Word which is compos'd of that which* Homer *made uſe of.* This Word is ἰυειδὴς. Wherefore *Heſychius* has mark'd ἰυειδὲς, ἐυμορφον· and perhaps the Word κρητὶ ſhou'd be added. In *Latin*, *facies* is as equivocal as the *Greek* εἶδος, for it ſignifies the Face, and likewiſe the whole Mien of the Body. I have here only uſed a Remark of Monſieur *Dacier's* on the *Poetics*, p. 446.

(*q*) *Upon your Scepter ſwear.*] The Scepter was the Badge of Juſtice. It repreſented *Jupiter* himſelf, who, in giving to Kings the Scepter, communicates to them a Ray of his Power, to the end that they might uſe it like him, with Equity. Thus, to authorize their Oaths, and to render them inviolable, they cou'd

" your

" your Scepter ſwear, That you will give me
" as a juſt Reward, (r) The noble Chariot
" and the generous Steeds, That bear the great
" *Achilles* to the Fight: Bold I will be, nor
" fruſtrate your Deſign; E'en to the Tent I'll
" pierce of *Agamemnon*, Where the aſſembled
" Leaders of the *Greeks* Reſolve on Battle, or
" prepare for Flight.

Then *Hector* held his Scepter up, and ſpoke:
" Let mighty *Jove*, the Thunderer, be Witneſs
" That *Dolon* ſhall receive the noble Chariot
" And Steeds which bear *Achilles* to the Fight.

Thus *Hector* ſwore what never was fulfill'd; Yet it encourag'd *Dolon* to depart. (s) He o'er his Shoulder threw a well-ſtrung Bow, And round him caſt a Wolf's Hide for Defence: His Head he guarded with a Polecat's

do nothing more tremendous or ſolemn than lifting up the Scepter; for that was making *Jupiter* as it were a Guarantee of what they ſwore. *Ariſtotle*, ſpeaking of the Royalties of thoſe Heroical Times, did not fail to take notice of this Practice, ὁ δὲ ὅρκος, ſays he, ἦν τὸ σκῆπτρον ἐπαίρεσθαι· *The Form of the Oath was lifting up the Scepter.* In the 3d Book of his Politics, *Chap.* 14.

(r) *The noble Chariot, and the generous Steeds*, &c.] *Hector* did not at all ſpeak to him of *Achilles*'s Horſes; he only promis'd him the beſt of the Enemy's Horſes; and as thoſe of *Achilles* were beyond Comparison the beſt, *Dolon*, ſeduc'd by his Pride, explains thus the Promiſe *Hector* has made him. This *Dolon* was a paſſionate Lover of Horſes. Moreover, the ſottiſh Vanity of *Dolon* makes a good Contraſte here with the Valour ſo ſage and circumſpect of *Diomed*.

(s) *He o'er his Shoulder threw a well-ſtrung Bow.*] *Dolon*, like an imprudent Man goes alone, and does not demand a Companion, as *Diomed* did; and therefore we ſee that he periſhes in his Enterprize. *Homer* thereby ſhews, that Prudence is better than all other Qualities; and that, as the Proverb ſays, *A Man alone is rather none*, εἷς ἀνὴρ, οὐδὲ εἷς ἀνήρ.

Skin,

Skin, And in his Hand he bore a pointed Spear; Then forth he march'd, (*t*) and in the beaten Road Went tow'rds the *Greeks*, and *Agamemnon*'s Tent, From whence he never muſt with Life return. When he had paſs'd the Army of the *Trojans*, With haſty Steps he forward held his Way; Him, at his near Approach, *Ulyſſes* ſaw, And thus in haſte to *Diomedes* ſpoke; "See, from the Camp ſome "*Trojan* comes this way, Perhaps, a Spy, to "view the *Grecian* Army, Or ſtrip the Bodies "of the ſlaughter'd *Greeks*. (*u*) But let him "paſs, and o'er the Plain advance Still farther, then we'll ſtart and ruſh upon him; "But if we find in Swiftneſs he excels, Then "drive him with thy Spear upon our Fleet, "Leſt to the *Trojans* he ſhou'd make his Flight.

Thus he; and ſtrait aſide the beaten Path, Among the ſlaughter'd Bodies down they lay; While *Dolon*, unperceiving, ſwiftly paſs'd. (*w*) When he was gone the Diſtance of the Space

(*t*) *And in the beaten Road.*] He does not, like *Ulyſſes* and *Diomed*, go croſs the Fields; *Dolon* unwiſely follows the beaten Road.

(*u*) *But let him paſs.*] *Ulyſſes* is the firſt that perceiv'd *Dolon*, who gueſſes what he is, and who contrives how to throw him out of his way, and to take him. If *Diomed* had been alone, he had never brought it about.

(*w*) *When he was gone the Diſtance of the Space*, &c.] This is one of the moſt difficult Paſſages of *Homer*. I am not ſatisfy'd with the Explication that *Didymus* gave of it, *viz.* that *Homer* meant the Space which Mules gain upon Oxen that plow in the ſame Field. This is ſaying Nothing; for the Mules gain more or leſs Space, as they trace a Ridge of Land more or leſs long. This therefore is not *Homer*'s Meaning. To underſtand this Paſſage rightly, it muſt be obſerv'd, that the *Grecians* did not till their Ground as we do. Firſt they plow'd it with Oxen, and the ſecond time with Mules.

Which Plow-men leave between two Ploughs of Mules; (The Mule by far excels the lab'ring Ox In turning up the Ground as yet untill'd) They from their Ambuſh ruſh'd, while at the Sound Of treading Feet, ſtill *Dolon* liſt'ning ſtood; And hop'd that *Hector* had ſome *Trojan* ſent To ſtop his Journey, and prevent his progreſs. But when they came within a Jav'lin's Caſt, He knew them to be Foes, and o'er the Plain Swiftly he ran, and ſwiftly they purſu'd. As when two Gray-hounds of an equal Speed, Purſue a tim'rous Hare, or fearful Deer, Thro' woody Grounds they urge the noble Chace, Forward they preſs, and bear upon the Prey;

When they ſet on two Ploughs in a Field, they meaſur'd the Space which theſe two Ploughs cou'd perform in a Day, and put their Ploughs at the two Ends of this Space, and theſe Ploughs proceeded towards one another. This intermediate Space was always fix'd, but leſs for two Ploughs of Oxen than for two of Mules, becauſe Oxen are ſlower, and labour more in a Field which has not been yet turn'd up; whereas Mules are ſwifter, and go faſter in a Field which has had its firſt Ploughing. I am therefore perſuaded, that *Homer* calls ἀπήνυρα the Space which the Husbandmen left between two Ploughs of Mules which work'd in the ſame Field; and as this Space was greater in a Field already turn'd up by Oxen, as I have juſt ſaid, he adds what he ſays of Mules, that they are ſwifter and more proper to give the ſecond Ploughing to a Field already broke up by Oxen, and which he for that Reaſon, calls *deep*, νειοῖο βαθείης, *profundi novalis*, for this Space was fix'd and certain of ſo many Acres, or of Pearches, and always greater than in a Field as yet untill'd; which being tougher and more difficult, requir'd the Space to be greater between two Ploughs of Oxen, becauſe they cou'd not diſpatch ſo much Work. *Homer* cou'd not uſe a juſter Compariſon for a Thing which is tranſacted in the midſt of Fields; and at the ſame time, he ſhews his Experience in the Art of Agriculture, and gives to his Verſes a very agreeable Ornament; for all the Images, which are drawn from this Art, are delightful.

Thus

Thus *Diomed*, and thus the brave *Ulyſſes*, Bore hard upon the intercepted *Dolon*. But when he almoſt reach'd the *Trojan* Guards, With Strength and Vigour the propitious *Pallas* Inſpir'd *Tydides*, leſt ſome other *Greek* Shou'd firſt wound *Dolon*, and prevent his Glory. Then brandiſhing his Spear, *Tydides* ſpoke; "Stand, "or receive thy Death, nor hope t' eſcape. He ſaid, and from his Arm he launch'd his Spear, But miſs'd on purpoſe: o'er his Shoulder flew The erring Dart, and hiſs'd along the Air. Then *Dolon* ſtopt his Flight, and trembling ſtood, Teeth chatter'd, quak'd his Body, knock'd his Knees, He ſeem'd the very Image of pale Fear. Panting, and out of Breath they ſeiz'd the Captive, Who thus, with Floods of Tears, intreated Pity:

"Spare me; a mighty Ranſom I will pay, "For I have Stores of Braſs, and Gold, and "Steel; Of theſe, a Load of Gifts my Sire "will bring, Whenever he ſhall learn I am "your Captive.

Thus he: And thus the wiſe *Ulyſſes* ſpoke; "Fear not, thy Life is ſafe; but ſay, What "Cauſe Brings thee from *Hector*'s Camp, now, "while the Night Thus reigns, and others lie "diſſolv'd in Sleep? Or art thou come to rifle "the dead Bodies? Or art thou ſent by *Hector* "as a Spy? Or was it thy own Choice that "brought thee hither?

He ſpoke: And trembling, *Dolon* thus reply'd; "Induc'd by mighty Promiſes from *Hector*, To "meet my Ruin, hither I was brought; He "proffer'd to beſtow, as my Reward, The no-

" ble Chariot, and the generous Steeds That
" bear the brave *Achilles* to the Fight; He bade
" me to paſs over to the *Greeks*, And learn, if
" now in Arms upon their Guard They ſtand;
" or vanquiſh'd by our conqu'ring Forces, Neg-
" lect their Veſſels, meditating Flight; Or,
" weary with the Labours of the Day, Enjoy
" the Night, and lie diſſolv'd in Sleep.

Then with a flouting Smile, *Ulyſſes* ſaid; "It
" was no ſmall Reward, at which you aim'd,
" When you demanded great *Achilles'* Steeds:
" But they are reſtive, and obey no Rein, But
" when *Achilles* guides them to the Field; And
" he's a Hero of a Goddeſs born. But tell me
" now, nor dare diſguiſe the Truth; Where,
" when you came away, was valiant *Hector*?
" Where were his Arms, and where his gene-
" rous Horſes? And how has he diſpos'd the
" Guards of *Troy*? Tell me, what new De-
" ſigns they entertain? Whether before our
" Fleet they mean to ſtay, Beſiege our Army,
" or return to *Troy*?

Ulyſſes thus: And *Dolon* thus reply'd; "All
" I will open, nor diſguiſe the Truth. Far
" from the Noiſe and Tumult of the Camp,
" The valiant *Hector*, near the Tomb of *Ilus*,
" In Council ſits among the Chiefs of *Troy*.
" (x) As for the Watch, there's none ſecures

(x) *As for the Watch, there's none ſecures the Camp.*] The *Trojans* alone contented themſelves with watching in Arms near their Fires. All the Quarters of the Auxiliary Troops were open and defenceleſs, and in a profound Sleep. *Homer* here ſhews, that theſe Nations were even at that Time very ignorant, and groſs, in the Art of War.

" the

" the Camp: (y) The *Trojans* only, to defend
" the Town, Their Fires have kindled, to pre-
" vent Surprize, And ſtand all Night upon
" their Guard in Arms: But all th' Auxiliars
" in a Sleep profound Are laid diſſolv'd; for
" they have no Concern, (z) No Cares, no
" Wives, no Children to defend.

Thus *Dolon* ſpoke: *Ulyſſes* thus reply'd; (a)
" Mixt with the *Trojans* do th' Auxiliars ſleep?
" Or have they Poſts peculiar to themſelves?
Ulyſſes thus: And *Dolon* thus reply'd; " This
" too I'll ſpeak, nor will I uſe Diſguiſe. Along
" the Shore, the *Carians*, and *Paonians*, The *Le-*
" *leges*, *Caucones*, and *Pelaſgians*, Extended lie;
" the *Lycians*, and the *Myſians*, The *Phrygian*
" and *Mæonian* Cavalry Are quarter'd tow'rds
" the wide *Thymbræan* Plains. But why ſhou'd
" you enquire each ſingle Point? If you are
" bent to penetrate our Camp; There, in the
" outmoſt Lines the *Thracians* lie, But juſt ar-

(y) *The* Trojans *only to defend*, &c.] *Dolon's* Expreſſion ſeems to me remarkable; for to ſay that the *Trojans* alone were upon the Watch, he uſes theſe Words, *that as many* Trojan *Fires as there are*, &c. he does not mean the Fires of the Camp, but the Fires of the City, as *Euſtathius* was very ſenſible of; and he takes this Word *Fires* in the ſame Senſe as we apply it, in ſaying, *that there are ſo many Fires in a Village, in a Borough.*

(z) *No Wives, no Children to defend.*] For what we hold moſt dear, is that which obliges us likewiſe to keep upon our Guard, for fear of loſing it. *Homer* adverti ſes here, that Auxiliary Troops are commonly very negligent.

(a) *Mixt with the* Trojans *do th' Auxiliars ſleep?*] What *Dolon* has juſt ſaid of the *Trojans* and their Allies, draws this Queſtion from *Ulyſſes*, who interrogates this unhappy *Dolon* with a Prudence anſwerable to his Reputation. I think that nothing ſhews *Ulyſſes's* Wiſdom more than theſe Queſtions.

" riv'd, and *Rheſus* at their Head: Such ſtately
" Steeds, ſo exquiſitely beauteous, As *Rheſus'*
" are, theſe Eyes before ne'er view'd; whiter
" than Snow, and ſwifter than the Winds:
" Magnificent his Chariot is; (*b*) with Plates
" of Gold And Silver 'tis adorn'd; his Arms
" are Gold, Wondrous, and dazzle the Behol-
" der's Sight: To bear ſuch Arms the Gods are
" only worthy. But now conduct me to your
" Camp and Fleet; Or leave me here faſt
" bound in Iron Chains, Till you return, and
" witneſs to my Truth.

Then ſternly thus fierce *Diomed* reply'd:
" Since thou art made our Captive, hope not,
" *Dolon*, To 'ſcape with Life, tho' true thy
" Words are found; For ſhould we now diſ-
" miſs, or take thy Ranſom, Again thou
" would'ſt return a ſecret Spy, Or fight in open
" Arms againſt the *Greeks*; But dead, from
" thee no Danger we ſhall fear.

He ſaid: And as th' unhappy *Dolon* rais'd His Hands and Voice to move the Hero's Soul, *Tydides* rais'd on high his fatal Sword, And ſtruck his Neck; deep pierc'd the fatal Sword, Sever'd the Sinews, and cut off his Head. (*c*) Along the Duſt it roll'd, and ſtream'd with

(*b*) *With Plates of Gold*, &c.] *Achilles*'s Chariot was adorn'd only with Braſs, as *Homer* has taken Care to obſerve; and this of *Rheſus* is adorn'd with Plates of Gold and Silver. *Homer* never fails to deſcribe this Magnificence of the *Barbarians*, who were very curious to have the richeſt Arms and the fineſt Chariots. He thereby ſhews, that this is not the Character of great Warriors, they deſpiſe ſuch Gawdineſs and vain Finery.

(*c*) *Along the Duſt it roll'd.*] This is the Recompence that cowardly *Dolon* deſerv'd, who, to ſave his Life, betray'd his

Blood,

Blood, And mutter'd unintelligible Sounds. Then the brave Heroes ſtript him from his Arms: The Arms *Ulyſſes* took: aloft he bore them, And offer'd 'em to *Pallas* thus with Pray'rs.

" Receive, O Goddeſs! favourably receive
" This Off'ring; for to thee, of all the Gods,
" To thee the firſt will we addreſs our Pray'rs.
" Guide us with Safety to the *Thracian* Tents,
" To *Rheſus'* Chariot, and to *Rheſus'* Steeds.

While thus he ſpoke, again he took the Arms, And laid them on a Buſh; the Buſh he mark'd. (*d*) With Reeds and Branches of the Tamarisk, To guide 'em to the Place of their Return. Then on they march'd thro' Blood and broken Arms, And reach'd the Quarters where the *Thracians* lay. They, weary'd and fatigu'd, were faſt aſleep, Stretch'd in three even Ranks in fair Array; Each had his Steeds at hand,

Country, by diſcovering to the Enemy all the Secrets of the Army, and by telling them much more than they ask'd. This Wretch had even the Impudence to anſwer their Queſtions, without having requir'd any Oath of *Diomed* and *Ulyſſes*, that they would ſave his Life; he who would not engage himſelf to ſerve his Country, without having before-hand demanded *Hector's* Oath, for ſecuring to him the promis'd Rewards. Holy Scripture relates an Adventure of *David* not unlike this. He purſuing the *Amalekites*, met with a Straggler; 'twas an *Egyptian* Slave of an *Amalekite* Officer. *David* queſtions him, as *Ulyſſes* here queſtions *Dolon*: But the *Egyptian* had more Wit than the *Trojan*; for, before he tells any thing he exacts an Oath from *David*: *Jura mihi per Deum quod non occidas me, & non tradas me in manus Domini mei*, &c. 1 Sam. xxxv. 15.

(*d*) *With Reeds and Branches of the Tamarisk.*] By theſe Reeds and Tamarisks, *Homer* ſhews that the Place they went in was Marſhy. This Exactneſs is neceſſary, and has a good Effect in Poetry, as well as in Painting.

and each his Arms. *Rheſus*, the Leader of the *Thracian* Horſe, Slept in the middle of the circling Bands, And his proud Steeds were ty'd behind his Chariot. Him firſt *Ulyſſes* ſaw, and firſt thus ſpoke.

" This is the Man, *Tydides*; theſe the " Horſes, Which *Dolon* mention'd, whom we " lately ſlew. Put on thy Strength, then, and " aſſume the Hero; Exert the whole *Tydides*; " chuſe thy Task; Or looſe the Horſes, or " the Owners ſlay.

Then *Pallas* breath'd into the Soul of *Diomed* A God-like Courage, and a Hero's Vigour; And Death on ev'ry ſide he dealt, and Slaughter; Then Sighs and broken Groans were heard around, And Streams of Blood flow'd on the Crimſon Ground. As the fell Lion ruſhes on a Fold Of Sheep or Goats, that want the Shepherd's Guard, And deals Deſtruction to the helpleſs Prey; So *Diomed* invades the *Thracian* Bands, And ſent Twelve ſleeping *Thracians* to their Graves. Mean while, *Ulyſſes* drew aſide the Bodies, And made an open Way for *Rheſus'* Steeds, (*e*) Leſt, not as yet inur'd to Blood and Death, Back they ſhou'd ſtart, affrighted at the Sight. Then, when to *Rheſus* *Diomedes* came, He ſent him likewiſe to the dark Abodes; His Hand he reſted on proud *Rheſus'* Head; Nor wak'd he, but he felt, (*f*) as in a Dream, The

(*e*) *Not as yet inur'd to Blood and Death.*] *Homer* took care to inform us, that *Rheſus* was but juſt arriv'd at *Troy*. So his Horſes had not yet been in any Engagement.

(*f*) *As in a Dream*] All the Circumſtances of this Action, the Night, *Rheſus* bury'd

Sword

Sword of *Di'med* plung'd into his Boſom. Mean while, *Ulyſſes* loos'd the *Thracian* Horſes, And brought them with their Trappings ſafe away: His Bow ſupply'd the Office of the Whip; His Whip was with his Chariot in the Camp. Then he made Signs to *Di'med* to depart, (*g*) Who meditated ſtill a bolder Deed, Whether to bear away the Arms and Chariot Of *Rheſus* pois'd upon his ſingle Shoulders, Or ſlay a greater Number of the *Thracians*. But while theſe Thoughts he entertain'd, *Minerva* Stood by his Side, and thus the Goddeſs ſpoke:

" Delay not to return, great Son of *Tydeus*,
" For fear ſome God ſhould wake the ſleeping
" *Trojans*.

She ſpoke: *Tydides* knew *Minerva*'s Voice; (*h*) Then Horſe he took, while with his Bow *Ulyſſes* Urg'd on the Steeds; the Steeds flew

into a profound Sleep, and *Diomed* with his Sword in his Hand hanging over the Head of that Prince, and giving him Death, furniſh'd *Homer* with the Idea of this Image, which repreſents *Rheſus* dying faſt aſleep, and, as it were, ſeeing in a Dream *Diomed* plunging his Sword into his Breaſt. This Image is very natural, for a Man in this Condition awakes no farther, than to ſee confuſedly what environs him, and to think that it's a Dream, and not a Reality.

(*g*) *Who meditated ſtill a bolder Deed.*] *Homer* loves to raiſe the Character of *Diomed* on all Occaſions. What he ſays in this Place of that Hero, ſhews both his Courage and his great Strength, ſince alone he wou'd undertake to carry off the Chariot of *Rheſus*.

(*h*) *Then Horſe he took.*] *Homer*'s Expreſſion ſeems to inſinuate, that this Chariot of *Rheſus*'s had four Horſes, and that *Ulyſſes* and *Diomed* led away two a-piece. From *Ulyſſes* and *Diomed*'s mounting upon *Rheſus*'s Horſes, we muſt not conclude, that there were then Cavalry like ours. *Ulyſſes* and *Diomed* mount on Horſe-back, only becauſe they cou'd not lead thoſe Horſes by the Bridle, but in the Troops there were nothing but Chariots. Cavalry was in uſe only in Games and Tunies.

o'er the Plain: But *Phœbus*, anxious for the Fate of *Troy*, Saw what Protection *Pallas* gave *Tydides*; (*i*) And in his Rage deſcended down to *Troy*, And wak'd *Hippocoon*, the *Thracian* Sage *Hippocoon*, Kinſman to the ſlaughter'd *Rheſus*.

Then in Amaze he ſtarted from his Bed: But when he ſaw the Steeds of *Rheſus* loſt, And the dead *Thracians* floating in their Blood, He cry'd aloud, and call'd his breathleſs Friend. Then with Confuſion and diſorder'd Tumult, The *Trojans* throng'd to view the bold Exploits, Which unperceiv'd the valiant *Greeks* perform'd.

Now, when *Ulyſſes* and the brave *Tydides* Came to the Place where *Dolon*'s Armour lay, *Ulyſſes* ſtopt the Horſes, while *Tydides* Leapt to the Ground, (*k*) and gave the bloody Arms To great *Ulyſſes*, and took Horſe again; Then ſmote the Steeds, the Steeds flew o'er the Plain. (*l*) Firſt *Neſtor* heard a trampling Sound, and ſpoke; "Methinks, my Friends, I hear afar "the Sound Of trampling Horſes, and the "Tread of Feet. I wiſh they bring *Ulyſſes* and "*Tydides* This way in ſafety from the *Trojan* "Army: But grievouſly I fear leſt they are

(*i*) *And in his Rage deſcended down to* Troy.] The Preſence of *Minerva*, who ſuſtains *Diomed*, awakes *Apollo*'s Jealouſy. Thus *Homer* gives to the Gods the Paſſions of Men. We likewiſe plainly ſee, why the Poet feigns that *Apollo* came to waken the *Trojans*. 'Tis becauſe Day approaches and diſpels the Darkneſs.

(*k*) *And gave the bloody Arms to Great* Ulyſſes.] Who was on Horſeback. *Diomed* cou'd not remount with thoſe Arms in his Hands.

(*l*) *Firſt* Neſtor *heard*, &c.] For he ſtay'd without the Retrenchments with the other Princes, to expect the Return of the Spies.

"fall'n,

" fall'n, Slain in an Enterprize ſo full of Dan-
" ger.

Thus while he ſpoke, the *Grecian* Chiefs arriv'd, And lighted from their Steeds; with Joy and Tranſport The *Greeks* receiv'd 'em, and embrac'd the Heroes. Then thus ſage *Neſtor*, fam'd for Wiſdom, ſpoke:

" Tell me, O Pride of *Greece*, O brave *Ulyſ-*
" *ſes*; Now tell me, Whence theſe Horſes?
" whoſe they were? Won from the *Trojans*?
" or did ſome Deity Beſtow them as a Gift,
" a Mark of Favour? They ſhine with Luſtre
" like the beamy Sun: Old as I am, I iſſue to
" the Fight, And mingle with the *Trojans* in
" the Battle; But ne'er before beheld ſuch
" (*m*) Steeds as theſe. Sure, 'twas ſome God
" who gave the mighty Preſent, For both are
" favour'd by the Heav'nly Pow'rs, By Virgin
" *Pallas*, and by mighty *Jove*.

Sage *Neſtor* thus: *Ulyſſes* thus reply'd; " O
" prudent *Neſtor*, Glory of the *Greeks*, With
" Eaſe a God might give far nobler Steeds:
" But theſe which you behold, from *Thrace*
" were brought; Their King the Sword of
" *Diomed* has ſlain, And left Twelve others
" breathleſs by his Side. *Dolon* we ſlew, whom
" *Hector*, and the *Trojans*, (*n*) Well-skill'd in

(*m*) *Sure, 'twas ſome God.*] The more he looks on thoſe Horſes, the more he is confirm'd in this Thought, that they were a Preſent of the Gods; for that was not without Example, thoſe of *Tros*, of *Achilles*, and of *OEnomaus*, were Preſents of the Immortals.

(*n*) *Well-skill'd in all the Stratagems of War.*] This is an Irony, as the Scholiaſt has very well obſerv'd, ἀγαυὸι, ſays he, νῦν ἐν εἰρωνείας μέρει κεῖται. *Ulyſſes* with Reaſon laughs at the *Trojans* Indiſcretion, in ſending *Dolon* all alone, and leaving their Camp without Retrenchments or Guards.

" all the Stratagems of War, A Spy had ſent
" to view the *Grecian* Camp.

He ſaid, and o'er the Ditch triumphant rode; And after, all the *Greeks* exulting follow'd. When to the Tent of *Diomed* they came, They plac'd the Horſes in the Prince's Stable: Aſtern his Ship the bloody Arms of *Dolon Ulyſſes* hung, till to the Virgin Goddeſs The Sacrifice was ready to be offer'd. Mean time, the Heroes to the Ocean went, (*o*) And waſh'd their Bodies in the briny Waves. Thus cleans'd, and thus refreſh'd, their Baths they enter'd, And o'er their Bodies pour'd the chearful Oil; Then took Repaſt, and from capacious Urns Pour'd forth the ſprightly Wines, and made Libations To Virgin *Pallas*, *Jove*'s propitious Offspring.

(*o*) *And waſh'd their Bodies in the briny Waves.*] This is a Regimen which is very ſuitable to the Simplicity and Auſterity of thoſe heroic Manners. Thoſe Heroes plung'd into the Sea to waſh themſelves, for Sea-Water is more cleanſing than any other, and a Friend to the Nerves; afterwards they went into a prepar'd Bath, and after the Bath they rubb'd themſelves with Oil; for Oil, by moiſtning and ſuppling the Fleſh, hinders a too great Diſſipation, and reſtores Strength.

Argument

Argument of the Eleventh Book.

AGamemnon *having arm'd himself, makes the whole Army do so too, and leads 'em to the Fight*; Jupiter *sends* Iris *to* Hector, *to command him to retire from the Engagement, while he sees* Agamemnon *perform Deeds of prodigious Valour, and deal Destruction thro' the* Trojan *Army*; *but to return, when* Agamemnon, *wounded, retreats to his Camp.* Ulysses *is surrounded by the Enemy, but* Ajax *and* Menelaus *run to his Assistance, and disengage him. The principal Leaders of the* Greeks *are wounded*; Agamemnon *by* Coon, Ulysses *by* Socus, *and* Paris *with his Arrows wounds* Diomed, Eurypylus, *and* Machaon. Achilles *sees this last Person from his Ship, brought to the Camp by* Nestor, *and sends* Patroclus *to know who he was*: Patroclus *coming to the Tent of* Nestor, *finds it to be* Machaon; *then* Nestor *exhorts him to persuade* Achilles *to resume his Arms, and if he refuses, to come himself in* Achilles's *Arms, and fight in his stead.* Patroclus *returning to the Quarters of* Achilles, *meets the wounded* Eurypylus, *whom he leads to his Vessel, applies a Root to his Wound, and eases the Pain.*

THE

THE ILIAD OF HOMER.

Book XI.

(a) NOW gay *Aurora* from *Tithonus'* Bed Roſe, to diſplay the Light to Gods and Men. Then to the *Grecian* Fleet *Saturnian Jove* Sent *Diſcord*, dreadful, in a bloody Veſt, (b) Bearing the Signal of deſtructive Battle. On brave *Ulyſſes'* Ship ſhe took

(a) *Now gay* Aurora *from* Tithonus' *Bed.*] This is the ſeventeeth Day of the Reſentment of *Achilles*, and the ſixth ſince the War was renew'd.

(b) *Bearing the Signal of deſtructive Battle.*] The Signal of Battel which *Diſcord* bore, was either a Pike, or a Javelin, or a Cuiraſs; for as yet Colours were not uſed. *Homer* here ſays poetically, that the *Greeks* now recover'd from their Fear, have no farther Thoughts of Flight, but only deſire to come to a Battle.

her

he two Armies being engag'd by break of day, Jupiter sends Iris *to bid Hector*
tire from the Fight; & not return, till Agamemnon's *wounds had oblig'd*
m, to withdraw from the Field of Battle.

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her Stand, (*c*) (For in the middle of the Fleet it lay) That all around might hear her dreadful Voice, Both in the Tent of *Ajax* and *Achilles*; For they, relying on their manly Proweſs, Guarded the two Extremes, the Poſts of Danger: Greedy of Slaughter there the Goddeſs ſtood, And rais'd her terrible and jarring Voice To all the *Greeks*; and breath'd into their Souls The Rage of Battle, and the Thirſt of Blood. Inglorious Flight was baniſh'd from their Thoughts, And they grew eager for the promis'd Fight. "To Arms, cry'd *Agamemnon*, haſte to Arms! (*d*) And in refulgent Braſs himſelf array'd. Around his Legs he bound his brazen Greaves, Cloſe and compact with Claſps of poliſh'd Silver: He put a Breaſt-plate on his manly Breaſt, (*e*) Which *Cinyras* gave, a Token of his Friendſhip, A Pledge of future Hoſpitality. For ev'n to *Cyprus* the Report had reach'd, That with a Thouſand Ships of War the *Greeks* Were ready

(*c*) *For in the middle of the Fleet it lay.*] Prudence ought to be in the middle of an Army, to animate and conduct the Whole; and Valour and Strength in the Extremities, to defend the Whole.

(*d*) *And in refulgent Braſs himſelf array'd.*] This is the third Battle which was fought ſince the Reſentment of *Achilles*; whence comes it then, that *Homer* does not ſooner deſcribe the Armour of *Agamemnon*, but defers it till this third Battel? It is becauſe in the two other Battles *Agamemnon* does not act the principal Part, whereas this Day is the Day of His Exploits; and as it wou'd have been wrong to have ſtopt the Reader with a Deſcription of his Armour before, ſo it is juſt and neceſſary in this place, to raiſe the Reader's Attention by a pompous Deſcription.

(*e*) *Which* Cinyras *gave, a Token of his Friendſhip.*] What *Homer* here ſays, may be founded on ſome antient Tradition, or it may be only a Fiction; *Cyprus* being a Place that abounds with Metal.

to

to assault the Tow'rs of *Troy*. Therefore he sent the Breast-plate to *Atrides*, Ten Pales the Breast-plate held of burnish'd Steel; Twelve were of Gold, and twenty were of Tin: On either Side three dreadful Dragons Forms Seem'd ev'n to hiss, and dart their forky Stings; Their Bodies were distinct with various Dyes, (*f*) And shone like Rainbows, which the Arm of *Jove* Paints in the Heav'ns, and stretches in the Clouds, As Signs for ever to the Race of Man. A Sword he took, lustred with Studs of Gold: The Scabbard Silver, and the Belt was Gold. He bore a vast Circumference of a Shield, Moony and large! that cover'd his whole Body: Around it were ten Orbs of polish'd Brass, And in it twenty Bosses of white Tin, And in the Middle one of burnish'd Steel. There was the *Gorgon*, dreadful to behold, Casting her hideous Eyes around, engrav'd; And near the *Gorgon*, *Rout*, and ghastly *Fear*; A Strap of Silver grac'd the wondrous Shield, O'er which, in various Folds, a frightful Dragon, Twisted his Spires; three Heads the Monster bore, Crown'd with the dreadful Pride of rising Crests. Then on his Head he plac'd a massy Helmet; Four Crests adorn'd it, and four lofty Plumes Wav'd terrible, and nodded in

(*f*) *And shone like Rainbows, which the Arm of* Jove.] The Antients thought that the Celestial Bow, as well as the Comet, denounc'd either Wars or some other great Calamity. It may be, the *Pagans* had some Knowledge of what God said to *Noah* in the Sacred Scriptures. *I will make a Covenant with you, I will set my Bow in the Clouds, and it shall be for a Token of a Covenant between me and the Earth.* This Passage is remarkably singular.

the

the Air. Two Spears he bore, pointed with ſhining Braſs, That caſt a dreadful Brightneſs to the Skies. (g) Around the Hero *Juno* and *Minerva* Stood, tho inviſible; and all around Rais'd a propitious Sound, and clank'd their Arms. Now, full of Ardour, each for Fight prepares, Commands his Charioteer to range his Chariot Along the Ditches Brink, in fair Array.

(h) Clad in bright Arms, the Infantry ruſh'd forth, And waited with Impatience till *Aurora* Brighten'd her Rays, and uſher'd in full Day. (i) The Foot was rang'd before the Horſe; the

(g) *Around the Hero* Juno *and* Minerva.] The Goddeſſes did not appear at the Head of the Troops with *Agamemnon*; but about him they made the Sound of their Arms to be heard: *Euſtathius* believes this Sound was a Clap of Thunder, for Antiquity aſcrib'd Thunder to *Minerva* and *Juno*: but 'tis my Opinion, that the Idea of *Homer* was otherwiſe, theſe two Goddeſſes are in Arms; he may therefore reaſonably ſpeak of the Sound of them. In another place the Poet, ſpeaking of the Sound of their Arms, ſays it might be heard on all Parts of the Army, and this is a very noble Idea: There is nothing more Magnificent than this whole Deſcription: *Agamemnon* marches to Battle, and all Nature proclaims his March.

(h) *Clad in bright Arms, the Infantry ruſh'd forth.*] The whole Army marches on foot out of the Entrenchments; then the Cavalry mount their Chariots, and range themſelves in Order of Battle. This Remark is neceſſary to make the Text clear, which is ſomewhat obſcure.

(i) *The Foot was rang'd before the Horſe.*] Here we ſee the Order of Battle is inverted, and oppoſite to that which in the fourth Book *Neſtor* propos'd; for it is the Cavalry which is there ſuſtain'd by the Infantry, here the Infantry by the Cavalry. But to deliver my Thoughts freely; 'tis my Opinion, that the Nearneſs of the Enemy oblig'd *Agamemnon* to change the Diſpoſition of the Battle: he wou'd break their Battalions with his Infantry, and compleat their Defeat by his Cavalry, which ſhou'd fall upon the Runaways.

Horſe

Horſe Mov'd to the Battle, and ſuſtain'd the Foot. Then mighty *Jove*, by Claps of dreadful Thunder, Which ſhook the very Pillars of the Heav'ns From their Foundations, gave the Sign of Battle. (*k*) He from the Clouds, inſtead of Morning-Dews, Shed Drops of Blood, and dy'd the Crimſon Ground: A ſure Preſage, that in that fatal Day Heroes ſhou'd fall, and many generous Souls Viſit the gloomy Shades of awful *Pluto*.

On th' other Side, upon a riſing Ground, The *Trojans* ſtretch'd their Squadrons in Array. *Hector*, *Polydamas*, and brave *Æneas*, Whom all the *Trojans* honour'd as a God; *Agenor*, *Polybus*, and *Acamas*, All three the Offspring of the great *Antenor*, Order'd the Battle, and gave each his Poſt.

Then *Hector* at their Head ſurvey'd the Ranks; (*l*) As the pernicious Dog-Star from the Skies

(*k*) *He from the Clouds, inſtead of Morning Dews, ſhed Drops of Blood.*] Theſe Prodigies, with which *Homer* embelliſhes his Poetry, are the ſame with thoſe which Hiſtory relates not as Ornaments, but as Truths. Nothing is more common in Hiſtory, than Showers of Blood, and Philoſophy gives us the Reaſon of them: the two bloody Battles which had been fought on the Plains of *Troy*, had ſo drench'd them with Blood, that a great Quantity of it might be exhal'd in Vapours, and carry'd into the Air; and being there condens'd, fall in Dews or Showers of Blood.

(*l*) *As the pernicious Dog-Star.*] This is a fine Image; *Hector*, who being clad in Arms that ſhone like Flames, ſometimes appear'd at the Head of his Troops, and ſometimes retir'd into the thickeſt of his Battalions, is compar'd to the Dog-Star, which ſometimes appears in all its Luſtre, and ſometimes veils its Brightneſs behind a Cloud. *Homer* had already employ'd all the Pomp of Poeſy on the Deſcription of *Agamemnon*'s Armour; he cou'd not therefore do the ſame for *Hector*'s. Neither ought theſe Deſcriptions to be ſo frequent, or ſo near one another; but he

Now

Now ſhines illuſtrious, then behind the Clouds
Veils all his Glory, and withdraws his Light:
So *Hector* ſometimes in the Front appear'd,
Then to the Rear retir'd, to give his Orders:
His brazen Arms ſhone like the Flames of
Lightning Which the great Thund'rer launches
from his Arm.

(*m*) As when two Bands of Mowers adverſe
ſtand, Rang'd at the two Extremes of ſome vaſt
Field, Where wanton *Ceres* ſmiles in Sheaves of
Gold; Rank againſt Rank, with Emulation
fir'd, Advances on each Side, in Loads the Corn
Falls to the ground before the ſharpen'd Scythes:
The *Trojans* thus, and *Greeks* each other charg'd,
And Death ſtalk'd o'er the Plain; no Thoughts
appear'd Of Flight, none of Diſmay; in even
Scales The Battle hung; as two fierce Wolves
engage, And combat o'er the Prey, they ruſh'd
in Arms. *Diſcord* with Joy beheld the bloody
Scene; For ſhe alone was there, of all the
Gods; (*n*) The reſt were abſent, and in Peace

has Recourſe to a Compariſon ſhort and lively, which has the ſame Effect.

(*m*) *As when two Bands of Mowers*, &c.] By this Compariſon, *Homer* ſhews us one of the Cuſtoms of his Age; *viz.* that the Mowers did not all advance together in one Line, as they do now, but divided themſelves into two Parties, and began at the two Extremities of the Field; whence they advanc'd one againſt the other tow'rds the Middle, to ſee which Party had ſooneſt mow'd its Half; and nothing gives us a more lively Idea of two Armies advancing one againſt the other than this Compariſon. I have already remark'd, that theſe Compariſons which are drawn from any Art that carries with it the Idea of Peace and Lenity, have an admirable Effect when apply'd to Battles.

(*n*) *The reſt were abſent.*] *Homer* here removes the Gods from the Battle, well knowing that the Deſcription of two Armies always fighting with the Gods at their Heads, muſt

remain'd

remain'd In their bright Manſions on *Olympus'* Heights; But all conſpir'd to blame the Son of *Saturn*, Becauſe he ſtretch'd his Arms againſt the *Greeks*; (*o*) Apart he ſate upon his Royal Throne, With Glory and with Majeſty array'd, Unmov'd by all the Murmurs of the Gods; Tow'rds *Troy*, and tow'rds the *Grecian* Fleet he turn'd His Eyes, and view'd with Joy the Flaſh of Arms, The Heroes ſlaying, and the Heroes ſlain.

While to her Noon the ſacred Day advanc'd, On even Wings, between the warring Armies, Dubious the Conqueſt hover'd; (*p*) till the Hour In which the Woodman in ſome ſhady Vale Prepares his Dinner, when his ſin'wy Arms Are tir'd with Felling the tough Foreſt-Oaks. Then the fierce *Grecians* puſh'd the yielding *Trojans*.

at laſt grow tedious; he likewiſe knows when to deſcend from ſurprizing Fictions to the Plainneſs of a Hiſtory. And by this means he raiſes the Glory of his Heroes.

(*o*) *Apart he ſate upon his Royal Throne.*] Here *Homer* paints the ſupreme Majeſty as Independent of the Gods, who are to execute the Decrees of his Providence; he has reſolv'd to honour *Achilles*, and his Reſolutions are to be accompliſh'd by the Deſtruction of the *Greeks*.

(*p*) *Till the Hour in which the Woodman*, &c.] As they had not as yet divided the Day by Hours, they mark'd the different Parts of it by fix'd and known Employs; as by what paſſes in *Market*, the *Bar*, or the *Temples*: As for Example, they ſaid, *when they come from the Market*, *when the Judges riſe from the Bench*, *or when they offer ſuch or ſuch a Sacrifice*. Agriculture too has furniſh'd us with ſuch Periods: *As at the Time when the Labourer dines*, *or at the Time when the Labourer unties his Cattle*; and theſe laſt Dates were in Being before the Eſtabliſhment of Hours. And by theſe *Homer* here deſcribes the Mid-day.

Forth

Forth to the Battle *Agamemnon* ruſh'd, And ſlew *Bianor*, ſprung of Royal Blood; (*q*) And *Oileus* too, his valiant Charioteer. He from his Chariot leapt, and full of Fury, Came to revenge the Prince *Bianor*'s Death. Him in the Forehead, with a pointed Spear, *Atrides* ſtruck, and thro' his Iron Helm, And thro' his Brain it pierc'd; ſtagg'ring he reel'd, Then tumbl'd dead before the Hero's Feet. Them of their Arms, and of their Veſts he ſtript, And left them naked in the open Field, (*r*) To ſhew by their unſully'd ſnowy Bodies, That far from Arms they had been train'd in Eaſe, And liv'd in Softneſs and inglorious Shades.

Then *Agamemnon* bent his manly Force 'Gainſt *Antiphus* and *Iſus*, *Priam*'s Sons. This was a lawful, that a ſpurious Iſſue. One Chariot held them both; the ſpurious Son Guided the Chariot, while the other fought. (*s*) Them once, on *Ida*'s Heights, the brave *Achilles*, As

(*q*) *And* Oileus *too, his valiant Charioteer. He from his Chariot leapt.*] *Oileus*, after the Death of his Prince *Bianor*, could not both guide the Chariot and fight at the ſame time: And this is the Reaſon why he leaps from his Chariot to engage *Agamemnon*. It is neceſſary, in this place, to remember that *Agamemnon* fought on foot at the Head of the Infantry.

(*r*) *To ſhew by their unſullied ſnowy Bodies.*] I have in this place follow'd the Remark of *Euſtathius*, who ſays that *Homer*, in ſome places, mixes Raillery with his Poetry; but Raillery, noble and worthy the Majeſty of a heroick Poem. Thus he here ridicules the two Warriors, who by the Whiteneſs of their Skins, diſcover'd they had ever been bred in Softneſs and Delicacy, far from War: And I think I have ſeen in *Euripides*, ſome Hero reproach'd for the Whiteneſs of his Body.

(*s*) *Them as they fed their Flocks on* Ida's *Heights.*] *Homer* in ancient Cuſtoms almoſt always agrees with the ſacred Scripture, where we find the

there

there they fed their Flocks, ſurpriz'd and bound,
But gave 'em Freedom for a mighty Ranſom.
Now by *Atrides'* Hand they both were ſlain,
His fatal Spear pierc'd thro' the Breaſt of *Iſus*,
And thro' his Brother's Temples paſs'd his Sword: But as in haſte he ſtript them from their Arms, He knew 'em both; for both before he ſaw, When firſt *Achilles* brought 'em to his Tent. As when a famiſh'd Lion in a Foreſt Aſſaults the Covert of the trembling Hind, His hungry Jaws devour the tender Fawns, While the affrighted Dam, tho' ſhe beholds, No Aid can bring; for ſhe with Fear is ſeiz'd, Trembles, and thro' the Woods and o'er the Lawns From the fell Beaſt precipitates her Flight: So ruſh'd *Atrides* 'gainſt th' unhappy Youths; Nor durſt the *Trojans*, who beheld the Fight, Move to aſſiſt, or interpoſe their Aid, But fled diſorder'd from his conqu'ring Arm.

And now againſt *Hippolochus* and *Piſander*, The Offspring of *Antimachus*, he march'd; *Antimachus!* who, brib'd by *Paris'* Gold, Adviſ'd the *Trojans* not to yield fair *Helen* To *Menelaus'* Arms; his Sons *Atrides*, (Unhappy Warriors!) in one Chariot took: For from their Hands they dropt th' embroider'd Reins,

moſt powerful Princes paſs'd their Youth in feeding their Flocks: and this they did upon two Accounts; firſt to exerciſe and diſcipline themſelves by fighting with the moſt furious wild Beaſts. Secondly, to learn, by governing Animals, to govern Men, and to convince themſelves of this great Truth, That as the Shepherd ought to wake for the Safety of his Flock, ſo the Prince ought to wake for the Safety of his Subjects.

Their

Their Horſes ſtarted, and they ſhook with Fear, (*t*) And on their Knees thus made their humble Pray'r:

" Spare us, *Atrides*, ſpare us for our Ran-
" ſom; *Antimachus* has mighty Stores, and
" wealthy Treaſures In Gold, and Braſs, and
" in well-poliſh'd Steel; Of theſe, vaſt Loads
" our Father will preſent, To pay our Ranſom,
" when he knows we live.

Thus, with a Flood of Tears they humbly pray'd: But thus *Atrides* terribly reply'd; " If
" then you are *Antimachus* his Sons, (*u*) In
" Council ſage, and in the Battle brave; Who,
" brib'd by *Paris*' Gold, adviſ'd the *Trojans* To
" murder *Menelaus* and *Ulyſſes*, Who brought
" to *Troy* an Embaſſy of Peace; (*w*) You both
" ſhall ſuffer for your Father's Crimes.

(*t*) *And on their Knees*, &c.] *Homer* varies admirably well the Actions and Poſtures of the Warriors he introduces, which is a Talent as neceſſary in Poetry as in Painting. Here is a very remarkable Poſture of two young *Trojans*, who beg Quarter from their Chariot; but 'tis obſervable, that the Poet never lets the *Grecians* commit Actions ſo ungenerous; and what ſeems moſt of all worthy Obſervation, he always relates 'em as done by the Sons of *wealthy* Men: He was then of *Horace*'s Opinion, that Poverty was the beſt Miſtreſs to train up a Soldier, *utilem bello tulit & Camillum ſæva paupertas. Charidemus*, the *Athenian*, ſpeaking to *Darius* about the good Diſcipline and Valour of the *Macedonians*, ſays, *They did not learn this good Diſcipline but in the School of Poverty; and to this Day they maintain'd themſelves by nothing but Poverty.* Quint. Curtius, Lib. 3.

(*u*) *In Council ſage, and in the Battle brave.*] This is ſpoke ironically, for he ſhew'd no Wiſdom in hindering the *Trojans* from reſtoring *Helen*, nor any Valour in counſelling them to kill the Ambaſſadors of *Greece*.

(*w*) *You both ſhall ſuffer for your Father's Crimes.*] See the Children here are puniſh'd for the Injuſtice of the Father: it is not at all reaſona-

He

He ſaid, and in the Boſom of *Piſander* Bury'd his Spear; he tumbled to the Ground: Then from the Chariot leap'd *Hippolochus*; Him on the Ground he ſlew, his fatal Sword Lopp'd off his Hands, and from his Shoulders ſtruck His Head; the bloody Head roll'd o'er the Plain. Them both he left, and where the *Trojans* ſtood In firmeſt Battle join'd, the Hero ruſh'd; And all the *Grecians* iſſu'd to the Fight. The *Grecian* Foot o'er-power'd the *Trojan* Foot, Put 'em to flight, and ſlew them as they fled; Th'Horſe puſh'd their Horſe, and mighty Clouds of Duſt (*x*) Roſe from beneath the Feet of Men and Horſes, Darken'd the Skies, and overcaſt the Day. Still *Agamemnon* preſs'd the yielding *Trojans*, Laid waſte the Fight, and dealt Deſtruction round. As when a fierce wide-waſting Fire devours Some vaſt prodigious Foreſt on a Mountain, To ev'ry ſide the Wind extends the Flame, And with the Boughs the very Trunks deſtroys: So fell the *Trojans* by *Atrides'* Arms; Dire was the Noiſe, Confuſion ſtalk'd around; Th' affrighted Steeds hurry'd the empty Carrs Thro' the Battalions, and de-

He, that the Gold which the Father got for counſelling the *Trojans* not to reſtore *Helen*, ſhou'd now ſerve to ranſom the Sons.

(*x*) *Roſe from beneath the Feet of Horſes.*] The *Greek* adds, from the Horſes Feet, which ſtruck the Ground with their Braſs; which *Euſtathius* explains by the Iron with which their Feet were ſhod; χαλκὸν δὲ νῦν λέγει τὰ σελήνια τὰ ὑπὸ τῶν ἵππων. He here calls Braſs the *Half-Moons*, which they put under the Feet of their Horſes: we ſee then, that the Horſes wore Shoes in the Time of the *Trojan* War, and their Shoes were call'd *Half-Moons* from their Figure, which ſtill reſembles a Half-Moon.

fac'd

fac'd the War; The Charioteers, whoſe Reins they us'd to hear, Pierc'd with deep Wounds, lay breathleſs on the Ground; (y) A Prey, which hungry Vulturs view with Joy, But frightful Objects to their weeping Wives.

Jove all this while withdrew the valiant *Hector*, Far from the Hiſs of Darts, and duſty Plain; From Slaughter, and from Blood, and from the Tumult. Still, without Reſpite, *Agamemnon* fought, And puſh'd the *Trojans*; they in wild Confuſion Fled from his Arm, and paſs'd the Tomb of *Ilus*, And ſtrove to gain the City: but *Atrides*, Cover'd with Blood and Duſt, chaſtis'd their Flight. When to the *Scæan* Gate the Hero came With the few *Greeks* that kept an equal Courſe, They made a Stand, and halted for the reſt. Still o'er the Plain the

(y) *A Prey which hungry Vulturs*, &c.] The *Greek* runs thus; *and in this Condition more agreeable to Vulturs, than their chaſte Spouſes.* This is a Reflexion of the Poet's, and ſuch a one as ariſes from a Sentiment of Compaſſion; and indeed there is nothing more moving than to ſee theſe Heroes, who were the Love and Delight of their Wives, reduc'd ſuddenly to ſuch a Condition of Horror, that their very Wives dare not look upon 'em; but the *Greek* Expreſſion I thought wou'd not bear our Language, I have therefore a little vary'd it: but I was very much ſurpriz'd to find a Remark of *Euſtathius* upon this Place, which appears to be very wrong and unjuſt: He wou'd have it, that there is in this Place an *Elliphis*, which comprehends a very ſevere Raillery; for, ſays he, *Homer* wou'd here imply that theſe dead Warriors were now more agreeable to Vulturs, than they had ever been in all their Lives to their Wives. This is very ridiculous; for to ſuppoſe, that theſe unhappy Women did not love their Husbands, is to inſult 'em barbarouſly in their Affliction: every body can ſee that ſuch a Thought wou'd have appear'd mean and frigid in this ſort of Poeſy. *Homer* always endeavours to excite Compaſſion by the Grief of the Wives, whoſe Husbands are kill'd in the Battle.

trembling *Trojans* fled, Fled like a Herd of Beeves, which ſome brave Lion Drives o'er the Meadows in a gloomy Night: He chaſes all, but only one deſtroys; (z) Her down he tears, and rends, and then devours. Thus *Agamemnon* chas'd the flying *Trojans*, And ſtill he ſlew the laſt; they from their Carrs, Struck by his Spear, precipitating fell: But when the Chief approach'd to ſtorm the Walls, Then the great Father of the Gods and Men, With all his Thunder in his mighty Hand, Deſcended from his Heav'ns; on *Ida*'s Top Conſeſs'd he ſtood, it ſhook beneath the God: Thence he diſpatch'd the Meſſenger of Heav'n, The ready *Iris*, with her golden Wings.

"*Iris*, ſaid he, to *Hector* bear this Meſſage: "While he beholds the valiant *Agamemnon* "Raging in Fight, and dealing Deaths around, "Let him retreat, and animate his *Trojans* To "meet his Fury, and maintain the Fight: "But when he ſees the Hero mount his Cha-"riot, Struck by a Dart, or wounded by a "Spear, Then let him iſſue to the dreadful "Battle; For he ſhall conquer, and deſtroy "the *Greeks*, And to the very Fleet advance "his Arms, Till the Sun ſets, and Night in-"volves the Skies.

He ſpoke: And *Iris* ſwifter than a Whirlwind, From *Ida* takes her Flight to ſacred

(z) *Her down he tears, and rends, and then devours.*] The *Greek* ſays, he firſt breaks her Neck, then eats her Intrails, and ſucks out all her Blood; and this is what the Lion really does: But ſuch Particularities are not beautiful in Poeſy, but in a Language that has Choice of Words to expreſs nobly the moſt minute Things.

Troy:

Troy: She found the Hero in his Chariot arm'd; And ſtanding by his Side, the Goddeſs ſpoke:

" The Meſſenger of *Jove*, to thee I come,
" O *Hector*, ſage in Counſel, brave in Arms,
" While you behold the valiant *Agamemnon*
" Raging in Arms, and dealing Deaths around,
" From Fight retreat, and animate your *Tro-*
" *jans* To meet his Fury, and maintain the
" War; But when you ſee the Hero mount
" his Chariot, Then, *Hector*, iſſue to the dread-
" ful Battle; For you ſhall conquer, and de-
" ſtroy the *Greeks*, And to the very Fleet ad-
" vance your Arms, Till the Sun ſets, and
" Night involves the Skies. She ſpoke, and back with Diligence return'd.

Then to the Ground ſtout *Hector* leapt, in Arms, Two Spears he graſp'd, and thro' the *Trojans* march'd To animate the Troops; the Troops, inſpir'd With Courage at his ſight, renew'd the Fight. Mean while, the *Grecians* reinforc'd their Troops, Strengthen'd their Squadrons weary'd with the Fight; But *Agamemnon*, eager for the Battle, Sprung from the *Greeks*, and ſhone confeſs'd in Arms.

(*a*) Say, Muſes, you who dwell on high *Olympus*, Say who he was, of *Troy*, or *Troy*'s Allies, Who firſt advanc'd againſt the brave *Atrides*. It was *Antenor*'s and *Theano*'s Son, (*b*) The bold *Iphidamas*, whoſe tender Age Was

(*a*) *Say, Muſes, you who dwell on high* Olympus.] By this Apoſtrophy *Homer* breaks the Monotony of an hiſtorical Recital, and makes his Reader more attentive to the Exploits of *Agamemnon*.

(*b*) *The bold* Iphidamas.] At the firſt Report of the Expedition of the *Greeks*,

form'd and faſhion'd on the Plains of *Thrace*. *Ciſſeus* his Uncle, by his Mother's Side, In his own Palace train'd the Infant Child: And when he grew, and ripen'd into Man, He there detain'd him by the beſt of Chains, The ſweeteſt Ties; by the ſoft Marriage-Bands. But long *Iphid'mas* had not been eſpous'd, When fir'd with Glory, and the Thirſt of Arms, He left his Bride, and the ſweet nuptial Bed, And with twelve Veſſels haſted to the War; (c) He left the Veſſels at *Percope*'s Walls, And march'd his Soldiers to the War by Land. He firſt advanc'd againſt the brave *Atrides*; Then *Agamemnon* hurl'd a pointed Spear, It err'd, and hiſſing, cut the empty Air. *Iphidamas* then ſtruck the great *Atrides* (d) Beneath his Breaſt-plate, where the plated Belt Girded his Loins; he thruſt with all his Force, And puſh'd the Jav'lin to explore his Arms. The Jav'lin enter'd not; the blunted Point Stopt at the Silver-

Antenor had ſent his Son into *Thrace*, to his Uncle *Ciſſeus*, who brought up the Infant with Care, and made him afterwards eſpouſe his ſecond Daughter; who was the Siſter of *Theano*, Mother to this young Prince; ſo *Iphidamas* eſpous'd his own Aunt, the Siſter of his Mother. Nor were ſuch Marriages only common among the *Barbarians*, but alſo among the *Greeks*; for *Diomed* marry'd his own Aunt.

(c) *He left the Veſſels at Percope.*] *Euſtathius* is of opinion that *Percope* and *Percote*, both which he mentions in this ſame Book, *p.* 186. are two different Places, both ſituate on the *Helleſpont* on the Coaſt of *Aſia*; but it is more probable that they are one and the ſame. *Strabo* only mentions *Percote*.

(d) *Beneath the Breaſt-Plate, where the plated Belt girded his Loins.*] What in this place ſignifies a Belt, ζωστὴρ, and ζωστὴς, was a Saſh which cover'd a Plate of Braſs or Silver plated on the Inſide, and paſſing from the bottom of the Breaſt-plate, defended the bottom of the Belly.

Plates,

Plates, retuſe as Lead. *Atrides*, then enrag'd, the Jav'lin ſeiz'd, And like a Lion wounded by a Spear, Wrench'd from his Belt the diſappointed Dart; Then aim'd a noble Blow, with all his Strength, Againſt *Iphidamas*; and down he fell: Thus Iron Sleep, in Darkneſs and in Death, Clos'd his benighted Eyes: unhappy Man! Who to defend his Country, loſt his Life, Far from his lov'd, and his beloving Spouſe; His Spouſe! from whom no Fruits of Marriage came, No Son to repreſent the wretched Father. (*e*) He, when a Bridegroom, to his beauteous Bride Gave mighty Gifts; a hundred Beeves he gave, And promis'd to preſent a thouſand Sheep, And the like Number of his choiceſt Goats. But then he fell by *Agamemnon*'s Sword, Who bore his Arms in Triumph o'er the Plain.

The generons *Coon*, Brother to the Slain; Saw this; and, ſtung with Sorrow, mourn'd his Brother. Grief caſt a gloomy Miſt before his Eyes; Then Rage inflam'd his Blood, he breath'd Revenge, And march'd againſt *Atrides*; by his Side Unſeen he ſtood, and ſtruck with all his Strength *Atrides*' Arm; between the Hand and Elbow He ſtruck him; and quite through the Jav'lin paſs'd. The Hero ſtarted at the ſudden Wound, (*f*) But ceas'd not from the Battle; on he ruſh'd Againſt brave *Coon* brandiſhing his

(*e*) *He when a Bridegroom*.] This was the Cuſtom, the Bridegroom gave Preſents to the Bride on the Day of Marriage, and theſe Preſents generally conſiſted in Flocks.

(*f*) *But ceas'd not from the Battle*.] Here *Homer* very much exalts and raiſes *Agamemnon*'s Valour, who tho' wounded, ſtill continues to fight.

Spear; He from the Place of Battle drew his Brother, And call'd the valiant *Trojans* to his Aid: But *Agamemnon* launch'd his fatal Spear, And ſtruck, and pierc'd, and ſlew the generous *Trojan*. Then o'er the Body of *Iphidamas* He with his Sword ſtruck off his bleeding Head. Thus the two gallant Sons of wiſe *Antenor* Fell in one Day by *Agamemnon*'s Arm. He through the Ranks ſtill forc'd his dreadful Way With mighty Stones, and with his Spear and Sword; Nor ceas'd from Slaughter, while the tepid Blood Flow'd from his Arm, and while the Stream was warm. But when the clotted Gore had ſtopt its Courſe, His Arm grew ſtiff, and dreadful Pains enſu'd; (*g*) Such Pains he felt, as Women in their Travail, (*h*) When th' *Ilithyæ*, who preſide o'er Births (Thoſe dreadful Parents of moſt racking Pangs) (*i*) Send forth their ſharpeſt Darts, their keeneſt Pains, To torture and diſtreſs the wretched Mother: Such were the Pains which *Agamemnon* felt. Then from the Battle haſting to his Chariot, He to

(*g*) *Such Pains he felt, as Women in their Travail.*] Here we find the Style of the Holy Scriptures, which, to expreſs ſome ſevere Pain, compare it to thoſe which Women in Travail feel. Thus *David*, *Pain came upon them as upon a Woman in Travail*; and *Iſaiah*, *They ſhall grieve like a Woman in Travail*: and all the Prophets are full of the like Expreſſions.

(*h*) *When th'* Ilithyæ.] By what admirable Poetry does *Homer* embelliſh his Compariſons!

(*i*) *Send forth their keeneſt Darts.*] I approve of the Remark which *Euſtathius* makes upon this Place: he ſhews us with what Nobleneſs *Homer* calls the Pains which Women in Travail feel, the Darts of the Goddeſſes *Ilithyæ*, who preſide over Childbed. He aſcribes to them their Darts, as he does to other Deities their Arms; *Jove* has his Thunder, *Neptune* his Trident, and *Apollo* his Arrows.

the

the Fleet retir'd, but cry'd aloud To all the *Grecians* to maintain the Fight.

" O Friends, ſaid he, and Leaders of the " *Greeks*, Avert the Battel from the *Grecian* " Fleet, Since angry *Jove* refuſes me the Ho- " nour Of fighting till the Night ſucceeds the " Day.

He ſaid, and to full Speed the Charioteer Urg'd his fleet Steeds; they ſwiftly flew along, Cover'd all o'er with Duſt, and frothy Foam, And to the Fleet bore off the wounded King.

When *Hector* ſaw him carry'd from the Field, To Arms he ruſh'd, and to the *Trojans* cry'd, Aloud he cry'd, that all might hear his Voice:

" O *Trojan*, *Lycian*, and *Dardanian* Pow'rs, " Haſte to the Charge, put all your Courage " on; For the moſt Brave of all the *Greeks* " retires, And *Jove* inclines the Victory to *Troy*. " Charge with your Cavalry the *Grecian* Files, " And crown the Day with Glory and with " Conqueſt.

He ſaid; his Words inſpir'd heroic Ardour. As when the Hunter in the noble Chace, Encourages his Hounds with ſprightly Cries To ſeize a Lion, or a furious Boar; So *Priam*'s Son encourag'd his Allies To march to Battle, and aſſault the *Greeks*. With Martial Stalk, conſpicuous from afar, He iſſu'd forth, and ſhone before the *Trojans*. Then on he ruſh'd, impetuous, like a Whirlwind, Which burſting from a Cloud, tempeſtuous plows The roaring Main, and o'er the foaming Deep Raiſes on high, then diſſipates, the Waves.

Say, Muſe, whom firſt, whom laſt ſtout *Hector* ſlew, When *Jove* conſpir'd to crown his Arms with Conqueſt. (*k*) *Autonoüs*, *Aſſæus*, and *Opites*, *Dolops* the Son of *Clytus*, and *Opheltius*, *Æſymnus*, *Agelaüs*, *Hipponoüs*, And *Orus*, all chief Leaders of the *Greeks*; But, without Number, private Men he ſlew. (*l*) As when fierce *Zephyr* ruſhes from the Weſt, To diſſipate the Clouds which the South-Eaſt Had gather'd; them he drives along the Skies, And ſcatters in his Courſe; then Waves on Waves He raiſes, and afflicts the hoary Deep: So by the Sword of *Hector*, Heaps on Heaps Roſe on the Plain, and ſtrew'd the Ground with Deaths; Then had Deſtruction overwhelm'd the *Greeks*, And all their Navy periſh'd by the Flames, Had not *Ulyſſes* ſpoke to *Diomedes*.

(*m*) "What Change is this, O valiant Son "of *Tydeus!* Where is our Courage, that we

(*k*) Autonous, Aſſæus, *and* Opites.] *Homer* ſpeaking of the Captains which *Hector* ſlew, only gives us their Names, and ſo paſſes ſlightly over 'em; that he may not detain the Mind of the Reader with the Exploits of the *Trojans*, and that he may leſſen the Diſgrace of the *Greeks*: but he does not do ſo, when he mentions the Exploits of *Agamemnon*.

(*l*) *As when fierce* Zephyr *ruſhes from the Weſt.*] *Homer* is inexhauſtible; he has already a hundred times rais'd the Valour of the Heroes of his Poem by the moſt noble Compariſons; and his Imagination, pregnant with magnificent Ideas, ſtill brings forth new Images, not inferior to the former, either in Vivacity or Magnificence: there is ſome difficulty in this, but *Strabo* has clear'd it by ſhewing the Weſtern Wind, *Zephyr*, *viz.* the *North-Weſt*, ſcatters the Clouds, which the Eaſtern Wind, which is here call'd *Argeſtes*, *Leuconotus*, aſſembles.

(*m*) *What Change is this, O valiant Son of* Tydeus.] It is no ſmall Commendation to *Ulyſſes*, that it is he who animates *Diomedes*; *Dio-*

"thus

" thus give way? But let us ſtop the Fury of
" the *Trojans*; Since the Diſgrace would be in-
" delible, Shou'd *Hector* fire the Navy in our
" Sight.

Thus he: And thus brave *Diomed* reply'd;
" Againſt the *Trojans* I'll oppoſe my Strength;
" But vain my Strength will prove, ſince migh-
" ty *Jove* Favours the *Trojans*, and diſmays the
" *Greeks*.

He ſpoke, and ſmote *Thymbræus* with a Spear; On the Left Side he ſmote him to the Ground: *Ulyſſes* ſlew his Charioteer *Molion*. Then both ruſh'd forward on the *Trojan* Ranks; Like two fierce Boars they ruſh'd, that, fir'd with Rage, Dart on the Hounds that chaſe 'em o'er the Plain: Then in one Carr two valiant Youths they took, Born on the Shores of *Helleſpont*, the Sons Of *Merops*, far the moſt enlighten'd Prophet Of all Mankind; his Sons unhappy Fates Forewarn'd he ſaw, and from the fatal War Strove to detain 'em; but they diſobey'd The Father's Orders, and the Prophet's Wiſdom; (*n*) For pow'rful Deſtiny drew 'em to their Deaths. Them *Diomedes* ſlew, and ſtript their

medes I ſay, whom nothing cou'd diſmay, who had even fought with the very Gods. *Homer* wou'd ſhew by this, that Prudence often ſharpens Courage.

(*n*) *For pow'rful Deſtiny drew 'em to their Deaths.*] *Homer*, always intent upon good Morals, here ſhews, that the Diſobedience of the Sons to the Commands of the Father, and the Contempt of Religion, cou'd not be otherwiſe, than of a fatal Conſequence. But ſome will ſay, the Sons of *Merops* were drawn by Deſtiny, cou'd they reſiſt it? But this is to take in a wrong Senſe the Doctrine of *Homer*, who eſtabliſhes a two-fold Deſtiny over Mankind. The Sons of *Merops*, by obeying their Father, had procur'd a long Life; but by diſobeying him, they ſhorten'd it.

Bodies, And bore their Arms in Triumph, while *Ulyſſes* Slew *Hippodamus* and *Hyperochus*.

Then *Jove*, who from the Heights of lofty *Ida* Beheld the Fight, in equal Balance hung The Battle; and with equal Strides grim Death Stalk'd thro' the *Grecian* and the *Trojan* Army. Then *Diomedes* wounded with a Spear *Agaſtrophus*, the valiant Son of *Peon*; He was conſtrain'd to meet great *Tydeus'* Son In Arms; for in the Rear his Charioteer Staid with his Chariot, while *Agaſtrophus* Engag'd on Foot conſpicuous in the Front, Till *Diomedes* took his Life away. *Hector* beheld his Fall, and forth he ſprung With Shouts; behind a Train of *Trojans* follow'd. Struck at the Sight, to great *Laertes'* Son *Tydides* turn'd, and as he turn'd, thus ſpoke: "See the tempeſtuous Storm, with Fury "charg'd, Threatning comes on to burſt upon "our Heads; But let us ſtand, and diſſipate its "Rage. He ſaid, and rais'd, and launch'd his fatal Spear, And ſtruck the Helmet of the valiant *Hector*. Beneath the mighty Blow the Armour rung, The Spear recoil'd, nor reach'd the Hero's Temples; For ſtrong the Helmet, and the Gift of *Phœbus*. Stunn'd with the Stroke, brave *Hector* back retir'd, Sunk on his Knees, and with his Hand up-ſtay'd His reeling Body; Senſe a while was loſt, And a thick Darkneſs ſeiz'd his ſwimming Eyes. But while *Tydides* went to fetch the Spear, Which from the Helm recoil'd, again ſtout *Hector* Regain'd his Strength, and mounting ſwift his Chariot, Drove to the *Trojan* Hoſt, avoiding Death.

Then

Then brandiſhing his Spear, *Tydides* cry'd;
" Thou haſt indeed, thou Coward, 'ſcap'd thy
" Death, But 'tis *Apollo*, who thy Life pre-
" ſerves: With Reaſon therefore are thy Pray'rs
" addreſs'd To him, when thou deſcendeſt to
" the Battle. But I am ſure thou canſt not long
" eſcape, If any Deity aſſiſts my Arms. Mean
" while, I'll recompenſe thy Coward Flight Up-
" on the *Trojans* who oppoſe my Sword.

(*o*) He ſaid, and went to ſtrip *Agaſtrophus*; But *Paris*, Husband to the beauteous *Helen*, Conceal'd behind the Tomb of ancient *Ilus*, Againſt *Tydides* bent his Warrior Bow; And as he loos'd the Breaſt-plate from his Body, The weighty Helmet, and the pond'rous Shield; The Bow-ſtring twang'd, and the ſwift Arrow flew, And nail'd the Foot of *Di'med* to the Ground. Then *Paris* ſtarted from his Ambuſcade; (*p*) Loudly he laugh'd, and boaſting, thus began:

" Wounded you are, my Arrow was not vain;
" But, O! that in thy Body it had ſtruck,
" And laid thee breathleſs on the bloody
" Ground. Then *Troy* had taken Reſpite from

(*o*) *He ſaid, and went to ſtrip* Agaſtrophus.] *Euſtathius* here remarks, that *Homer*, to ſhew that nothing is ſo pernicious, as to amuſe one's ſelf in ſtripping the Enemy in the Time of Battle, feigns, that all the Heroes who ſtop to take the Arms of thoſe they ſlay, are generally wounded in the Action.

(*p*) *Loudly he laugh'd, and boaſting, thus began.*] As *Homer* knew how to draw the Valour of a Hero, ſo he knew how to paint the Baſeneſs of a Coward. *Paris* dares not ſhoot his Arrow at *Diomedes*, till hid behind a Tomb; and even then he ſhoots with ſo much Feebleneſs and Timidity, that his Arrow only reaches his Foot; and yet he boaſts of this Action, as an Exploit worthy of Memory.

" her Plagues From thee, her Scourge; (q)
" whom all the *Trojans* fear, As trembling
" Lambs the Fury of a Lion.

(r) Then *Diomedes* unconcern'd reply'd;
" Baſe Archer! vile Seducer of the Women!
" (s) That only know'ſt to curl the plaited
" Hair! Shou'dſt thou engage with me in open
" Arms, Uſeleſs thy Bow wou'd be, thy Ar-
" rows vain. And now, becauſe thy Dart has
" ſcratch'd my Foot, Thou boaſts as if it were
" ſome mighty Action; Which I no more re-
" gard, than if an Infant, Or ſome weak Wo-
" man's Hand had giv'n the Wound. A Cow-

(q) *Whom all the* Trojans *fear, as trembling Lambs the Fury of a Lion.*] This is another Piece of *Paris*' Cowardice; he confeſſes to his Enemy, that the *Trojans* fear'd him as the Lamb fears a Lion; he judges of the Fear of the *Trojans* by his own.

(r) *Then* Diomedes *unconcern'd reply'd.*] The Character of *Diomedes*, as it is here ſet in Oppoſition to the Character of *Paris*, is very beautiful: *Paris* thought he had done a brave Exploit, in wounding the Foot of *Diomed* from behind a Tomb; while *Diomed*, though his Foot is nail'd to the Ground, calls his Wound a trifling Scratch, and defies his Enemy; *Paris* diſcovers the Terror which he cauſes among the *Trojans*, and *Diomed* diſſembles the Pain of his own Wound.

(s) *That only know'ſt to curl the plaited Hair.*] I have no Deſign to give a Reaſon for every Expreſſion in *Homer*; this wou'd be endleſs; but I cannot help explaining thoſe which comprehend ſome Uſage, which deſerves to be known. And ſuch is this which *Homer* here uſes; for what I here render, *that only know'ſt to curl the plaited Hair*, *Homer* in two Words calls κέρα ἀγλαὲ, which is, word for word, *who ſhineſt as to thy Horns*; that is to ſay, who weareſt thy Hair curl'd pointwiſe. In thoſe Days, they parted their Hair upon their Foreheads, and rais'd them into Points, like two Horns; and this is the Reaſon why Hair is call'd κέρα, or *Horns*; and thoſe that wore them, κεραιστὰι. Thus *Heſychius* calls κέρα τρίχες, *Horns*, i. e. *Hair*; and κεραιστὰι, κομῶντα. The ſame *Heſychius* explains this Paſſage in *Homer* thus, κέρα ἀγλαὶ, τὰς τρίχα λαμπρὰ.

" ard's

" ard's Arrows have no pow'r to hurt; But
" mine are fatal, and their Touch is Death;
" And he that feels 'em, on the Spot expires:
" His Wife abandon'd to Deſpair and Tears,
" Her Boſom beats, and tears her furrow'd
" Cheeks; Her Sons are Orphans, and her
" Houſe unhappy; While with his Blood he
" ſtains the bluſhing Ground, Infects the Air,
" (t) and draws the preying Vulturs, More than
" the Women, to behold the Object.

Tydides ſpoke: *Ulyſſes* then approach'd, And drew the Arrow from the Hero's Foot; But bitter Pains ſhot thro' his tortur'd Body. Then from the Battle haſting to his Chariot, He to the Fleet retir'd, and gain'd his Tent.

Now all the *Grecians* from the Battle fled, All but *Ulyſſes*; he alone ſtood firm, Expos'd to all the Dangers of the Fight. Then thus to his undaunted Soul he ſpoke: " Unhaphy Man!
" what Courſe ſhall I purſue? 'Twould be a
" Shame, ſhould I from Numbers fly; And
" how ſhall I alone reſiſt an Army? (u) But
" I diſgrace my Courage, in debating What
" Courſe to take, when I already know, That
" only Cowards from the Battle fly, While
" the courageous and the valiant Man Marches
" to meet his Death, or gain the Conqueſt.

(t) *And draws the preying Vulturs, more than the Women, to behold the Object.*] This is a Piece of Raillery very ſevere againſt *Paris*, which reproaches him for loving the Aſſemblies of Ladies more than Arms and War.

(u) *But I diſgrace my Courage.*] No one can better paint what a Man of Courage ought to think and ſpeak in ſo great a Danger, than *Homer* has here done.

Mean

Mean time on every ſide the *Trojan* Bands Inclos'd the Hero to their own Deſtruction; For as when Huntſmen and the eager Hounds Surround a Boar, he ruſhes from the Woods, And whets his dreadful Tusks, his Eyes ſhoot Fire, He braves their Rage, and diſſipates the War: So fought the Chief, ſurrounded by the *Trojans*. Then he the brave *Deiopites* ſlew, And *Ennomus*, and *Thoon* with his Spear; And bold *Cherſydamas*; below the Navel He ſmote him; down he fell, and bit the Ground: Then *Charops*, Son of *Hippaſus*, he ſlew; Which when his valiant Brother *Socus* ſaw, He vow'd Revenge, and to *Ulyſſes* ſpoke:

"Illuſtrious, indefatigable Man, This Day "the Fame of our united Deaths Shall crown "your Arms, or you yourſelf ſhall Fall; Fall "by my Hand a Victim to my Brother.

He ſaid, and launch'd his Spear; it ſwiftly flew, And pierc'd his pond'rous Shield, and well-wrought Breaſt-plate, And tore his Fleſh; but the propitious *Pallas* Deaden'd the Blow, and ſtopt the pointed Spear. *Ulyſſes* ſoon perceiv'd the Wound not mortal; Yet backward ſtept, and thus to *Socus* ſaid:

"Unhappy *Socus!* now thy Hour is come! "Some other *Trojan* I deſign'd to ſlay, But "thou haſt ſav'd his Ruin, by thy own. Thy "Death is certain, by my Spear thou fall'ſt; "The Honour of thy Arms ſhall grace my Con-"queſt; (w) But to dread *Pluto* I commit thy "Soul.

(w) *But to dread* Pluto *I commit thy Soul.*] What he here calls *Soul*, in another place he calls *Image*, as I have explain'd it, *Vol.* . . . . . p. . . . .

Ulyſſes

Ulyſſes ſpoke: And *Socus* trembling fled; But as he fled, *Ulyſſes* hurl'd his Spear; The Spear ſung thro' the Air, and pierc'd his Body; And down he fell; his claſhing Arms aloud Rattled: then tauntingly *Ulyſſes* ſaid:

" Your Hopes of Safety then you plac'd in " Flight; But Death is ſwifter far than you, " O *Socus*, Unhappy Man! Nor ſhall your " mournful Father, Nor weeping Mother cloſe " your Eyes in Death; But greedy Birds ſhall " prey upon your Carcaſe: But when I fall, " the *Grecians* will perform, With ſolemn Rites, " my Funeral Obſequies.

Ulyſſes thus; and from his Buckler drew, And from his wounded Breaſt, the Spear of *Socus*; Then ſtream'd the flowing Blood, and Pains enſu'd.

But when the *Trojans* ſaw *Ulyſſes'* Blood, They pour'd whole Legions on the ſingle Chief; Then he gave Ground, borne by the Torrent down, And call'd aloud for Aid; (x) thrice did he call; Thrice *Menelaus* heard, and ſpoke to *Ajax*:

" Brave Son of *Telamon*, illuſtrious *Ajax*, " I hear *Ulyſſes'* Voice, and ſuch it ſeems, As " if it ſpoke Diſtreſs; as if the *Trojans* Preſs'd " ſore upon him in unequal Fight; But let us " bring him Aid; for much I fear, Leſt over- " pow'r'd, he fall beneath their Arms, And we " with Grief lament his Loſs in vain.

(x) *Thrice did he call.*] It is in the *Greek*, he call'd Thrice, as loud as his Head wou'd permit; our Language has the ſame Expreſſion, but with this difference; the *Greek* Expreſſion is Noble, ours Mean and Vulgar.

Thus

Thus *Menelaus* ſpoke, and led the Way, (*y*) And Godlike *Ajax* follow'd to the Battle: Him in the middle of the Foes they found; (*z*) As the fierce Lynces ruſh upon the Stag, Whoſe Side is deeply wounded by a Dart; He, while the Blood flows tepid from the Wound, Leaves his rapacious Hunters far behind, Bounds o'er the Plains, and to the Mountains flies; But when he faints, and ſinks beneath the Wound, They overtake, and ſeize upon the Prey: But then, if Fortune brings that Way a Lion, They ſtart, and trembling, fly his dreadful Sight; The Stag he ſeizes, and devours the Prey: Thus Multitudes of the courageous *Trojans* Hem in on ev'ry ſide the brave *Ulyſſes*, Still fighting, ſtill retreating o'er the Plain. Then the ſtout *Ajax* interpos'd his Shield, Strong as a Tow'r; afraid, the *Trojans* fled, While *Menelaus* brought *Ulyſſes* off, Safe to his Chariot, from the Rage of Battle: But *Ajax* ruſhing forward to the Fight, ſlew *Doryclus*, the ſpurious Son of *Priam*, And wounded *Pandocus* and *Pyraſus*, *Lyſander* and *Pylertes*, brave in Arms. As when ſome Stream, increas'd by

(*y*) *And Godlike* Ajax *follow'd.*] *Ajax* is no Orator; he makes no Anſwer to *Menelaus*, but follows him to the Fight. *Homer* is wonderful in his Characters.

(*z*) *As the fierce Lynces.*] *Homer* underſtands Nature as well as Art; and the Natures of Beaſts are known to him: Many Ages before *Ariſtotle*, he knew what that Philoſopher has ſince remark'd in his Hiſtory of *Animals*, Book IX. Chap. I. *viz.* that the *Lynx* and the *Lion* are Enemies, that they both live upon Fleſh, and feed upon the ſame Prey; ἀπολέιπει δὲ καὶ ὁ λέων, καὶ ὁ θὼς ἀλλήλους· ἀμφάγει γὰρ ὄντες ἀπὸ τῶν αὐτῶν ζῶσι. It was this Knowledge which furniſh'd him with this Compariſon, which is extremely juſt.

Floods

Floods of Rain, That tumble with a dreadful Sound from Mountains, O'erflows his Banks, and deluges the Plains; He bears the lofty Oaks and ſtately Pines Down his fierce Torrent to the diſtant Main: Thus o'er the Field of Battle *Ajax* rag'd, And overthrew the Chariot and the Horſe, and dealt Deſtruction thro the *Trojan* Hoſt. *Hector* perceiv'd not this; for, far remov'd, In the left Wing he fought by *Xanthus'* Stream, Which flow'd with Crimſon Waves, and from his Banks Echo'd around the dreadful Noiſe of War. There ſtout *Idomeneus* withſtood his Arm, And *Neſtor* valiant in extreme old Age: Amazing Deeds were now perform'd by *Hector*; Slaughter and Death attended on his Sword, And in his Rage he laid the Battle waſte. Yet ſtill unbroket he *Grecian* Hoſt had ſtood, if *Paris*, Husband to the beauteous *Helen*, Had not diſabled with a fatal Arrow The Safeguard of the *Greeks*, the great *Machaon*, And ſhot his Dart into his bleeding Shoulder; For him the *Grecians* fear'd, leſt he ſhould fall, Cruſh'd by the Fury of the *Trojan* Bands. Then thus *Idomeneus* to *Neſtor* ſpoke:

"Great *Neleus'* Son, the Glory of the *Greeks*,
"Haſte to your Chariot, haſte, and let *Machaon*
"Ride by your ſide, and drive him to the
"Fleet: His Life is precious; (*a*) for one
"good Phyſician, And ſuch *Machaon* is, is
"worth an Army; For he draws out the Ar-

(*a*) *For one good Phyſician.*] This is a noble Panegyrick upon Phyſicians, and a juſt one too; *Homer* was not of their Opinion, who to vilify Phyſick ſay, εἰ μὴ ἰαλῆσοι ἦσαν, ὀυδὲν ἂν ἦν ἄλλο γραμματικῶν μωρότερον· if there were no *Phyſicians* in the World, there would be nothing more

"rows

" rows from the Wounds, Eaſes the Pain, and " pacifies the Anguiſh.

He ſaid, And *Neſtor* haſted to his Chariot, And from the Battle bore the wounded *Greek*.

Then *Hector*'s Charioteer, *Cebrion*, ſaw The *Trojans* flying from the Sword of *Ajax*, And ſaid, " While we thus, *Hector*, force the " *Greeks* In the Right Wing, the *Trojan* Horſe " and Foot Fly in Confuſion from the Arm of " *Ajax*: 'Tis he, I know him by his tow'ring " Shield: Thither the Danger calls us; there " the Battle Rages with all its Fury; *Trojans* " fall On *Trojans*, Horſe on Horſe, and to the " Heav'ns The dreadful Clamour of the Fight " reſounds. He ſaid, and clack'd his Whip; the Horſes flew Swift over Heaps of Arms, and Hills of Slain; O'er Shields and Heroes gaſping in their Blood, Th' enſanguin'd Axle, and the Chariot Wheels, Bluſh'd in the Blood, which from the Crimſon Ground, The Horſes upward forc'd in goary Rains. *Hector*, impatient, darted on the *Greeks* With Stones, and with his Spear, and with his Sword, Breaking their routed Ranks; but far he fought, Far from the Place where dreadful *Ajax* rag'd. (*b*) But *Jove*, the Father, from the Heights of

impertinent than the *Grammarians*. *Euſtathius* ſays, that this is the Language of Ignorants, who not being capable to underſtand the Reaſons of Phyſick, look upon it as a meer Jargon of Trade; and that it has nothing real or ſolid. But it is certain, that God makes both the Phyſick and Phyſician. In the Time of *Homer*, they knew nothing but Pharmacy and Chirurgery; Phyſick was not known till a long time after. However, certain Antients tell us, that *Machaon* underſtood Chirurgery, and *Podalirius* Phyſick; but this has no Foundation.

(*b*) *But Jove the Father &c.*] With how much Grandeur, and how much Decency

Heav'n

Heav'n Diſmay'd with Fear the ſinking Heart
of *Ajax*. Amaz'd he ſtood, ſhock'd at the Sight
of *Hector*; He threw his Moony Buckler o'er his
Back, (*c*) And made a ſlow Retreat; with tar-
dy Paces He meaſur'd back the Field, and often
turn'd His furious Looks upon the *Trojan* Bands.
As when the Peaſants and the watchful Dogs
Drive a fierce hungry Lion from the Field,
Where many Beeves are feeding in the Night;
He, greedy of his Prey, with vain Attempts
Each Way explores; from ev'ry Part the Darts
Fly adverſe; (*d*) and the Blaze of frequent
Fires Frights him, tho' bold, and eager for his
Prey; And when *Aurora* promiſes the Day,
Back he retreats, and grumbles as he goes:
Thus the ſtout *Ajax* made a ſour Retreat.
(*e*) Or, as the patient tardy Animal Forces

does *Homer* manage the Retreat of *Ajax*, while he ſhews us, that he did not give ground to Man, but to *Jove*! and that he did not fly, but retir'd like a Lion with ſlow Paces, and often turning Head!

(*c*) *He made a ſlow Retreat.*] It was the ſlow March of *Ajax* in his Retreat, which brought to *Homer*'s mind the Compariſon of the Lion; and *Ariſtotle* obſerves, in his Hiſtory of *Animals*, Book ix. Chap. 44. that when he is hunted in View, he never flies, or ſhews the leaſt Sign of Fear; but if by reaſon of the Multitude of Hunters he is forc'd to retire, he makes his Retreat Step by Step, and turns his Head every moment; and ſuch is the Retreat of *Ajax*.

(*d*) *And the Blaze of frequent Fires.*] What is reported of the Lion, ſays *Ariſtotle*, in the place which I juſt now quoted, is true, that he is more afraid of Fire than any thing; and as a Confirmation, he produces this Verſe of *Homer*'s, which ſays, that the Lion dreads the Fire even in his greateſt Fury, and when he is eager for his Prey; for this is the Meaning of στυμενος περ.

(*e*) *Or, as the patient tardy Animal.*] *Homer* juſt now compar'd *Ajax* to a Lion, to ſet off the Hero's Valour, who even by his Retreat preſerv'd the *Greeks*; here, to demonſtrate his Patience, he com-

his

his Way into a Field of Corn, And mocks the weak Resistance which the Boys That guard the Passage make; tho' many Blows Sound on his Sides, he feeds upon the Grain; And when he there has satisfy'd his Hunger, Backward he tardy moves, and scarce recedes: Thus the fierce *Trojans*, and th' Allies of *Troy*, With Show'rs of Darts pursu'd the Steps of *Ajax*. His Looks with sullen Indignation lowr'd, (f) And sometimes he retir'd; then turn'd again,

pares him to an *Ass*, the most patient of all Creatures. Some Critics, unfortunately delicate, have condemn'd this Comparison as too low; to justify which, I will only quote a Remark of *Monsieur* Dacier *upon* Aristotle's *Poetics*, Chap. 26. where he shews us, that this Image is so far from being Mean and Vulgar, that it is extremely Just and Noble. In the Time of *Homer*, says he, *Asses* were not so contemptible as they now are; their Names were not made a Reproach, but Kings and Princes were us'd to ride upon them. *Homer* therefore without any Disparagement, compares *Ajax* to one of these Animals; and no doubt but he did it, to make his Obstinacy, Strength and Patience apparent: neither can we ridicule this Comparison without Impiety, since God himself has put it into the Mouth of *Jacob*, who says, as he blesses his Sons, *Issachar is a strong Ass couching down between two Burdens.* There is nothing more beautiful than this Image. And I'll be bold to say, that they will be frequently mistaken, who, to give a Judgment of a Comparison, go about to examine whether the Subject whence it is borrow'd, be Noble or not: they should chiefly consider whether the Idea it gives be clear and lively; whether the Poet has embellish'd it with poetical Words, and whether it perfectly paints the Thing it is design'd to represent. A Top driven by a Lash, is no very elevated Subject, yet *Virgil* has thence drawn an admirable Comparison, to represent an incens'd Queen; but to return to *Homer*, tho' I am persuaded, that this is a very beautiful Comparison, yet I durst not mention the Name of *Ass* in the Translation, but had recourse to a Paraphrase; knowing that we ought to accommodate all our Expressions, to the Ideas and Usages of our own Times.

(f) *While sometimes he retir'd*, &c.] *Homer* is not

And

And check'd their Rage, and drove them from the Fleet. He march'd between two Armies: this he ſav'd, And that repuls'd, and on his Shield there ſtood A Wood of Spears, (g) while others that fell ſhort Cover'd the Ground that lay between the Hoſts. But when *Eurypylus*, *Evemon*'s Son, Saw *Ajax* thus oppreſs'd with Show'rs of Darts, Forth from the *Greeks* he ſprung, and with his Spear, Launch'd from his manly Arm, ſlew *Apiſaon*. He fell, and thro' the Wound breath'd out his Soul: But while he ſtay'd to ſtrip him of his Arms, *Paris*, the Husband to the beauteous *Helen*, Bent with full ſtrength his Bow; the Arrow flew, And pierc'd the Thigh of brave *Eurypylus*. The Arrow broke, the Head remain'd behind Deep in the Wound, and pain'd his tortur'd Soul. Then he retreated tow'rds the *Grecian* Camp; But raiſing thus his Voice, aloud he ſpoke:

" O Friends and Leaders of the valiant
" *Greeks*, Stand and defend ſtout *Ajax* from
" the *Trojans*, Who, almoſt cover'd with a
" Show'r of Spears, Sinks over-pow'r'd beneath
" a Hoſt of Men; then boldly ſtand, and ſave
" the fainting *Ajax*.

ſatisfy'd with telling us, that it was none but *Jove* that made *Ajax* retire; but he elevates his Retreat by a thouſand other noble Circumſtances. He is the only Poet who ever conceiv'd ſuch lofty Ideas of a Hero, as to make him in a Retreat preſerve one Army, and repulſe another: What wou'd not *Ajax* have done, if *Jupiter* had not oppos'd his Courage, and diſmay'd his Heart?

(g) *While others that fell ſhort*, &c.] This is another Circumſtance to magnify the Retreat; *Homer* ſhews the Diſtance which the *Trojans* kept from *Ajax*.

He

He ſpoke: The Warrior *Greeks* reſum'd their Courage, Oppos'd their Bucklers, and advanc'd their Spears, Till *Ajax* ſafe arriv'd; then reinforc'd, He ran to Battle, and renew'd the Fight.

Now, *Neſtor*'s Steeds, cover'd with Blood and Sweat, Had brought *Machaon* from the Throng of War.

(*b*) When *Thetis*' Son, who, to behold the Fight, Conſpicuous ſtood upon his Veſſel's Stern, And ſaw from far, and thought he knew *Machaon*; Then call'd *Patroclus*, his beloved Friend; He heard, and iſſu'd from his Tent like *Mars* The God of War; but from that fatal Hour Sprung all his Woes, and thence his Ruin flow'd. Then thus *Menætius*' Son *Patroclus* ſpoke. "What "wants *Achilles*, that he calls *Patroclus*? (*i*) "My Friend, ſaid he, the deareſt to my Soul; "Now, on their Knees, the *Greeks* will beg "my Aid; Such are their Streights, ſo great is "their Diſtreſs. But haſte, and learn of *Neſtor*, whom his Chariot Brought wounded "from the Fight; I ſaw his Back, And thought "it much reſembled brave *Machaon*'s; His

(*b*) *When* Thetis' *Son.*] *Achilles* griev'd to be abſent from the Battel, comforts himſelf with beholding it: *Homer* thence draws, with a great deal of Art, the Diſcovery of the Plot of his *Poem*; for this Hero, whom the Prayers of *Ulyſſes*, *Phœnix*, and *Ajax*, cou'd not move, is touch'd at the Sight of the Defeat of the *Greeks*; this diſpoſes him to ſend *Patroclus* to fight in his room, and his Death makes him renounce his Reſentment to revenge his Friend.

(*i*) *My Friend, ſaid he.*] *Euſtathius* very well remarks, that *Homer* in giving this Thought to *Achilles*, had a good Opportunity to introduce a ſecond Embaſſy to him; but won'd not embrace it, to avoid Repetition, which muſt needs have been tedious.

"Face

" Face I could not ſee; for ſwift the Horſes
" Hurry'd the Chariot tow'rds the Tent of
" *Neſtor*.

Thus he: And ſtrait *Patroclus* left his Preſence,
And held his way along the *Grecian* Fleet.

Mean time, the Rev'rend *Neſtor* and *Machaon*
Deſcended from the Chariot to the Ground;
And while *Eurymedon* the Steeds unharneſs'd,
They ſtood a while upon the Ocean's Shore,
(*k*) To recreate and refreſh their weary'd Bodies,
With the cool Breeze that gently fann'd the Air.
They enter'd then the Tent, and took their Seats, While *Hecamede*, beauteous as a Goddeſs,
Fair *Hecamede*, Daughter to *Arſinous*, The King of *Tenedos*, (whom, when *Achilles* Laid waſte that Iſle, the *Greeks* to *Neſtor*'s Arms Preſented as a Token, (*l*) to proclaim How much they honour'd his ſuperior Wiſdom) Prepar'd a Bowl of various Compoſitions. The beauteous Captive plac'd before the Heroes A Table, made of the moſt precious Wood; Smooth was the Surface, and the Feet were azure. Then in a Baſon of refulgent Braſs, She brought new Honey, and the Flow'r of Meal, And Onions, proper to create a Thirſt. Then *Neſtor*'s Bowl

(*k*) *To recreate their weary'd Bodies.*] Here are two Heroes, the one wounded, and the other very old, who would not be rubb'd and dry'd in their Tents, but ſtood in the open Air, to cool themſelves by the Breeze.

(*l*) *To proclaim how much they honour'd*, &c.] The Poet here intimates, that Prudence and Wiſdom deſerves to be recompens'd, as well as Valour; in the Games which were made to honour *Patroclus*' Funeral, *Neſtor* bears away the Prize without the Conteſt: *Iſocrates* ſome-where complains, that the *Greeks* had eſtabliſhed Prizes as Rewards for Strength and Courage, but none for Wiſdom and Prudence, the far more preferable Qualifications.

ſhe

ſhe plac'd upon the Table; (*m*) The Bowl he brought from *Pylos* to the War; Wond'rous it was, and damask'd o'er with Gold; Four Ears it had, and to ſupport each Ear, Two Golden Doves, ſo exquiſitely carv'd, That they ev'n ſeem'd to feed around the Bowl. Double the Bottom was, and deep withal; And when with ſmiling Liquor it was crown'd, One Man could ſcarce ſupport the noble Load; But aged *Neſtor* bore it without Pain. (*n*) In this the beauteous *Hecamede* mix'd (*o*) Pure *Pramnian* Wines, and to the ſprightly Wines Added the taſteful Cheeſe, and Flow'r of Wheat. When they had ſatisfy'd their Thirſt with Drink, With ſweet Diſcourſe they paſs'd the Time away.

(*m*) *The Bowl he brought from* Pylos.] This is ſpoken to acquaint us, that it was not any Part of Booty, but a Family-Bowl; nor is this an inconſiderable Circumſtance; for Gold and Silver in thoſe Days were ſo ſcarce, that the greateſt Princes drank out of Cups of Braſs; and this is the Reaſon why the Necklace of *Eriphyle* was ſo much extoll'd: Gold and Silver were not common in *Greece*, till the Days of *Alexander*; for 'tis ſaid of his Father *Philip*, that having but one Cup of Gold, he laid it every Night under his Pillow.

(*n*) *In this the beauteous* Hecamede.] This Drink is ſomewhat extraordinary, eſpecially for a wounded Man, as *Machaon*; but we muſt remember, that *Machaon* was not ſo dangerouſly wounded, as to be forc'd to obſerve any Rule more than ordinary. The *Greeks* made him retire from the Battle, in Conſideration of his being a Phyſician, and neceſſary to the Army, and therefore ſhould not be too much expos'd; *Machaon* had ſo much need to recover his Spirits, that there was no Danger of a Fever, or Inflammation; therefore we ſee him ſtanding on the Shore to refreſh himſelf: and *Homer* tells us, that *Neſtor* and he entertain'd themſelves with agreeable Diſcourſe; whereas a Perſon dangerouſly wounded, wou'd have had no Reliſh for pleaſant Diſcourſes.

(*o*) *Pure* Pramnian *Wines.*] *Pramne* is a Mountain in the *Icarian* Iland.

And

And now *Patroclus* to the Tent was come,
When *Neſtor*, who eſpy'd the God-like Man,
Roſe from his Place, and welcom'd his Arrival,
Offer'd a Seat, which he refus'd, and ſaid:

" I have no time to ſtay, divine old Man,
" But I muſt haſte, and bear my Meſſage back,
" Since with Impatience great *Achilles* waits
" To know what wounded *Greek* your Chariot
" bore; And now I ſee it was the great *Ma-*
" *chaon*: Therefore I haſte; for well you know
" *Achilles* Is paſſionate, and violent by Nature;
" And no Excuſe can mitigate his Wrath.

Patroclus thus: And (*p*) *Neſtor* thus reply'd;
" Does then *Achilles* pity our Diſtreſs? And do
" our wounded *Grecians* move his Soul, Now
" while he knows not half what we endure?
" *Tydides*, *Agamemnon*, and *Ulyſſes*, *Eurypylus*
" and, as you ſee, *Machaon*, Deſiſt from Battle,
" wounded by the *Trojans*. How long will

(*p*) Neſtor *thus reply'd.*] *Patroclus* has but juſt told *Neſtor*, that he had not time to ſit down, that he was in haſte to carry back his Anſwer to *Achilles*, who waited for him with Impatience; yet here we ſee, *Neſtor* begins a long Diſcourſe, and *Patroclus* ſtays to hear it. I have met with thoſe who think this is a Fault, or a ſmall Slip in *Homer*; but they are miſtaken; *Patroclus* did not ſit down, but heard the Diſcourſe ſtanding: *Neſtor* was a Prince of that Figure and Veneration, that *Patroclus* cou'd not, nor ought to interrupt his Diſcourſe, by going away: This whole Piece is ſo ſerious, ſo important, and touches *Patroclus* ſo nearly, and has ſo great Relation to *Achilles*, and the preſent Poſture of Affairs, that *Patroclus* cou'd not be blam'd for making ſuch a ſtay. *Patroclus* thus retain'd by *Neſtor*, ſees with his own Eyes to what Extremities the *Greeks* are reduc'd; and in his Return, he meets *Eurypylus*, wounded with an Arrow: He is obliged to lead him to his Tent, and take care of him; and while he is employ'd in this neceſſary Work, he ſees the Intrenchments forc'd, as I ſhall ſhew by and by.

" then *Achilles'* Fury burn? Waits he till
" warlike *Hector* fires the Navy, And *Greeks*
" o'er *Greeks* in one Deſtruction fall? (*q*) For
" now my Arms are weak; devouring Age
" Unſtrings my Nerves, and breaks my manly
" Prime. O did that Strength now actuate my
" Limbs, As when in all the bloomy Flow'r of
" Youth I fought againſt the *Eleans*, fierce in
" Arms, (*r*) And ſlew *Itymoneus* the King of
" *Elis!* I led the injur'd *Pylians* to the War,
" To make Reprizal on the *Elean* Flocks; Then
" bold *Itymoneus* oppos'd my Sword; But him
" I ſlew, and ſcatter'd all his Forces, And bore
" away a rich and mighty Booty; Full fifty
" Droves of Beeves, of Swine as many, With
" fifty Herds of Goats, and fifty Flocks Of
" Woolly Sheep; beſides thrice fifty Mares,
" Them and their Colts; and all to *Pylos*
" brought Safe in the Night: With Joy my
" Father ſaw So young a Warrior, as his Son,
" victorious. Then the next Day, when firſt
" the Morn appear'd, (*s*) The Heralds ſum-

(*q*) *For now my Arms are weak.*] *Neſtor* wou'd here intimate to *Patroclus*, and by him to *Achilles*, that if he had his youthful Strength, he ſhou'd have no need of *Achilles*'s Aid, and that he cou'd without him protect the *Greeks*.

(*r*) *The King of* Elis.] *Elis* is the whole Southern Part of *Peloponneſus*, between *Achaia* and *Meſſenia*, it was originally divided into ſeveral Diſtricts or Principalities; afterwards it was reduced to two; the one of the *Eleans*, or *Epeans*, the other of *Neſtor*. This Remark is neceſſary for the underſtanding what follows. In *Homer*'s Time the City *Elis* was not built.

(*s*) *The Heralds ſummon'd.*] See how much Juſtice is here practis'd by a *Pagan* Prince! his People had been plunder'd by the Enemy; he enters the Enemies Country, carries off a rich Booty, and employs it in making up the Loſs of his Subjects.

" mon'd

" mon'd, in a publick manner, All thoſe that
" ever ſuffer'd by the *Eleans*. They met; the
" Magiſtrates divided round The Prey; for
" many, tho' the Towns of *Pylos* Then lay un-
" peopled, ſuffer'd (*t*) by th' *Epæans*; Few were
" the *Pylians*, (*u*) for ſome Years before This
" War broke out, *Alcides'* conqu'ring Arms (*w*)
" Laid *Pylos* waſte, and ſlew her braveſt
" Youths. Twelve Sons then *Neleus* had, a
" lovely Offspring! (*x*) Of which I'm only
" left, the reſt he ſlew; But our Misfortunes
" prov'd th' *Epæans* Gains, Who, ſcorning our
" weak State, with daily Inſults Ravag'd our
" Fields, and bore our Flocks away; Old as
" he was, then *Neleus* took his Arms, For-
" rag'd their Lands, and choſe three hundred

(*t*) *By th'* Epæans.] I have already taken notice, that the *Epæans* are the ſame with the *Eleans*.

(*u*) *For ſome Years before this War broke out.*] *Homer*, in this Relation, follows the ſame Method as he does in his Poem; he begins with the End, and ſo comes to the Beginning: this Method is by far the moſt agreeable, and better raiſes our Curioſity. It is here brought in with a great deal of Art, for it was *Neſtor*'s Aim to detain *Patroclus*, till he had ſeen the Defeat of the *Greeks*; to the end that a Sight ſo moving, might diſpoſe him to intercede with *Achilles* for the *Greeks*.

(*w*) *Laid* Pylos *waſte.*] It was becauſe *Neleus* wou'd not receive him into his Walls, when he came from the Conqueſt of *Diomedes*, and brought away his Horſes; or becauſe the *Pylians* had given Aid o the *Orchomenians* againſt the *Thebans*: it is alſo ſaid, it was becauſe *Neleus* refus'd to expiate *Hercules* from the Murder of *Iphitus*; but this cannot be true, according to the moſt exact Traditions of the Antients, for according to them, *Homer* knew nothing at all of ſuch Expiations; the only Puniſhment for Murder which he mentions, was a Forfeit or Baniſhment.

(*x*) *Of which I'm only left.*] He was then an Infant, and his Father educated him at *Gerene*, on the Frontiers of his State.

" Sheep, A mighty Flock! the faireſt in the
" Nation! And brought 'em off, to recompenſe
" his Loſſes, Which were not ſmall; (y) for
" he four generous Courſers Had with their
" Chariots ſent to *Elis'* Games, To win the
" Prize, and gain the Golden Tripod. But
" both the Chariot and the Steeds *Augæas*,
" Injurious King! detain'd, and with Affronts
" (z) Diſmiſs'd the Charioteer; at this in-
" cens'd, *Neleus* laid waſte his Lands, and bore
" away (a) Booty immenſe! of which the
" greateſt Part He kept himſelf, to ſatisfy his
" Wrongs; The reſt he ſhar'd among his *Py-*
" *lian* Subjects. Then two whole Days we of-
" fer'd Sacrifice To all the Gods; but when the
" dawning Rays Of the third Morn appear'd,
" th' *Epæans* came In terrible Array, both

(y) *For he four generous Courſers.*] 'Tis ſaid, that theſe were particular Games, which *Augæas* had eſtabliſh'd in his own State; and that the *Olympic* Games cannot be here underſtood, becauſe *Hercules* did not inſtitute them till he had kill'd this King, and deliver'd his Kingdom to *Phyleus*, whom his Father *Augæas* had baniſh'd. The Prizes of theſe Games of *Augæas* were Prizes of Wealth, as golden Tripods, &c. whereas the Prizes of the *Olympic* Games were only plain Chaplets of Leaves or Branches. Beſides, *Homer* knew nothing of theſe Chaplets given at the Games, nor of the triumphal Crowns, nor of the Garlands wore at Feaſts; if he had, 'tis probable he wou'd ſomewhere or other have mention'd them.

(z) *Diſmiſs'd the Charioteer.*] *Homer* here mentions but one *Charioteer*; and in my Opinion, this is ſufficient to determine the Diſpute the Antients rais'd about this Paſſage, viz. whether theſe four Horſes were for one Chariot, or whether there were two Chariots; one for each Pair of Horſes? Now had there been two Chariots, there muſt have been two Charioteers.

(a) *Booty immenſe.*] He means that Booty which he meation'd in the beginning of this Diſcourſe.

" Horſe

" Horſe and Foot; With them (*b*) the two
" *Molions* came in Arms, New to the Field,
" young, and not skill'd in War. There ſtands
" a City, (*c*) *Thryöeſſa* nam'd, By *Alpheus'*
" Stream, upon a ſteepy Rock. This they be-
" ſieg'd, and furiouſly attack'd, But the cele-
" ſtial Maid, the martial *Goddeſs*, By Night
" deſcended from *Olympus'* Heights, And cry'd,
" To Arms, ye *Pylians*, haſte to Arms! They
" arm'd with one Conſent, and throng'd to
" War; But *Neleus*, to detain me from the
" Dangers, Convey'd away my Horſes, and
" my Chariot. (*d*) But his Precaution, and his
" Care was vain; On Foot, to Arms I went
" among the Horſe, For *Pallas* prompted, and
" inſpir'd my Soul.

" (*e*) The River *Minyas*, near *Arene's* Walls,
" Into the Ocean diſembogues his Waves, And
" on his Banks the *Pylian* Cavalry Waited the
" Riſing of the dawning Morn; Halting, till all
" the Foot had join'd the Horſe. (*f*) Thence,

(*b*) *The two* Molions.] *Eurytus* and *Cleatus*, Sons of *Actor*; or, according to others, the Sons of *Neptune* and *Molione*, Daughter to *Molus*.

(*c*) *Thryöeſſa*.] It is the ſame with that which he elſewhere calls *Thryon*.

(*d*) *But his Precaution*.] It ſeems as if *Neſtor* had a mind to inſinuate by this to *Patroclus*, that he ought to follow his Example, and fight for his Country, tho' *Achilles* ſhou'd endeavour to prevent it.

(*e*) *The River* Minyas.] This is the River *Anigrus*, about half-way between *Pylos* and *Thryöeſſa*; but this *Anigrus* was call'd *Minyas* or *Minyus*, from the *Minyans*, who liv'd round it. *Strabo*, Book 8.

(*f*) *Thence, e'er the Sun*.] *Homer* is ſo excellent a *Geographer*, that he diſtinguiſhes exactly not only the Situation of Places, but their Diſtances too from one another: *Strabo* ſays preciſely, that it is not above half a Day's Journey from *Pylos* to *Thryöeſſa*.

" e'er the Sun had gain'd the Noon of Heav'n,
" We reach'd the ſacred Banks of *Alpheus'*
" Stream, And made an Off'ring to the Thun-
" d'ring God; (*g*) A Bull to *Alpheus*, and a
" Bull to *Neptune*, And a young Heifer to the
" warlike Goddeſs. Then the whole Army
" took a due Repaſt, And ſlept all Night in
" Arms along the Flood. Mean time, th'
" *Epæans* preſs'd upon the Town, And fondly
" hop'd to take it by Aſſault: But dreadful
" *Mars* prepar'd a bloody Game, T'avert their
" Arms, and fruſtrate their Deſigns. For, when
" the Sun diſplay'd his glorious Beams, We
" march'd to Battle, when we firſt had pray'd
" To Virgin *Pallas*, and to Thund'ring *Jove*.
" In the firſt Shock I ſlew the valiant *Mulius*;
" *Mulius!* the Son-in-Law of King *Augæas*,
" Who had eſpous'd the beauteous *Agamede*,
" His eldeſt, and his far moſt lovely Daughter:
" *Mulius!* who all the Herbs, and all the Sim-
" ples, Which the Earth's fruitful Womb pro-
" duces, knew. He gaſping lay, and roll'd in
" Blood and Duſt, While, bounding from the
" Ground, with youthful Vigour (*h*) I ſprung
" into his Chariot: but th' *Epæans*, When
" they beheld the Gen'ral of their Horſe, A
" gallant Soldier! breathleſs on the Ground;
" Struck with Amaze, betook themſelves to

(*g*) *A Bull to* Alpheus.] Bulls were the uſual Victims that were offer'd to *Neptune*, and River Gods. Horſes likewiſe were ſometimes ſacrific'd to *Neptune*: of ſuch Sacrifices, the antient Authors furniſh us with a thouſand Examples.

(*h*) *I ſprung into his Chariot.*] Hitherto *Neſtor* had fought on Foot, but now he mounts the Chariot which he took.

" Flight,

" Flight. Then I ruſh'd on 'em like a dread-
" ful Whirlwind, (*i*) And fifty Chariots took,
" and with my Sword, And with my Jav'lin,
" ſlew twice fifty Men. Then too my Spear
" had ſlain the two *Molions*, The Sons of
" *Actor*, had not potent *Neptune* Withdrawn
" 'em from my Fury, in a Cloud. That Day
" *Saturnian Jove* with Conqueſt crown'd, And
" ſignal Honours, our triumphant Arms. Far
" from the Field of Battle we purſu'd Our
" flying Foes, and ſlew 'em as they fled, Till
" to *Bupraſium* and *Olenia*'s Heights, And to
" *Aleſium*, ſituate on a Mount, We came,
" where *Pallas* check'd our ſwift Purſuit;
" Ev'n then the hindmoſt of the Foes I
" ſlew. Now from *Bupraſium* we return'd to
" *Pylos*; And all gave Thanks peculiarly to
" *Jove*, Of Gods; of Men, peculiarly to
" *Neſtor*. Such then I was, when Youth in-
" ſpir'd my Arms, And thus behav'd myſelf
" among the *Greeks*. Not ſo *Achilles!* (*k*) he
" alone enjoys His Valour, while his Country
" wants his Aid: But I am ſure, the Day will
" come, when he Will ſore repent his Fury
" and his Wrath. 'Twill grieve his very Soul,
" to ſee the Fleet, And all the *Grecians*, bury'd

(*i*) *And fifty Chariots took.*] This is far from being an Impoſſibility; eſpecially in a Rout. Hiſtory both Sacred and Prophane relates many Exploits much ſuperior to this, yet perform'd by ſingle Men.

(*k*) *He alone enjoys.*] There are Qualifications which are only beneficial to the Owners; but it is a Piece of Injuſtice to rob all others of their Advantage, and reſerve 'em only for one's ſelf: ſuch is Valour, and 'tis a Diſgrace to a Man not to exert it for the Good of his Country.

" in one Ruin. Remember, dear *Patroclus*, and
" recall The ſage Inſtructions of the wiſe *Me-*
" *nœtius*, (*l*) When he from *Phthia* ſent you
" to *Atrides*, I and *Ulyſſes* heard his ſapient
" Words; When, (*m*) as we levy'd Forces for
" the War, We to the Palace came of Royal
" *Peleus*. *Menœtius* there we found, and you,
" *Patroclus*, With the brave Son of *Thetis*, great
" *Achilles*. The righteous *Peleus*, in the Palace
" Court, Was off'ring up a Sacrifice to *Jove*:
" And holding in his Hand a Golden Cup,
" He ſprinkled Wine upon the burning Thighs,
" While you prepar'd the ſacred Victim's Fleſh.
" I and *Ulyſſes* kept an awful Diſtance, Nor
" near advanc'd, till *Peleus*' Son, ſurpriz'd,
" Came, and embrac'd, and led us to the Pa-
" lace, And entertain'd us as no vulgar Gueſts.
" When we had eat and drank to Satisfaction,
" I told the Cauſe and Buſineſs of our Journey,
" Which was to bring you to the *Trojan* War.
" Fir'd with the Proſpect and the Thirſt of
" Glory, You both were eager for the pro-

(*l*) *When he from* Phthia *ent you to* Atrides.] What *Neſtor* here ſays to *Patroclus*, is brought in with a great deal of Subtilty and Force; for he here gives him to underſtand, that he was not brought as an Auxiliary by *Achilles*, but directly ſent to *Agamemnon*; therefore is more obliged to obey his Commands, than to follow the Caprices of *Achilles*.

(*m*) *As we levy'd Forces for the War.*] *Neſtor* and *Ulyſſes* were ſent to all the States of *Greece*, to exhort the ſeveral Princes to make an Alliance, and unite in this Expedition; as they were the two moſt renown'd Men for Wiſdom in all *Greece*, they were perhaps the only Perſons capable to engage the People in ſuch a War, which was undertaken only upon one Perſon's account, and ſhe a faithleſs Woman.

" mis'd

" mis'd War. (*n*) Then *Peleus* thus instruct-
" ed young *Achilles*: (*o*) Be always valiant,
" and excel in Virtue. And thus *Menœtius*
" spoke to you, *Patroclus*: My Son, remem-
" ber, that in Birth *Achilles* Is your Superior,
" and excels in Valour: (*p*) But since your Age
" is more, be it your Care To give Instructions,
" and direct his Strength; When you ad-
" vise, if your Advice is good, He'll hear
" with Patience, and with Speed obey. Thus
" spoke the good Old Man, the sage *Menœtius*;
" But you, *Patroclus*, have forgot his Words.
" Yet try, ev'n now, to move *Achilles'* Soul.
" (*q*) Who knows, but some propitious Dei-
" ty May by your Words incline his Heart
" to Pity? The Voice is pow'rful of a faith-
" ful Friend; But if some fatal Prophecy he
" shuns, Which from great *Jove* (*r*) his Mo-

(*n*) *Then* Peleus.] In the 9th Book, *Ulysses* has at large related the Instructions which *Peleus* gave to *Achilles*; *Nestor* only therefore gives the Substance of 'em, and that in one single Verse.

(*o*) *Always.*] This Word is not added in vain; for *Nestor* wou'd intimate to *Patroclus*, that *Achilles* has forgot his Father's Instructions, since he thus lets his Valour sleep, and to satisfy his Anger, forsakes the War.

(*p*) *But since your Age.*] *Nestor* says, as you ought not to follow the Caprices of *Achilles*, and obey his Resentment, so you ought to advise him, and lay before him his Injustice.

(*q*) *Who knows, but some, &c.*] *Homer* very well knew, that 'tis God who enforces the Words of the Wise, and that 'tis he who gives them the Power of Persuasion.

(*r*) *His Mother has reveal'd.*] *Nestor* says this, upon the account of what *Achilles* himself spoke in the ninth Book: and it is very much to the purpose; for nothing cou'd sooner move *Achilles*, than to let him see that it was the general Report in the Army, that he shut himself up in his Tent upon no other account, but

" ther has reveal'd, Thee let him ſend, thee
" and his *Myrmidons*, To try if thou canſt
" bring (*s*) ſome Ray, tho' faint, To warm our
" Courage, and diſpell our Fears. Let him
" permit thee to aſſume his Arms: Perhaps the
" *Trojans*, (*t*) when his Arms they view, May
" think *Achilles* to the Battle comes; Retreat,
" and let the weary'd *Grecians* breathe; (*u*) One
" Moment's Reſpite ſometimes turns a Battle.
" With Eaſe your vigorous Forces will re-
" pell The fainting *Trojans*, and preſerve the
" Navy.

Thus *Neſtor* ſpoke, and mov'd *Patroclus'* Soul. Then thro' the Fleet he haſted to *Achilles*: But when he came (*w*) againſt *Ulyſſes'* Ship, The Army's Market, and the Place of Juſtice;

to eſcape Death, with which his Mother had threaten'd him, in diſcovering to him the Decrees of the Deſtinies.

(*s*) *Some Ray.*] This is ſpoke with a Regard very glorious to *Achilles*; they had no Hero, that con'd be a Light to the *Greeks* but him: *Patroclus*, tho' he bore his Arms, cou'd only bring a faint Ray; and this is the Reaſon why *Neſtor* ſays, τι φάος.

(*t*) *When his Arms they view.*] What a Compliment is this to *Achilles!* when the very Sight of his Arms is ſaid to be ſufficient to make the *Trojans* fly; and at the ſame time, what a powerful Inſinuation to *Patroclus*, to tell him, he may paſs a while for *Achilles!*

(*u*) *One Moment's Reſpite ſometimes turns a Battle.*] I have explain'd the Senſe of *Neſtor*'s Words, which he left unfiniſh'd: for he contents himſelf with ſaying, *one Moment's Reſpite to the War*; where the Senſe is manifeſtly imperfect. It ſeems to have been a Proverb in *Homer*'s Days; there was therefore no need to finiſh it, to make it underſtood.

(*w*) *Againſt* Ulyſſes' *Ship.*] This was in the middle of the Camp; *Homer* has taken care to tell us, that *Ulyſſes* there had his Quarters. In the middle therefore of the Camp was the Market, the Pleading-Place, and the Altars and Statues of the Gods.

There,

There, where the Altars of the Gods are plac'd,
(x) He met *Eurypylus*, *Evæmon*'s Son: Lame
with his Wound, he ſlowly limp'd along; A
Sweat ran down his Face in plenteous Streams,
And Blood ſtill iſſu'd from the gaping Wound.
With Grief *Patroclus* view'd the bleeding
Greek, And thus began; and as he ſpoke, he
ſigh'd.

" Ah! wretched Leaders of the *Grecian*
" Army! Muſt you then fall far from your na-
" tive Country, Far from your deareſt Friends,
" and lie a Prey To greedy Vulturs on a ho-
" ſtile Shore? But tell me now, divine *Eurypy-*
" *lus*, Say, will the *Greeks* keep off the furious
" *Hector*? Or will they periſh by his fatal
" Spear?

Thus he: And thus *Eurypylus* reply'd; " All
" Hopes, *Patroclus*, of Defence are vaniſh'd;
" And in a Moment all the *Greeks* are loſt:
" Our wounded Leaders have forſook the Fight,
" While Conqueſt fluſhes the victorious *Tro-*
" *jans*. But lead me now, *Patroclus*, to my
" Tent, And cut the broken Arrow from my
" Thigh; Then with warm Water waſh the
" goary Wound; Apply ſome Med'cine to ap-
" peaſe the Pain; For ſuch you have, ſuch
" *Chiron* gave *Achilles*, (y) *Chiron* the wiſeſt

(x) *He met* Eurypylus.] What Management is this! to make *Patroclus*, already mov'd by the Diſcourſe of *Neſtor*, to meet in his Return a Chief dangerouſly wounded in the Thigh, on Foot, and none to help or ſupport him? A Sight ſo moving cou'd not fail to produce a good Effect.

(y) Chiron *the wiſeſt*.] *Euſtathius* remarks, that this Expreſſion, the moſt Juſt of the *Centaurs*, is put for the

" and the beſt of *Centaurs*; Abſent are our " Phyſicians; in the Tents *Machaon* wounded " lies, (z) and wants himſelf A Perſon to in- " ſpect and dreſs his Wound; And *Podalirius* " battles on the Plain.

Thus he: And thus reply'd the brave *Patroclus*; " What ſhall I do? What Courſe ſhall " I purſue? I haſte to bear the Meſſage to *A-* " *chilles*, Which *Neſtor*, Safeguard of the *Gre-* " *cians*, ſends; (a) But cannot leave you in this " ſore Diſtreſs.

Patroclus ſpoke, and bore him in his Arms Safe to his Tent; a Slave upon the Ground Strait ſpread the Hides of Bulls, and on the Hides *Patroclus* plac'd the pain'd *Eurypylus*. Then from his Thigh (b) he cut the broken Arrow, And (c) with warm Water waſh'd

moſt Juſt among the Centaurs; for the *Centaurs* were notorious for their Violence and Injuſtice.

(z) *And wants himſelf a Phyſician.*] There were more than two in the Army, but *Homer* gives us the Names only of two, *Machaon* and *Podalirius*, they being the Chief, and as it were the Princes of their Profeſſion.

(a) *But cannot leave you.*] This is carry'd on with a great deal of Art: it is very natural to make *Patroclus* perform an Action of ſo much Humanity; and hence *Homer* draws a great Advantage for the OEconomy of his Poem; εἰκὸς μὲν δὲ ὁ ποιητὴς τοῦτο, &c. ſays *Euſtathius*; the Poet diſpoſes thus this Incident, to the end that *Patroclus* ſtaying with *Eurypylus*, might be a Witneſs to the Attack made upon the Intrenchments, and ſee with his own Eyes the extreme Danger of the *Greeks*, and by that means uſe his utmoſt Efforts to move *Achilles*.

(b) *He cut the broken Arrow.*] *He cut it out*; for the Arrow had pierc'd from Side to Side, ſo that it was impoſſible to draw it out.

(c) *With* warm *Water.*] For hot Water, inſtead of ſtaunching the Blood, makes it flow; and cold Water cauſes Shiverings and Convulſions.

the

the goary Wound; Then with his Hand he bruis'd (*d*) a bitter Root, Which in a Moment ſtop'd the flowing Blood, Dry'd up the Wound, and pacify'd the Pain.

(*d*) *A bitter Root.*] He apply'd a Piece of this Root; for otherwiſe he cou'd not have ſtopt the Blood which flow'd apace. We ſee by this Paſſage, that the antient Phyſicians, and thoſe who underſtood Phyſick, always carry'd about them Neceſſaries, to relieve thoſe that wanted Help. And it is upon this, that *Hippocrates* builds the Precept which he gives us.

Argument

Argument of the Twelfth Book.

THE Greeks *being purſued by* Hector, *retire into their Intrenchments.* Hector *endeavours to force 'em, and paſs the Ditch; but that being impracticable,* Polydamas *adviſes the* Trojans *to light from their Chariots. They embrace his Advice; and being divided into five Bodies of Infantry, aſſault the Wall on every ſide. Two of the* Greeks *defend a Gate againſt a Battalion of* Trojans, *of whom they make a great Slaughter. An Eagle, bearing in his Talons a wounded Serpent thro' the Air, flies on the Left of the* Trojans. Polydamas *interprets the Prodigy, and adviſes a Retreat:* Hector *oppoſes him, and mocks all Omens that are drawn from the Flight of Birds, and continues the Attack.* Sarpedon, *at the Head of the* Lycians, *having gain'd the Height of the Wall, breaks down a Battlement, and makes a wide Breach; then the Fight is obſtinate. At laſt,* Hector *throwing a prodigious Stone againſt one of the Gates, forces it, and opens a Paſſage; and at the Head of his Troops, who meet with no Oppoſition, purſues the* Greeks *to their very Ships.*

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Hector returning & having driven the Greeks to their Retrenchments attacks them therein with fury breaks down a passage with a stone of an enormous size, enters at the head of his Troops & persues them to their ships.

B 12.

THE ILIAD OF HOMER.

BOOK XII.

Menætius' Son thus dreſs'd *Eurypylus*; Mean time, the *Grecian* and the *Trojan* Armies, With ten-fold Fury fought; and now the Foſs, And now the Wall, which to defend the Fleet, And guard the gather'd Booty, they had built, No more ſuſtain'd the Fury of the *Trojans*. Broad was the Foſs, and mounded ſtrong the Wall; In Height and Breadth ſurprizing! (a) but the *Greeks*

(a) *But the* Greeks *forgot to offer Hecatombs.*] Here *Homer* inculcates a very great Truth; that whatever Man undertakes, without imploring the Divine Aſſiſtance, by Prayers and Sacrifices, is undertook without the Bleſſing of Heaven, and therefore cannot be of long Duration.

Forgot

Forgot to offer Hecatombs to Heaven, When the Foundations of the Wall were laid: Therefore it ſtood not long; for Heaven, provok'd, Curs'd it, and raz'd the inauſpicious Work.

While *Hector* liv'd, and while *Achilles'* Soul Burnt with Reſentment, and while *Ilium* ſtood, *Ilium!* the Royal Seat of wealthy *Priam!* So long the Wall's Foundations were unmov'd: But when the ſtouteſt Sons of *Troy* were fall'n, (*b*) And *Greece* victorious, after ten long Years, A tedious Length of Time! had ſack'd the City, And laid her lofty Palaces in Aſhes; (*c*) Then *Neptune*, the dread Father of the

(*b*) *And* Greece *victorious, after ten long Years.*] As *Homer* has brought into his Poem, by the ſhorteſt Epiſodes, the greateſt Part of what paſs'd in this War, before the Reſentment of *Achilles*; ſo he has taken care to ſhew his Reader what happen'd after that Hero was reconcil'd; *viz.* that the victorious *Greeks* at laſt laid *Troy* in Aſhes; and that it is the Anger of *Achilles*, which is the Subject of his Poem.

(*c*) *Then* Neptune *and* Phœbus.] As this Wall was purely the Invention of *Homer*, ſo we ſee that the Poet takes care, by ſaying that there was not the leaſt Mark left of it, to prevent any Objection that might be rais'd againſt the Truth of his Relation; and he has taken the moſt natural and likely Methods in the World, to aboliſh it from its very Foundations; for the ſtrongeſt Wall cou'd not reſiſt the Quakings of the Earth, the Overflowings of the Sea and River that attack'd it on every ſide. It is probable, that *Homer* liv'd in an Age not very remote from the *Trojan* War; for had he liv'd many Ages after, he needed not to have had Recourſe to any thing but the length of Time, which at laſt ruins every thing. The Authority of *Ariſtotle*, of which I have already made mention in the 7th Book, confirms the Conjecture of its being a fictitious Wall; yet I won't affirm, but the Wall was really built by the *Greeks*. It is certain, *Homer* flouriſh'd 250 Years, or thereabouts, after the War of *Troy*; and this was Space enough to give the Poet room to aſcribe its Ruin to the length of Time; but there is nobody, that has any Taſte

Floods,

Floods, And *Phœbus*, from its nethermoſt Foundations, O'erturn'd the Wall, and puſh'd it to the Ground. They loos'd the Rage of all the rapid Streams, That ruſh impetuous down from *Ida*'s Heights, Roar in their Fall, and dart along the Plains; *Rheſus*, *Eptaporus*, and *Rhodius*, *Careſus*, and *Æſepus*, and *Grenicus*, The fierce *Scamander*, and the rapid *Simois*; *Simois!* who roll'd along his crimſon Streams, Helmets and Shields, the Inſtruments of War, And floating Demi-Gods in Battle ſlain. Theſe various Floods, which from their roaring Mouths, Pour'd Deluges of Waters, (*d*) *Phœbus* turn'd (*e*) Nine Days againſt the Wall; the Thunderer Show'r'd down inceſſant Cataracts of Rain, And *Neptune*, with his Trident in his Hand, March'd

in Poetry, but muſt own, that this Reaſon, drawn from Time, wou'd have been inſipid and jejune, if compar'd with the Means that *Homer* uſes, which as they are natural, ſo they may be true; and as they are here rais'd by his Poetry, at once ſurprize and raviſh.

(*d*) Phœbus *turn'd.*] What Strength, and what Magnificence is here in this Picture! *Apollo* looſes all the Rivers of *Ida* againſt the Wall! *Neptune* ſtrikes it with his Trident, that is, ſhakes it with Earthquakes and Inundations of the Seas! and *Jupiter* ſhowers down upon it Deluges of Rain! This is a Thought the moſt Great and Noble, and at the ſame time the moſt Regular, that ever came into the Mind of Man; ſo that the Poet ſeems only to dreſs a natural Truth in the Pomp of Poetry.

(*e*) *Nine Days.*] Some of the Antients, by a faulty Criticiſm, have reproach'd *Homer* for making a Wall, which the *Greeks* built in one Day, reſiſt the united Efforts of all theſe Gods, for nine Days: But the Objection is impertinent; for what the Poet here ſays, is exactly true; Art always ſpends leſs Time in raiſing, than Nature in deſtroying; and it looks like a Miracle, that the Wall, tho' built in one Day, ſhou'd be ſo ruined in nine, that there was not left the leaſt Mark of it.

in

in Array, before the foaming Floods, And ſmote, and bore away the tumbling Wall From its Foundations, with a hideous Noiſe. But when 'twas level'd with the even Ground, He bade the Waters of the Floods retreat Each to his Channel, where before he flow'd, Tow'rds the wide Deep, to diſembogue his Waves.

Thus *Neptune* and *Apollo*, when proud *Ilium* Fell from her tow'ry Height, the Wall deſtroy'd. But now around it rag'd the Storm of War; The ſuff'ring Air reſounded with the Shouts Of Men and (*f*) Darts, that whizz'd along the Skies, And ſmote the ſounding Timber of the Tow'rs. The *Greeks* diſmay'd by *Jove*'s Almighty Arm, Ran tow'rds the Fleet, precipitate in Flight, To ſhun the Sword of *Hector*, who around, Like an unruly Hurricane, bore down With Violence whate'er oppos'd his Courſe. As when the Dogs and clamorous Swains ſurround A dreadful Lion, or a furious Boar, He rolls around his Eye-balls, flaſhing Flames, While they ſtand adverſe, wedg'd in deep Array, And dart from far a hiſſing Show'r of Spears: But he, unterrify'd, maintains his Ground; His generous Soul diſdains a Coward Flight; And when he falls, 'tis thro' Exceſs of Courage: Now here, now there, he ruſhes on

(*f*) *Darts that whizz'd along the Air.*] *Homer* here delivers his Words ambiguouſly, and they bear a double Senſe; the firſt is, that which I have follow'd; and this is the ſecond: *With the dreadful Sound of the Beams of the Forts, which the* Trojans *batter'd inceſſantly.* Ἀμφιβόλιος ἐστὶ σχῆμα, ſays *Euſtathius*, δηλοῖ γὰρ ὡς ἢ κανάχιζε τὰ στολμωτὰ δόρατα, κατὰ στύραγον βαλλόμενα, ἢ ὅτι τὰ ἐν τοῖς πύργοις ξύλα ἐκανάχιζεν ἐν τῷ βαλλεσθαι.

his

his Foes, Springs on the yielding Swains, and gains his Way. Such *Hector* was, ſo battel'd on the Plain. He bade the *Trojans*, and th' Allies of *Troy*, To paſs by Force th' Intrenchments of the *Greeks*: But back (g) their Horſes ſtarted at the Sight Of the Profundity, and at the Breadth Of the vaſt Ditch, and from the ſteepy Brink Flung back, and with loud Neighings pierc'd the Air. On ev'ry ſide, in terrible Array, Briſtled the Paliſades, a dreadful Guard! Such was the Fence, impervious to the Horſe, And difficult, and dangerous to the Foot. Then thus *Polydamas* to *Hector* ſpoke:

" In vain, O *Trojans*, and ye Friends of " *Troy*, We urge our Horſes to leap o'er the " Ditch, Thus arm'd on every ſide: in " pointed Rows The Paliſades are ſtruck into " the Ground, And with a ſtrong Defence ſe- " cure the Wall: But could we paſs, our Paſ- " ſage would be uſeleſs; For in a Place ſo " cloſe, the Cavalry Could not engage, or " form themſelves for Fight: (h) But *Jove's* " propitious to the Arms of *Troy*, Crowns us

(g) *Their Horſes ſtarted at the Sight.*] Poeſy is a Picture, and *Homer* ever draws to the Life; and in this Book he has given us a Multitude of wonderful Pictures. This Place furniſhes us with one that is very uſeful.

(h) *But Jove's propitious*, &c.] There ſeems to be an *Elliptſis* in this Place, and the Senſe is interrupted: *Polydamas* anſwers the Objections which *Hector* might make; *viz.* That Jupiter *declares himſelf againſt the* Greeks; *That the* Trojans *ought therefore to fear nothing, but run any Hazards.* This is what *Polydamas* wou'd ſay, but ſtops his Diſcourſe, ſince to diſcuſs that Point, wou'd take up a great deal of Time, and they have little to ſpare: He contents himſelf to ſhew the inevitable Danger they muſt run, if they engage in ſo narrow a Paſs.

" with

" with Conqueſt, and deſtroys the *Greeks*-----
" And 'tis my earneſt Wiſh, that in this Hour,
" Abandon'd they! ingloriouſly may fall, Far
" From their deareſt Friends, and native Shores:
" (*i*) But if they turn, and we are put to
" Flight, A general Ruin overwhelms us all;
" Nor can one Man eſcape, to bear to *Troy*
" The mournful News of our unhappy Fate.
" Then liſten, and perform what I adviſe;
" Leave here the Chariots, and on Foot let
" *Hector*, Embody'd, lead us to the promis'd
" Fight: The *Greeks* will not ſuſtain our fierce
" Aſſault, If pow'rful Deſtiny decrees their
" Ruin.

Thus ſpoke *Polydamas*: Then from his Chariot, *Hector* in Arms, leap'd nimbly to the Ground; And all the Army follow'd his Example, And bade their Charioteers diſpoſe the Chariots Along the Trenches Brink in fair Array. Then they divided (*k*) into five Battalions, And with their Godlike Leaders march'd to Battle. The greateſt Number, and the ſtouteſt Men, Who were impatient for th' ap-

(*i*) *But if they turn.*] The Counſel which *Polydamas* here gives, is very good. The Space between the Ditch and the Wall (for this is the Meaning of στεῖνος, στεῖνος μέν ἐστι τὸ μεταξὺ τῆς τάφρου καὶ τοῦ τείχους στενοχώρημα) was ſo narrow, that the *Trojans*, after they had paſs'd the Ditch, cou'd not make any Advantage of their Chariots, nor extend their Ranks for the Battle; and when the *Greeks* ſhou'd recover themſelves, they ſhou'd be overthrown in the Ditch, and not a Man wou'd eſcape their Fury.

(*k*) *Into five Battalions.*] *Homer* gives us the Names of the Leaders of the five Battalions, to make the Reader more attentive, that he may look upon the Attack of the Entrenchments, as a new Action, very different from any of the others.

proaching

proaching Fight, (*l*) Follow'd the martial Steps of Godlike *Hector*, Of brave *Polydamas*, and ſtout *Cebrion*: For with his Chariot *Hector* left a *Trojan* Inferior to *Cebriones* in Arms.

Paris, *Agenor*, and *Alcathoüs*, March'd with the ſecond Body to the Battle.

The third Battalion the Commands obey'd Of *Helenus*, *Deiphobus*, and *Aſius*; *Aſius!* the Son of *Hyrtacus*, who came From *Selleis'* Banks, and from (*m*) *Arisba*'s Tow'rs; *Aſius!* whoſe ſprightly Horſes were admired; Their Size was wondrous, and they ſhone like Flames.

The fourth *Æneas* headed to the Fight, But join'd to his Command *Antenor*'s Sons, Divine *Archilochus* and *Acamas*, Well skill'd in all the various Forms of Battle.

The fifth Battalion, the Auxiliar Troops, *Sarpedon* led, but choſe *Aſteropeus* And *Glaucus* for his Partners in Command: For they, of all th' Allies who came to *Troy*, Were far the moſt remarkably courageous.

Then, cover'd with their moony Shields, the *Trojans*, With martial Fury fill'd, embattled march'd, And hop'd that very Day, with *Trojan* Flames, To fire the Fleet, and overwhelm the *Greeks*.

The *Trojans'* thus, and the Allies of *Troy*, Obey'd the Words of ſage *Polydamas*; (*n*) But

(*l*) *Follow'd the martial Steps of Godlike* Hector, *of brave* Polydamas, *and ſtout* Cebrion.] It is obſervable, that there are three Captains over every Battalion; but every Battalion was divided into three Companies, as we gather from what follows.

(*m*) *Arisba.*] It is a City of *Troas*, between *Percote* and *Abydus*; it was a Colony from *Mitylene*.

(*n*) *But* Aſius.] Hence it appears, that the three Leaders of the Battalion were *Aſius*,

Aſius, Son of *Hyrtacus*, refus'd To leave his Chariot, and deſert his Steeds. Imprudent Man! they from the *Grecian* Fleet Muſt never bear their wretched Maſter back, Nor ever more muſt he behold proud *Troy*. Him an unhappy Fate, an inſtant Doom, O'ertakes upon the fatal Shores of *Ilium*. There the Youth breaths his laſt, and yields his Soul, Slain by *Idomeneus*, a wretched Victim!

(o) On the Left Part he drove his furious Steeds, Where, in the Flight confus'd, the thronging *Greeks* Hurry'd their Chariots headlong tow'rds the Camp. The Gates ſtood open to receive the *Greeks*, That from the Battle fled; tow'rds them, with Fury, *Aſius* urg'd on his Steeds, to gain the Way, While with loud Shouts his Soldiers rend the Air: Fluſh'd with vain Hopes, and buoy'd with Thoughts of Conqueſt, Themſelves they promis'd in that very Hour, To fill the Fleet with Slaughter and with Flames. But vain their Hopes! for in the Gate they found Two gallant Men, this *Polypætes* nam'd, That *Leontæus*, terrible in Arms As

not ſubordinate, but that each had a ſeparate Command, and was abſolute over his own Company; elſe *Aſius* had not been permitted to remain in his Chariot, while the reſt march'd on Foot to the Battle: *Homer* by this intimates, that theſe *Barbarians* were Strangers to an exact Diſcipline; and he inſerts this Default of *Aſius*, to give a beautiful Variety to this Epiſode.

(o) *On the Left Part.*] *Ariſtarchus* tells us, that on *this Left Part*, which lay towards the *Rhetæan* Promontory, the greateſt Gate of the Camp was, thro' which the Chariots came in and went out; *Aſius* in making his Attack on this Part, thought to diſtinguiſh himſelf; not conſidering, that as it was the moſt open Part, ſo it was ſure to be the beſt defended.

Mars

Mars the God of Battle; both were ſprung From the courageous *Lapithæan* Race. As on ſome Mountain's Height, two Foreſt Oaks, That hide among the Clouds their tow'ring Heads, Mock the outrageous Fury of the Storm, The Strokes of Thunder, and the Floods of Rain; So they the Rage and Violence of *Aſius*; With him *Iamenus* and *Acamas*, *Oreſtes*, *Thoon*, and *Ænomaus*, Preſs'd on the *Greeks*, and bore upon the Paſs, And with horrendous Shoutings ſhook the Ground.

Mean time the two brave *Lapithæan* Heroes Exhorted all the *Greeks* to iſſue forth, And break the Fury of th' approaching Storm. But when they ſaw 'em tremble at the Danger, And from the War precipitate their Flight, (*p*) Forth from the Gate they ſally'd to the Battle. As when two Boars, upon the Mountains bred, Suſtain the Charge of Hunters, and of Hounds, They from their loweſt Roots o'erturn the Oaks, And bear 'em to the Ground! a dreadful Noiſe Echoes around, and rends the very Skies, Till ſome more daring Hand inflicts a Wound, And lays 'em breathleſs on the trembling Earth: Thus the intrepid Combatants ſuſtain'd The Fury of the *Trojans*; all around The ſuff'ring Air reſounded with the Noiſe Of Darts and Spears, that ſmote the ſounding Ar-

(*p*) *Forth from the Gate they ſally'd to the Battle.*] Here we ſee two Captains exhorting their Soldiers to behave themſelves bravely, when they ſhould be attack'd; but they, at the firſt Approach of the Enemy, betake themſelves to Flight; yet the brave Officers thus baſely abandon'd, perform themſelves what they had requir'd of all their Troops.

mour:

mour: Fierce was the Onſet, furious was the Fight; The *Grecians* from above ſhow'r'd down their Darts, And roll'd inceſſantly prodigious Stones, To beat the *Trojans* off: like Storms of Snow, Frequent they fell, which in the wint'ry Seaſon, A furious Tempeſt ſcatters on the Ground: Dire was the Noiſe; the Stones that from on high Tumbled impetuous, ſtruck the brazen Helms, And rais'd along the Shores a jarring Sound.

Then *Aſius*, fir'd to ſee his Fury check'd, Rag'd horribly, and frantick ſmote the Ground; And thus with impious Indignation ſpoke:

" (q) And art thou then, great Ruler of the
" Skies, Grown a Deceiver, a perfidious God?
" I thought this Day had been decreed to bring
" A ſure Deſtruction to the ſlaughter'd *Greeks*.
" Yet as the Golden Waſps, or (r) Swarms of
" Bees, Work in a hollow Rock their waxen
" Cells, And when invaded by the Peaſant's
" Hand, Defend their Treaſures, and their
" feeble Young; So fight theſe *Greeks*, nor
" think upon Retreat, Till ſlain in Fight, or
" dragg'd away in Chains.

(q) *And art thou then.*] *Aſius* ſpeaks thus, upon the Account of the Signs which *Jupiter* ſent to the *Trojans*, as Tokens of Victory; and as he was vain, and full of Self-Love, he judges that the Promiſes of that God were falſify'd, becauſe he is repuls'd; not conſidering that it was *Hector* whom *Jupiter* favour'd, and not *Aſius*.

(r) *Like Swarms of Bees.*] One would think that *Homer* had borrow'd this Compariſon from the Books of *Moſes*; for we find it in the firſt Chapter of *Deuteronomy*, where God himſelf compares the *Amorites* to Bees: *The* Amorites *therefore which dwelt in that Mountain, came out againſt you, and chaſed you as Bees do.* *Homer* has only dreſs'd it in the Ornaments of Poetry.

Thus

Thus *Aſius* inſolently ſpoke: But *Jove* That Day was bent to honour *Hector*'s Arms.

Mean time, on every ſide, with equal Fury The Battle rag'd; but who, what mortal Tongue Can like a God relate the noble Deeds, And all the Actions of the glorious Day? On ev'ry part, with formidable Brightneſs, Flames from the claſhing Swords and Armour flaſh'd; The *Greeks*, to ſave their Fleet, intrepid fought, While all the Gods that favour'd their Deſigns, Sate griev'd in Heaven, becauſe the Son of *Saturn* (*s*) Forbad 'em to aſſiſt the *Grecian* Army.

Still the two *Greeks* oppos'd the ruſhing Torrent, And ſtill perform'd prodigious Feats of Valour. Firſt *Polypætes* launch'd his fatal Spear, And ſtruck the Helm of *Damaſus*; the Point Both thro' the Helm, and thro' his Temples paſs'd, and ſent him to the gloomy Realms of *Pluto*. Then next he *Ormenus* and *Pylon* ſlew. Nor was the Godlike *Leontæus* idle; For when his Spear had ſmote *Hippomachus*, He ruſh'd upon the Croud, and plung'd his Sword Into the Boſom of *Antiphates*; Then laid *Iamenus*, and ſtout *Oreſtes*, And *Menon*, breathleſs on th' enſanguin'd Ground.

But while they ſtript the *Trojans* from their Arms, *Polydamas* and *Hector*, with a Train Of Men, that were impatient for the Fight, Prepar'd for Battle; but a while they ſtood Aſoniſh'd at a Prodigy from Heaven; For thro' the Skies th' Imperial Bird of *Jove* Flew on

(*s*) *Forbad 'em to aſſiſt the* Grecian *Army.*] The Gods can do nothing, if *Jupiter* their Maſter and their King forbids; all Nature is obedient to God.

the Left, and in his Talons bore (*t*) A wounded Serpent thro' th' etherial Way. The Serpent hiſs'd, and fought in twining Folds, Brandiſh'd his Tail, and ſhot his pois'nous Tongue, and wounded, as he flew, the Royal Bird. Pierc'd with the Pain of the envenom'd Sting, He dropt the Prey, which fell amid the Army: Then with a dreadful Cry he rent the Air, and clapt his ſounding Wings, and ſoar'd away. The *Trojans* ſtarted from the hideous Serpent, Which as a Portent, *Jove* the Father ſent. Then thus *Polydamas* to *Hector* ſpoke.

" (*u*) It is your Cuſtom, *Hector*, to inſult, " Whenever I propoſe what ſeems to me The " moſt conducive to the Publick Good: But, " artleſs as I am, I ſtill will ſpeak What now " appears convenient in my Eyes To execute, " and raiſe the Name of *Hector*. Let us not " try to force the *Grecian* Camp; For this, in " my Opinion, needs muſt happen, If it be

(*t*) *A wounded Serpent.*] *Virgil* has imitated this Paſſage in the eleventh Book of his *Æneid*, ver. 751. and he has kept up to the Beauty of it, as well as the Language wou'd permit; but as it is apply'd to a very diffetent Subject, and as it is brought in only as a Compariſon, he makes it loſe a great deal of its Strength and Beauty, and it falls ſhort of the Original; for there is a great deal of difference between a Thing which really happens, and which we ſee with our Eyes, aud a Thing which appears no otherwiſe than in Idea!

(*u*) *It is your Cuſtom, Hector, to inſult.*] *Polydamas* well knew, that what he was going to ſay, wou'd diſpleaſe *Hector*; he foreſaw, that this reſolute and terrible Warrior wou'd not willingly obey the Interpretation which he was about to give; he therefore endeavours to ſoften his fiery Temper, by an humble Delivery: nor does he obſtinately affirm his Explication to be juſt; but introduces it, *with what appears, this is my Opinion, if it be true*, &c.

" true,

" true, that *Jove* the Omen ſent, T' admoniſh
" us; th' imperial Bird of *Jove* Flew on the
" Left, and in his Talons bore A bleeding Ser-
" pent thro' th' etherial Way; But dropt it
" e'er he reach'd his diſtant Neſt, Nor brought
" the Prey to feed the hungry Young. So tho'
" we force a Paſſage to the *Greeks*, And they
" give Ground, (*w*) we never more ſhall reach,
" Or ſee again the Palaces of *Troy*; But fall
" as Victims by the *Grecian* Arms. (*x*) Thus
" every Augur will explain the Portent, Who
" underſtands what Prodigies forebode.

Then thus, with Indignation, *Hector* ſpoke:
" (*y*) The Counſel which you give me now,
" *Polydamas*, Offends my Ears, and is diſtaſte-
" ful to me; And a far different Meaning you
" can find: But if you ſpeak your real Senti-
" ments, Surely the Gods infatuate your

(*w*) *We never more ſhall reach.*] *Polydamas* thus interprets the Prodigy. The Eagle repreſents the *Trojans*, who being favoured by *Jove*, purſue the *Greeks*; they are repreſented by the Serpent, which is wounded, and has already loſt a great Part of his Strength; but as this Serpent, wounded as he is, ſtill continues to fight, and wounds at laſt his victorious Enemy, who is oblig'd to drop his Captive; ſo the conquer'd *Greeks* will renew the Fight, oblige the *Trojans* to forſake the Booty they have won, and at laſt, like the Eagle, force them to fly.

(*x*) *Thus every Augur.*] *Polydamas* adds this, to ſhew *Hector*, that what he ſpoke was not a meer Conjecture, but grounded upon a Science; and at the ſame time, as he is not a profeſs'd Augur, he appeals to the publick Augurs, and aſſures him, that they will give the ſame Interpretation.

(*y*) *The Counſel which you give me now.*] By this Word *Now*, *Hector* inſinuates, that he follow'd the good Advice which *Polydamas* gave him in this very Book, when he counſel'd him to leave his Chariot, and march to the Battle on Foot.

" Thoughts. (z) How dare you thus per-
" ſuade me to diſtruſt The Promiſes of *Jove*,
" which, when he makes, Are certain, and
" can never be recall'd, To follow what a
" Bird, inconſtant Bird! Seems to forewarn,
" while with uncertain Wings, Now here,
" now there, he cuts the empty Skies? (a) I
" care not where he flies, what Way he takes;
" Or tow'rds the Right, where, with his riſing
" Beams, The Sun ſalutes the Earth; or tow'rds
" the Left, Where ſetting, he involves the
" World in Darkneſs. But let us follow what
" great *Jove* decrees, Who reigns Almighty
" over Men and Gods. The only Omen which
" forebodes Succeſs, Is to fight bravely in our

(z) *How dare you thus.*] What *Polydamas* before ſaid, *If it be true that* Jove *the Omen ſent to admoniſh us*, gives place to this Anſwer of *Hector*'s, which is very juſt; for what cou'd be more unreaſonable, than to diſobey the certain Signs which *Jupiter* ſent, and obey a Bird, which might appear by chance?

(a) *I care not*, &c.] Theſe two Verſes of *Homer* will bear three Senſes; the firſt is, that which I have given, πρὸς ἠῶ τ' ἠέλιόν τε, towards *Aurora*, and the Sun is only ὄπιθ' δεξιὰ, on the Right; that is to ſay, towards the Eaſt, which was the favourable Part; and πρὸς ζόφον ἠερόεντα, towards the obſcure Darkneſs, is ἔπ' ἀριστερὰ on the Left, or towards the Weſt, which was the unfortunate Part. The ſecond Senſe is, that which *Strabo* gives us; 'tis his Opinion, that towards *Aurora* and the Sun, does not ſignify the Eaſt, but all the Southern Part, thro' which the Sun paſſes; and by this Means, the Right is the South, and the Left the North, or the Pole: it is certain, that the Word *Aurora* is put for the South, in the 10th Book of the *Odyſſey*, and 'tis oppoſ'd to ζόφος, Darkneſs, which is the North. The third Senſe is, that in theſe two Lines, the four Quarters of the World are comprehended; on the Right, that is, towards the South; towards *Aurora* and the Sun, that is, towards the Eaſt; on the Left, that is, towards the North; towards the gloomy Darkneſs, that is, towards the Weſt.

" Country's

" Country's Cauſe. (*b*) But why ſhou'd You be
" fearful of the Battle? If our whole Army
" periſh, you are ſafe, Who never tempt the
" Danger of the War: But if you ſtay behind,
" and by your Words Diſhearten and deceive
" one ſingle *Trojan*, This Sword ſhall ſend you
" to the Realms of Night.

When *Hector* thus had ſpoke, he ſtrode away, And with a Shout a Train of *Trojans* follow'd: Then *Jove*, the Maſter of the dreadful Thunder, Rais'd from the Heights of *Ida* a ſtrong Whirlwind, Which bore a Cloud of Duſt upon the *Greeks*, And thus diſmay'd their ſinking Hearts, but breath'd New Strength on *Hector* and the *Trojan* Army. Then ſtrait they ruſh'd impetuous on the Wall, (*c*) And tore the Battlements, and broke the Guard; Then ſapp'd with maſſy Bars the Wall's Foundations, And wrench'd 'em with their Hands; yet ſtill the *Greeks* Stood to their Arms, and ſtill maintain'd their Ground, And with a Storm of Arrows ſmote the *Trojans*. The two *Ajaces* went from Tow'r to Tow'r, Encouraging the *Grecians* in the Fight; And thus aloud to all the *Greeks* they ſpoke:

" Friends and Companions in the War, ye
" Brave, Whoſe Fame and Valour thro' the

(*b*) *But why ſhou'd you be fearful of the Fight?*] This is very proper; *Hector* by giving *Polydamas* ſo ſenſible an Affront, by accuſing him of Cowardice, decries the Prediction before the Army; and to take away all their Doubts, inſinuates, that it was thro' Cowardice, that he gave ſuch an Interpretation.

(*c*) *And tore the Battlements.*] The Wall was not very high; it was about the Height of a tall Man, as appears by this Paſſage, and by what *Sarpedon* by and by performs.

" Hoſt is known; And you, whoſe Courage
" has not yet proclaim'd Your Worth in Arms,
" (*d*) for all are not in War Alike eſteem'd,
" now iſſue to the Fight. (*e*) Now all may
" equal Services perform; Fear not the Shouts
" and Menaces of *Hector*; Stand firm, till *Jove*
" permits you to repulſe The *Trojan* Hoſt, and
" chaſe 'em to proud *Troy*.

Thus they inſpir'd the *Greeks* with Strength and Courage. As on a wintry Day the Flakes of Snow Inceſſant fall, when *Jove* the Treaſures opens Of ſnowy Tempeſts, and of hoary Froſts, He calms the Raging of the furious North, And ſcatters oe'r the World a fleecy Deluge; A Depth of Snow conceals the Mountains Heights, The verdant Meadows, and the manur'd Fields, The Banks of Rivers, and the Ocean's Shores, (*f*) While the wide Main receives into his Boſom A ſnowy Inundation from the Skies: Thus Show'rs of hiſſing Darts, and rolling

(*d*) *For all are not in War alike eſteem'd.*] This is a conſtant Truth, and from this Inequality *Homer* draws a very ſtrong Argument to animate the greateſt Cowards.

(*e*) *Now all may equal.*] It is word for word, *There is Employment for every body*, every body may be ſerviceable, the Coward as well as the Brave, the Weak as well as the Strong; this Exhortation of the two *Ajaces* is much to the Purpoſe, mix'd, as it is, with Commendation and Reproach; and there is nothing ſo capable of raiſing the Courage of the moſt timorous Man, as to ſhew him that the moſt Weak can be as ſerviceable as the moſt ſtrong; for while the braveſt Warriors ſuſtain'd the Aſſault, Sword in Hand, they might prevent the Enemy from pulling down the Ramparts, and ſo contribute to the Victory.

(*f*) *While the wide Main.*] *Homer* lets no Circumſtance ſlip, if it raiſes his Compariſons; here, after he has repreſented the Mountains, the Fields, and the Shores of the Seas, as covered with Snow; he draws the Ocean, abſorbing all that fell into its Waters.

Stones,

Stones, From ev'ry Part inceſſant flew; the *Trojans* Wounded the *Grecians*, and the *Greeks* the *Trojans*; And Streams of Blood o'erflow'd the Crimſon Ground: Yet had not *Hector*, or th' Allies of *Troy*, Burſt the firm Gates, and gain'd the forceful Way, If *Jove* had not inſpir'd his Son *Sarpedon* To ruſh to Arms, and give a looſe to War. He bore a vaſt Circumference of a Shield, Moony and large, and cover'd o'er with Gold! Two Spears he graſp'd, and iſſu'd to the Fight. (*g*) As ſome fierce Lion, on the Mountains bred, Stung with keen Hunger, ſearches for his Prey, Springs o'er the Fences, and o'er-leaps the Fold; For tho' the Shepherds, and the watchful Dogs, On ev'ry ſide defend the woolly Flocks, Yet his undaunted Soul diſdains to fly, Till he has ſeiz'd his Prey, or till his Sides Smart with the Anguiſh of ſome deadly Wound: So march'd *Sarpedon* to aſſault the *Greeks*; But firſt he thus addreſs'd himſelf to *Glaucus*: (*b*) "Why are we

(*g*) *As ſome fierce Lion on the Mountains bred.*] This Compariſon very much reſembles that of the Prophet *Iſaiah*, Chap. xxxi, Ver. 4. where God himſelf compares himſelf to a Lion. *Like as the Lion, and the young Lion roaring on his Prey, when a Multitude of Shepherds is call'd forth againſt him, he will not be afraid of their Voice, nor abaſe himſelf for the Noiſe of them; ſo ſhall the Lord of Hoſts come down to fight for Mount* Sion.

(*b*) *Why are we*, Glaucus, &c.] In former Times, they look'd upon their Kings as the Generals of their Armies; who, to return the Honours that were done them, were oblig'd to expoſe themſelves firſt in the Battle, and be an Example to their Soldiers; upon this *Sarpedon* grounds his Diſcourſe, which is full of Generoſity and Nobleneſs: we are, ſays he, honoured like Gods; and what can be more unjuſt, than not to behave ourſelves like Men? He ought to be ſuperior in Virtue, who is ſuperior in Dignity; what

"honour'd,

" honour'd, *Glaucus*, by the *Lycians*, With
" Seats ſuperior, and with larger Bowls? Why
" do they worſhip us like awful Gods, (*i*) And
" conſecrate to us peculiar Grounds, Where
" wanton *Xanthus* feeds the fruitful Plains?
" Is it not, *Glaucus*, that above the reſt, We
" ſhou'd ſhine forth conſpicuous in the War,
" The firſt in Danger, as the firſt in Honour?
" Then ſhall the generous *Lycians* ſpeak aloud
" Our Fame and Worth, and thus applauding,
" ſay, It is with Reaſon that our Godlike Kings
" Feed on the choiceſt of our fatten'd Flocks,
" And ever drink our moſt delicious Wines,
" Since thus unterrify'd they ruſh in Arms, To

Strength is there, and what Greatneſs in this Thought! In it we find Juſtice, Gratitude, and Magnanimity; Juſtice, in that he ſcorns to enjoy what he does not merit; Gratitude, in that he wou'd endeavour to recompenſe his Obligations to his Subjects; and Magnanimity, in that he deſpiſes Death, and thinks on nothing but Glory.

(*i*) *And conſecrate to us peculiar Grounds.*] He here ſpeaks of the Pieces of Ground that were conſecrated to Heroes, call'd τεμένη, that is, χωρία τετμημένα, ἀφωρισμένα, Grounds inclos'd. Theſe were not originally conſecrated to any but the Gods, till Gratitude induc'd the World to pay the ſame Honour to Princes, who had deſerv'd well of the Publick: This Cuſtom was not only practis'd in *Greece*, but in *Aſia*, as we find by this Paſſage; and we find it in *Italy*, before the Arrival of *Æneas*; for in *Virgil*, *Aſcanius* thus ſpeaks to *Niſus*; *And among other Things, I will give thee the Field which King* Latinus *poſſeſſes*; that is, the Field which the State gave *Latinus*, to do him an Honour. *Inſuper his Campi quod Rex habet ipſe* Latinus; upon which Line, *Servius* makes this Remark. *Mos fuerat ut viris fortibus ſive regibus pro honore daretur aliqua publici agri particula, ut habuit Tarquinius Superbus in Campo Martio, quod ſpatium ab* Homero τέμενος *dicitur. Hoc ergo quod* Latinus *pro honore habuit de republica, ab* Aſcanio *intelligamus eſſe promiſſum.* In After-times, Flattery beſtow'd what Gratitude ſhou'd have only given.

" meet

" meet the Dangers of the bloody Day.
" (*k*) Shou'd we, O *Glaucus*, when this Storm
" is paſt, For ever bloom in the gay Flow'r of
" Youth, Nor feel the various Miſeries of Age,
" I would not tempt the Fury of the Fight,
" Nor prompt my Friend to ſuch a Train of
" Dangers, To purchaſe Glory at the Price of
" Life: But ſince the Fates diſcloſe a thou-
" ſand Ways, All leading to Varieties of
" Deaths, Thro' which we all, or ſoon, or late,
" muſt paſs, Let us the nobleſt tread, and by
" our Deeds, Lengthen the narrow Span with
" deathleſs Fame.

Thus ſpoke *Sarpedon*, and his Friend obey'd: Then to the Fight they march'd, and with them mov'd The *Lycian* Bands, in all the Pomp of War. *Meneſtheus* ſaw, and trembled at the Sight, For againſt him they bent their dreadful Courſe. He caſt around his Eyes, to find ſome Hero, Who by his Aid might break th' approaching Storm; And near him ſaw thoſe Thunderbolts of War, The two *Ajaces*, and the

(*k*) *When this Storm is paſt.*] There is nothing ſo capable as this, to make Men contemn Dangers, and ſeek Glory by brave Actions. Immortality with eternal Youth, is certainly far preferable to Glory, purchas'd with the Loſs of Life; but Glory is certainly better than an ignominious Life, which at laſt, tho' perhaps late, muſt end. It is ordain'd, that all Men ſhall die; nor can the Eſcape from a Danger give us Immortality; it can only give us a longer Continuance in Diſgrace; and even that Continuance will be but ſhort, tho' the Infamy everlaſting: this is inconteſtable; and whoever weighs his Actions in theſe Scales, can never heſitate in his Choice. But what is moſt worthy of Remark, is, that *Homer* does not put this in the Mouth of any ordinary Perſon, but aſcribes it to the Son of *Jupiter*.

valiant *Teucer*; And call'd aloud, but his loud Voice was drown'd By the ſuperior Din of ſounding Arms; For o'er the Region bray'd the Clank of Helms, And Claſh of Swords, which ſhook the very Heavens; The Gates re-ſounded, for with mighty Stones, They ſtrove to burſt the Bars, and force their Way. Then thus *Meneſtheus* to *Thoötes* ſpoke:

" Haſte to the two *Ajaces*, wing thy Speed,
" And call 'em both, to give me timely Aid;
" 'Tis beſt, if both can come, for ſoon the
" Ground, where now I ſtand, will flow with
" Streams of Blood! For lo! the *Lycians* hi-
" ther bend their Courſe, And they are fam'd
" for Bravery in Arms: But if there too the
" bloody Battel rages, Let *Ajax*, *Telamon*'s il-
" luſtrious Son, Come to my Aid, and with
" him *Teucer*, skill'd To draw the twanging
" Bow, and ſend the fatal Dart.

Meneſtheus thus: *Thoötes* held his Way Along the Wall, amid the warring *Greeks*, And thus in haſte to both th'*Ajaces* ſpoke:

" Ye gallant Leaders of the *Grecian* Army,
" *Meneſtheus* calls you to his timely Aid; 'Tis
" beſt, if both can come, for ſoon the Ground,
" Where now he ſtands, will flow with Streams
" of Blood; For lo! the *Lycians* thither bend
" their Courſe, And they are fam'd for Bra-
" very in Arms: But if here too the bloody
" Battle rages, Let *Ajax*, *Telamon*'s illuſtrious
" Son, Come to his Aid, and with him *Teucer*,
" skill'd To draw the twanging Bow, and ſend
" the fatal Dart.

Thus he: And *Ajax Telamon* obey'd; But firſt he ſpoke to *Ajax*, Son of *Oileus*:

" Do

" Do you and *Lycomedes* keep your Ground,
" And teach the *Grecians* to maintain the Fight,
" While I proceed to meet the furious Storm,
" That gathers yon, and blackens o'er the
" Plain; When this is done, I will with Speed
" return.

He added not, but ſtrode in haſte away, And with him *Teucer* went; behind, *Pandion* Bore his ſtrong Bow, and his unerring Darts: But when they came where brave *Meneſtheus* ſtood, They found him yielding in unequal Fight; For now the *Lycians*, like a dreadful Tempeſt, Bore down the Troops, and gain'd the *Grecian* Wall; But Godlike *Ajax* reinforc'd the Battle, Reſtrain'd the *Lycians*, and regain'd the Day. Now *Epicles*, Companion to *Sarpedon*, Fell by the Hand of *Ajax*; with a Stone Of an enormous Weight and Size he ſmote him: (*l*) The ſtrongeſt Man, as Men are now-a-days, With both his Hands cou'd not have borne the Load, Tho' in the Strength and Vigour of his Youth: But without Pain he rais'd it from the Ground, Whirl'd it on high, and launch'd it from his Arm; Swiftly it flew, and ſtruck the brazen Helm Of *Epicles*, and daſh'd his Head in pieces. He fell, and driven by the forceful

(*l*) *The ſtrongeſt Man, as Men are now-a-days.*] The Difference which *Homer* makes between the Heroes of his Poem, and the Men of his Age, is ſo great, that ſome have made uſe of it as an Argument, that *Homer* liv'd many Ages after the War of *Troy*: but this Argument does not ſeem to be of any weight; for ſuppoſing *Homer* wrote 250 or 260 Years after the Deſtruction of *Troy*, this Space is long enough to make ſuch a Change as he ſpeaks of; Peace, Luxury, or Effeminacy wou'd do it in a much leſs time.

Blow, Shot like a Diver headlong from the Wall. Then *Teucer* wounded *Glaucus* with an Arrow, Sent from his twanging Bow; it pierc'd his Arm, And made him ceaſe from Fight; for from the Wall He leapt, to hide the Wound, and to avoid The taunting Inſults of the ſcoffing *Greeks*. Now when *Sarpedon* ſaw his Friend retire, A Flood of Grief o'erwhelm'd his very Soul; Yet ceas'd not from the Fight, for with his Spear He ſtruck *Alcmaon*, *Theſtor*'s warlike Son, And fell'd him to the Ground; his brazen Arms Clank'd with the Fall, and rattled o'er the Plain. *Sarpedon* then apply'd his utmoſt Strength, And broke, and (*m*) bore away a Battlement, That made an open Breach; but thither *Ajax* Mov'd forward to oppoſe his ſev'n-fold Shield, And thither *Teucer* bore his fatal Bow; Both aim'd at once their Weapons at *Sarpedon*, And pierc'd his yielding Arms; but mighty *Jove* Blunted the Weapons Points, and ſav'd his Son. *Sarpedon* back recoil'd, but made his ſtand At a ſmall Space, for ſtill his ardent Soul Burnt with the Thirſt of everlaſting Glory. Then turning to the *Lycians*, thus he ſpoke:

"Why does your Courage thus abate? And
"why Move ye ſo ſlowly to the glorious Fight?
"My ſingle Arm, without your Aid, O *Ly-*
"*cians*, Can never force a Paſſage to the Fleet;
"Then follow to th' Aſſault, and like a Tor-
"rent, We'll pour upon the *Greeks*, and gain
"our Way.

(*m*) *Tore away the Battlement.*] This ſhews, that the Wall was not higher than a tall Man.

Then

Then with freſh Strength they iſſu'd to the Fight. Mean time, the *Greeks* in firm and deep Array Strengthen'd their Battle to ſupport the Onſet. Dire was the Shock of the encountring Armies; Nor cou'd the *Lycians* win the forceful Way, Nor cou'd the *Greeks* repel the *Lycians* Fury; (*n*) But as upon the Confines of their Grounds, Two Neighbours, with their Meaſures in their Hands, Diſpute the Limits of the joining Fields, While each is reſolute t'enlarge his Bounds; So fought the *Greeks* and *Lycians* for the Wall. Wide o'er the Field the Claſhing of the Swords, The Stones, and Helms reſounded to the Skies. Death, with gigantic Strides, ſtalk'd o'er the Grounds, And Thouſands fell in Heaps, ſome bravely ſtood, And dy'd upon the Spot; ſome fled inglorious, But Fate, far ſwifter, overtook their Flight. And now th' Entrenchments overflow'd with Blood, Nor cou'd the *Lycians* gain an Inch of Ground: Dubious the Battle was; and (*o*) as a Woman, Needy

(*n*) *But as upon the Confines.*] This Compariſon is excellent upon many accounts, ſays *Euſtathius*; and eſpecially upon this, that it perfectly repreſents the ſmall Diſtance that was between the two Armies while they engag'd: the Spears of the Warriors reſemble the Meaſures of theſe two Neighbours, and the Wall which divides the Armies, gives us an Idea of the large Stones which in antient Days were fix'd to determine the Bounds of adjoining Fields. I will farther add to this Remark of *Euſtathius*, that Compariſons are never ſo agreeable, as when they are borrow'd from any Art very oppoſite to what they are apply'd.

(*o*) *As a Woman needy and poor.*] This too is a Compariſon, which the Antients have with Juſtice very much commended: This Compariſon, ſays *Euſtathius*, is excellent upon the account of its Juſtneſs; for there is nothing better repreſents an exact Equality, than a Balance; but *Homer* is to be particularly

and

and poor, (*p*) yet exquisitely just, With much Exactness, and much Caution weighs (*q*) Her Stock of Wool, to gain a Recompence, And Food to satisfy her hungry Infants: Dubious the Balance trembles, and the Beam Exactly rises, and exactly falls: Such was the Fight, till *Hector*, *Priam's* Son, Weigh'd down the Scale of Conquest for the *Trojans*, Till thus he loudly call'd to all the Army:

" Rush to the Fight, and force the *Grecian*
" Wall, Slaughter the *Greeks*, and set the Fleet
" in flames.

extoll'd, in that he has neither describ'd a Woman of Wealth and Condition, for such a one is never very exact, not valuing a small Inequality; nor a Slave, for such a one is ever regardless of his Master's Interest: but he speaks of a poor Woman that gains her Livelihood by her Labour, who is at the same time Just and Honest, for she will neither defraud others, nor be defrauded herself: she therefore takes care, that the Scales be exactly of the same Weight. He farther adds, that it was an antient Tradition that *Homer* drew this Comparison from his own Family, he being the Son of a Woman who maintain'd herself by her own Industry: he therefore to extol her Honesty, a Qualification very rare in Poverty, gives her a place in his Poem.

(*p*) *Very just.*] The *Greek* says, *a Woman full of Verity*; Verity is put for Justice, and Justice for Verity, they being really not distinct, but the same Things.

(*q*) *To gain a Recompence.*] The *Greek* adds an Epithet, ἀ'ενιὰ μισθὸν, a vile Price, a mean Stipend, the Antients ever accounting it a mean Thing, fit only for Slaves, to receive a Recompence for their Labour. *Eustathius* well remarks, that the *Athenians* chang'd the Word *Salary* for another Word, which gave a better and nobler Idea; for in the place of Salary, they substituted θαυμάζειν· Thus a certain *Greek* Comedian, χρὴ γὰρ θαυμάσαι τι τὸν διδάσκαλον, which is really no more than we must pay him some Salary. I have inserted this Remark, because it gives light to a Passage in *Ecclesiastes*, *Honora medicum propter necessitatem*; where *Honora* signifies, to pay; the *Hebrews* having chang'd the Word *Salary*, for that of *Honour*: nor have we less Delicacy, for upon certain Occasions we call a *Salary*, an *Honorary*.

They

They heard, and in a Body march'd to Battle: A Stone he took, the Labour of a Team, Weighty and vaſt, and pointed at the End! Two Men, tho' ſtrong, as Men are now-a-days, Cou'd not have rais'd it from the Ground, but he With Eaſe ſuſtain'd it with his ſin'wy Arm; (r) For *Jove* had lighten'd the prodigious Load: And as the Shepherd bears a Fleece of Wool High in his Hand, and ſcarce perceives its Weight; So *Hector* bore the Stone to burſt the Gate. The Gate was ſolid, and compact and high, And fortify'd within by a double Strength Of Bars that travers'd it from Side to Side. *Hector* approach'd, and hurl'd the mighty Stone: Impetuous it flew, and ſmote the Gate; The Gate gave way, and with a jarring Sound Flew from its Hinges, and the maſſy Bars Aſunder burſt beneath the forceful Blow. Then ruſh'd forth *Hector* (s) like a gloomy Whirlwind: His beamy Arms diſplay'd a dreadful Glory, And in his Hand two glitt'ring Spears he bore; None but a God durſt now oppoſe his Courſe, For from his Eyes he darted diſmal Flames, And bade the *Trojans* paſs the *Grecian* Trenches; And at his Words they paſs'd; while Floods of *Trojans* Pour'd thro' the open Gates. The *Grecians* fled, And Shouts like Thunder ſhook the ſtedfaſt Ground.

(r) For Jove.] What *Ajax* had before done by his own natural Strength, *Hector* does not do but by the Aid of *Jupiter*: but it muſt be own'd, that this Stone was much larger than that of *Ajax*'s.

(s) *Gloomy Whirlwind.*] The *Greek* ſays, *like Night*: *Homer* frequently uſes the Word *Night*, to ſignify a gloomy Whirlwind; which by bringing a Storm overcaſts the Day. *Hector* is like Night, but this Night is enlighten'd by the Blaze of his Armour, and the Flames of his Eyes.

Argu-

Argument of the Thirteenth Book.

NEptune, *griev'd to ſee the low Condition of the* Greeks, *and their Entrenchments forc'd, aſſumes the Shape of* Calchas, *and animates the two* Ajaces, *and inſpires them with Strength and invincible Courage; then, taking the Form of one of the Generals, he encourages a great Number of the braveſt Warriors. The* Greeks *rally, and the Fight is renew'd with new Fury.* Jupiter *and* Neptune *conſult how to animate the Combatants.* Idomeneus *does prodigious Feats of Valour. He kills* Othryoneus, *Prince of the* Thracians, *the valiant* Aſius, *and* Alcathous, *the Son-in-Law of* Anchiſes. Æneas *at the Head of many brave* Trojans *comes to fetch off the Body of* Alcathous, *between whom and* Idomeneus, *there happens a very ſharp Encounter: the Combat between* Menelaus *and* Helenus, *in which the latter is wounded.* Menelaus *kills* Piſander; *while the* Trojans *are repuls'd in the Left Wing,* Hector *maintains his Advantage in the Right.* Jupiter *ſends a propitious Omen to the* Greeks, *yet* Hector *is not diſmay'd, but continues the Attack.*

THE

Neptune provok'd to see the Greeks routed, transports himself out of the sea to their Camp, & assuming the shape of Calchas, revives their Courage which was entirely Sunk.

B. 13

THE ILIAD OF HOMER.

BOOK XIII.

NOW when the Father of the Gods and Men Had open'd a wide Paſſage to the Navy, He left 'em there to execute the Work Of Fate, and bear the bloody Rage of Battle, And all the Dangers of the dreadful Day. He tow'rds the frozen Lands of ſtormy *Thrace*, (*a*) The *Myſians* and

(*a*) *The* Myſians.] *Strabo* has made a Diſſertation in his 7th Book to explain this Paſſage, and ſhew us, that *Homer* meant, when he ſays, *that* Jupiter *turn'd his Eyes from* Troy, and caſt 'em upon the oppoſite Coaſts, that he look'd behind him; for this is the Signification of πάλιν τρέπει, εἰς τ' ὀπίσω βλέπει. The *Myſians*, of whom the Poet here ſpeaks, cou'd not, as ſome pretend, be the *Myſians* of *Aſia*, the Neighbours of *Troy*; but the *Myſians* of

the

(*b*) the valiant *Hippomolgians*, Whoſe conſtant Food is Milk, and tow'rds (*c*) the *Abians*, (*d*) For Juſtice and ſtrict Piety renown'd, (*e*) Turn'd

Europe, who liv'd beyond the *Helleſpont*; that is to ſay, the *Thracians*, as *Poſſidonius* well conjectures: for *Jupiter* cou'd not behold the *Myſians* of *Aſia* from Mount *Ida*, without ſeeing at the ſame time the *Trojans*; how then cou'd he be ſaid, *to turn aſide his Eyes*? But before we leave this Paſſage, we muſt remark, that the *Myſians* of *Aſia* were deſcended from the *Myſians* of *Thrace*.

(*b*) *The valiant* Hippomolgians.] Theſe People are call'd *Hippomolgians* from their Way of Life; they are the *Nomades* of *Scythia*, who drink the Milk of Mares, and make of it a ſort of Cheeſe, which they call *Hippacy*. *Hippocrates* deſcribes their Way of living in his Treatiſe upon Water, Air, &c. Sect. 44. and it is ſuch as the *Tartars* now uſe, who inhabit the ſame Country.

(*c*) *The* Abians.] I am very much ſurpriz'd, to find this Word Ἀβίων, made an Epithet to the *Hippomolgians*; eſpecially ſince the Conſtruction of the Verſe will not bear ſuch an Interpretation. It is the proper Name of a People in *Scythia*, adjoining to the *Myſians* of *Thrace*: *Ammian* mentions them in the 23d Book; after he has ſpoken of *Hircania*, he adds, *Contra hanc gentem, ſub Aquilone dicuntur Abii verſari, genus piiſſimum.* In ſhort, *Strabo* is of opinion, that they were call'd *Abii*, without Life, becauſe they had no Wives, Celibacy being thought an imperfect State: but in a few Lines after he corrects his Opinion upon this account; becauſe the *Thracians* on the contrary were ſo addicted to Women, that they eſpous'd ſeveral at a time; and he that had but four or five, was look'd upon as a miſerable Perſon, and as tho' he had not been marry'd at all: he thinks therefore, that they were call'd *Abii*, becauſe they had no fix'd Places of Abode, but liv'd altogether in Chariots.

(*d*) *For Juſtice renown'd.*] This Epithet *Juſt*, falls as well upon the *Hippomolgians*, as the *Abians*; and this Juſtice was the Conſequence of their Frugality: for as *Strabo* well obſerves, Book V. they were Strangers to Fraud and Injuſtice, which ever flows from Self-Intereſt, ſince they liv'd frugally on Milk, and had no Poſſeſſions. *Æſchylus* likewiſe tells, that theſe *Scythians* were remarkably obſervant of the Laws. Ἀλλ' ἱππάκης βροτῶν ἔσιτον γάλα Σκύθαι.

(*e*) *Turn'd his eternal Eyes.*] *Jupiter* ceaſes to obſerve the *Trojans* and the *Greeks*, and by this means leaves in ſuſ-

his

his eternal Eyes, that ſhone like Suns, And ſhed around unſufferable Day. For now he deem'd that none of all the Gods, Durſt leave the heav'nly Manſions of *Olympus*, To aid the *Trojan*, or the *Grecian* Army.

But *Neptune*, the dread Ruler of the Floods, Saw, when the Thund'rer turn'd aſide his Eyes: For on the higheſt Point of a vaſt Mountain, In *Samothrace*, he ſate; and thence beheld The Mount of *Ida*, and the Tow'rs of *Troy*, And the whole Fleet of the afflicted *Greeks*. But now the God, againſt Great *Jove* indignant, (*f*) Th' Occaſion ſeiz'd that favour'd his Deſigns; And ſtrait, with Swiftneſs inconceivable, Deſcended from the Mount: (*g*) beneath the God

pence the Fates of the two Nations; for as his Countenance is never inefficacious, the War had been at an end, had he continued to fix it upon the Armies. It is therefore upon no other account, but Hatred to the *Trojans*, that he turns aſide his Eyes, and nothing is more true, than what we generally ſay, when we wou'd expreſs ourſelves as abandon'd by Heaven, and upon the Brink of Ruin, than that God *turns his Eyes from us*: And thus God himſelf ſpeaks in *Jeremiah* xviii. 7. *Dorſum non faciem oſtendam eis in die perditionis. I will turn my Back, and not my Face towards them in the Day of their Deſtruction.*

(*f*) *Th' Occaſion ſeiz'd, that favour'd his Deſign.*] That is to ſay, the Moment in which he turn'd aſide his Eyes; for tho' the *Pagans* were fully perſuaded, that nothing could be conceal'd from God, yet they repreſented him as not obſerving what happen'd in one Place, while his Eyes were turn'd upon another; and it wou'd be eaſy to produce Inſtances of the ſame way of ſpeaking in the Holy Scriptures.

(*g*) *Beneath the God the Mountain ſhook.*] *Homer* alludes to the Epithet which is frequently apply'd to *Neptune*, ἐνοσίχθων, *who ſhakes the Earth*. This Deſcription of *Neptune* is wonderfully beauteous. *Longinus* ſays, that this Poet has excellently ſucceeded in painting a God, ſuch as he is when dreſt in all his Majeſty and Greatneſs, without intermixing any Image

The

The Mountain ſhook, and the proud Foreſt bow'd, In token of Submiſſion, all his Groves. (*b*) He in a moment ſtood conſeſs'd at (*i*) *Ægæ*; There, in the loweſt Chambers of the Deep, His Palace ſhone magnificent in Gold; Glorious it was, eternal its Foundations. Then he put on his adamantine Arms, And to his flaming Chariot join'd his Steeds, Harneſs'd in Gold, their flowing Mains around Shone like the golden Beams which *Phœbus'* Lamp Sheds thro' the Skies conſpicuous; they with Speed Miraculous outflew the very Winds. High in his Car, the Deity appear'd, Triumphant o'er the Waves, the Monſter-Whales On ev'ry ſide roll'd their enormous Bodies, And playing all around, confeſs'd the God; (*k*) With Joy, the

drawn from earthly Things; and to prove this, he quotes this Paſſage, Chap. 9.

(*h*) *He in a Moment.*] *Homer* ſays, *he took three Steps, and at the fourth arriv'd*; it being neceſſary to ſhew ſome Diſtance. *Pindar* attempted to raiſe this Paſſage of *Homer* in his Poems; but fail'd, and made his Expreſſions dull and frigid.

(*i*) *At Ægæ.*] There are two Places that bear this Name, the one in *Peloponneſus*, the other in *Eubœa*; and *Neptune* had a Temple in both. *Homer* here ſpeaks of the latter; but it may be ask'd why *Neptune*, who ſtood upon a Mountain in *Samos*, inſtead of going on the Left to *Troy*, turns to the Right, and goes the way contrary to that which leads to the *Greeks*? 'Tis no difficult Matter to anſwer this Objection; *Jupiter* is on Mount *Ida*, and his Eyes are turn'd towards *Thrace*; *Neptune* therefore cou'd not go the direct way from *Samothrace* to *Troy*, without being ſeen by *Jupiter*: it is therefore to conceal himſelf, that he takes this way. The Length of it is no Argument againſt my Explication; were I ſpeaking of a Man, it wou'd have ſome Weight, but the Gods move as ſwift as Thought.

(*k*) *With Joy, the Deep before him leapt aſunder.*] *Calliſthenes* has attempted to imitate this Place of *Homer*, when he ſpeaks of the Paſſage of *Alexander* o'er the *Pamphilian* Sea: he ſays, *That*

Deep

Deep before him leapt aſunder, Smooth'd all its Waves, and gave an eaſy Way. His foaming Steeds flew o'er the liquid Plains, And skim'd along the Surface of the Deep, With ſuch a ſwift Career, that ev'n the Waters, As tho' untouch'd, ſmooth and unruffled lay.

Thus tow'rds the *Grecian* Fleet, in awful State, The Father of the Floods majeſtick rode. Between the Shores of *Tenedos* and *Imbrus*, In the low Caverns of the azure Main, There is a Cave profound and vaſt, where *Neptune*, Who with his Trident ſhakes the ſtedfaſt Earth, Stopt his ſwift Horſes, and before 'em laid A Store of Food that gives immortal Youth. Their Feet he bound with Fetters of pure Gold, Infrangible! eternal! then impetuous Towards the *Grecian* Fleet he held his Way.

The *Trojans*, like a furious Flame that threatens To lay a Foreſt waſte, or like a Tempeſt

the Ocean heap'd on high his Waves, as it were to pay Homage to the Prince: but this Hiſtorian did not underſtand, that ſuch ſurprizing Incidents, though Beauties in a Poet, are Faults in a Hiſtorian; and if ever they are mention'd, they ſhou'd have ſome Foundation. The Whales ſported before *Neptune*, and the Seas ſmooth'd themſelves at his Preſence, becauſe he is the God of the Seas: *Homer* does not deſcribe *Mercury*'s Paſſage over the Seas in this manner, when he comes to relate it in the *Odyſſey*; much leſs ſhou'd *Calliſthenes* have done it for *Alexander*, who is a Mortal: thus while he affects the Sublime, he becomes really frigid. In ſhort, when *Homer* ſays, γηθοσύνη δὲ θάλασσα διίφιλο, he does not deſcribe it as opening like the *Red Sea* before the Children of *Iſrael*, to let 'em paſs thro' on dry Ground, but that it open'd, that it clove aſunder before his Chariot, that it level'd its Waters, and ſmooth'd its Waves, to make an eaſier Paſſage for the God; for by the Sequel we learn, that he flew o'er the Surface without wetting the Axle of his Chariot.

That

That drives the roaring Waves, embattled, follow'd The Steps of Godlike *Hector*; with their Shouts The very Earth and Firmament they ſhook: For in that Day they hop'd to fire the Fleet, And drench the Crimſon Ground with *Grecian* Blood. But *Neptune* riſing from the briny Deep, Aſſum'd the Shape and Voice of rev'rend *Calchas*; And turning to th' *Ajaces*, thus began: "'Tis you, O gallant Warriors! "who muſt ſave The *Grecian* Fleet; 'tis you, "who by your Valour Muſt teach the *Grecians* "to maintain the Fight! See! *Hector* bends "this way his dreadful Ceurſe; (*l*) For you "alone I fear; on ev'ry part But this, the "*Greeks* will ſtop the *Trojans* Fury. In terrible Array the Hero marches, And much "I dread, leſt you ſhou'd quit your Ground. "But may ſome God, propitious to your Arms, "Encourage you to meet his furious Sway, "And give new Courage to the fainting "*Greeks*: Then, tho' the Thunderer oppoſe "his Bolts, You ſhall preſerve the Navy from "his Flames.

Thus *Neptune* ſpoke, and touch'd 'em with his Scepter, And fill'd their Souls with Ardour for the Battle; Their Limbs grew agile, and

(*l*) *For you alone I fear.*] What Addreſs! and at the ſame time, what Strength is there in theſe Words! *Neptune* tells the two *Ajaces*, that he is only afraid for their Poſt; and that the *Greeks* will periſh by that Gate, ſince it is *Hector* who aſſaults it: at every other Quarter, the *Trojans* will be repuls'd. It may therefore be properly ſaid, that the *Ajaces* only are vanquiſh'd, and that their Defeat draws Deſtruction upon all the *Greeks*. I don't think that any thing better cou'd be invented to animate courageous Men, and make them attempt even Impoſſibilities.

their

(*m*) their Feet grew ſwift: A vigorous Flow of Spirits ſtrung their Nerves, And ſtrengthen'd their unconquerable Arms. Then *Neptune* vaniſh'd ſwiftly from their Sight, As the fleet Hawk, that from a rocky Height Sees from afar his Prey, expands his Plumes, Darts from on high, and skims along the Air; So with ſuch Swiftneſs diſappear'd the God.

Ajax, the Son of *Oileus*, firſt perceiv'd The Deity, and ſpoke to *Ajax Telamon*: "It was "ſome God that on *Olympus'* Heights Dwells "in the bliſsful Manſions of the Heav'ns, "Who now aſſum'd the Shape and Voice of "*Calchas*. His Gait confeſs'd the God: and "when he turn'd, (*n*) I knew him by his Tread: "and lo! my Soul Burns with impatient Ar-"dour for the Battle; My Feet demand the "Fight, my Arms are ſtrong, And call the "Fury of the promis'd War.

(*m*) *Their Feet grew ſwift, and ſtrong their Hands.*] I know that there are now-a-days ſome Men of ſuch a delicate Taſte, as not to be able to digeſt ſuch Expreſſions as theſe; and at the ſame time, I know that the Expreſſions are noble and beautiful. Thus the Royal *David* ſpeaks, *Pſal.* xvii. 36. *Thou haſt made my Feet ſwift like Hinds Feet, and my Hands ſtrong for the Battle, ſo that they ſhall break even a Bow of Steel.*

(*n*) *I knew him by his Tread.*] The *Greek* ſays, *I well knew him at his Departure, by his back Parts*: this was the Perſuaſion of every Nation, they thought they could not ſee the Face of God without Death; this is built upon what God himſelf ſays, *Exodus* xxxiii. 20, and 23. *Man ſhall not ſee me and live; thou ſhalt ſee my back Parts, but my Face thou canſt not behold. Servius* too ſpeaks thus, *Æn.* 10. *Pone ſequens. Hoc quidem ideo dictum tradunt quod adverſæ videri nolunt unde, Eclog.* 2. *eſt, Tranſque caput jace, ne reſpexeris.* Thus *Grotius* too, *Æneid.* 11. *Abſceſſu plerumque numina demonſtrantur fuiſſe, cum ſubito apparere deſierint.*

"The

" The ſame Effects, reply'd the gallant *Ajax*,
" I feel within me; in my Veins my Blood
" Dances with Joy; I ſeem to tread in Air;
" A Flow of Spirits ſtrings my ſin'wy Arms;
" My Soul impatient waits the Storm of Battle;
" I move a God, and long to meet in Arms,
" And ſingly combat the victorious *Hector*.

Thus they, enamour'd with the horrid Charms Of Battle, ſpoke: Mean time, the potent *Neptune* March'd to the Rear, to animate the *Greeks*, Who, weary'd with the Labours of the Day, Far from the Storm and Tumult of the War, Sate to refreſh and recreate their Bodies. A Flood of Grief o'erwhelm'd their very Souls, And with the deepeſt Sorrow they beheld The Arms of *Troy* victorious; from their Eyes A plenteous Torrent ſtream'd of flowing Tears, They wept their ſore Diſtreſs; for black Deſpair Had ſunk their Spirits, and they fear'd to fall Like helpleſs Victims by the Sword of *Hector*. (o) But *Neptune*, body'd like a *Grecian* Leader, Inſpir'd new Strength: to *Teucer* firſt he came, To *Leïtus*, *Peneleus*, and to *Thoas*, *Antilochus*, *Deipyrus*, and *Merion*, And in ſuch Terms as theſe aloud he ſpoke:

" What Shame is this, O Coward *Greeks*,
" who thus Young as you are, decline the Rage
" of War? On you I built my Hopes, and
" from your Arms Expected Conqueſt, but my

(o) *But* Neptune, *body'd like a* Grecian *Leader.*] The *Greek* ſays, *having eaſily chang'd his Shape*, ῥεῖα μετιστάμενος. For the Gods can, in a Moment, without any difficulty, put on what Shape they pleaſe. *Neptune* does not ſpeak to *Teucer*, and the other *Greeks* in the Shape of *Calchas*, as he did to the two *Ajaces*, but aſſum'd the Form of ſome of the Generals.

" Hopes

" Hopes were vain. For ſince you ſhun the
" Dangers of the Day, The fatal Hour is
" come, when *Troy* ſhall conquer, And we in-
" glorious meet a wretched Doom. And muſt,
" ye Gods, muſt then theſe Eyes behold A
" Sight ſo hateful? ſuch a dire Diſgrace?
" And ſhall the Coward *Trojans* dare approach
" This Fleet, and not receive an inſtant Death?
" They, like the fearful Herds of trembling
" Deers, That thro' the Foreſt fly, and o'er
" the Lawns, To Leopards and to Wolves an
" eaſy Prey, Cou'd ne'er before ſuſtain the
" *Grecian* Fury: And ſhall they now deſert
" the Walls of *Troy*, Aſſault our Camp, and
" fire the very Fleet? Are you content to ſit
" apart from War, Idle Spectators of the *Gre-*
" *cians* Ruin, Becauſe *Atrides* has diſgrac'd
" *Achilles*? Is this a Reaſon why the other
" *Greeks* Shou'd fly the doubtful Hazards of the
" Day? Riſe then to Arms, and let us break
" the Storm That threatens us with Ruin:
" What a Shame Is it, that you, renown'd for
" martial Deeds, And manly Proweſs, thus
" decline the Fight? Nor ſpeak I this to any
" daſtard *Greek*, But you, the dreadful Thun-
" derbolts of War. Unfortunate, miſtaken
" Men! how ſoon Will your Remiſſneſs ha-
" ſten on our Dooms? But think, and timely
" think, what Men will ſay; Think on the
" dire Diſgrace, the fell Reproach, With
" which the World will brand your hated
" Names, If by your Means the *Trojans* prove
" victorious: And lo! the dreadful *Hector*
" pours a Train Of *Trojans* on our Fleet; and

" lo! his Arm Has burſt the Gate, which
" guarded our Intrenchments.

(p) Thus *Neptune* ſpoke, to animate the *Greeks*. Around the two *Ajaces*, in Array, Two Bodies of the *Greeks* embattled ſtood, All gallant Men! (q) ev'n *Mars* the God of War,

(p) *Thus* Neptune *ſpoke, to animate the* Greeks.] I cannot but take notice of an antient Tradition in this Place, which ſhews, on one ſide, the great Opinion *Homer* entertain'd of theſe Verſes, and on the other, the Injuſtice which the beſt of Poets often receive from Men. 'Tis ſaid, that after the Death of *Amphidamas*, the King of *Eubœa*, his Son, in Honour of his Obſequies, proclaim'd, according to Cuſtom, all manner of Games; and among the reſt, a Prize for Poetry: *Homer* and *Heſiod* diſputed the Reward, and recited by turns, certain Parts of their Poems: at laſt, *Heſiod* ſeeing the Suffrages ready to determine it in favour of his Rival, immediately recited thoſe Verſes, which he had made upon Agriculture, which we find in his Poem of *Works and Days*.

Πληϊάδων Ατλαγενέων ἐπιτελλομενάων
Ἄρχεσθ' ἀμήτου, ἀρότοιο δὲ δυσομενάων.

When the Pleiades, *the Daughters of* Atlas, *riſe, begin the Harveſt; and when they ſet, begin to plow.* This made the Victory doubtful. To thoſe Verſes *Homer* oppos'd theſe thirty, with a modeſt Confidence, that theſe wou'd end the Diſpute, and gain him the Prize; but he found himſelf deceiv'd. The Prince preferring the peaceful Subject of *Heſiod*'s Lines to the warlike one of *Homer*'s, unadviſedly adjudg'd the Prize to *Heſiod*. His Determination was extremely unjuſt; but Poſterity has, and ever will do his Memory Juſtice: for 'tis impoſſible that Poetry ſhou'd have any thing more beautiful or noble than theſe thirty Lines; we may with Reaſon ſay, that if *Mars* and *Bellona* cou'd not reprehend any thing in the Order of Battle, which *Homer* here deſcribes, *Apollo* and *Minerva* cou'd not condemn the leaſt Syllable in the ſublime Expreſſions, in which he has deliver'd it.

(q) *Ev'n* Mars *and ſtern* Bellona.] What a Commendation is this of the Troops ranged in Order of Battle! He ſays, that *Mars* and *Bellona* cou'd not find any thing there, but Subjects of Praiſe and Admiration. What a great and noble Image is this!

Or

Or ſtern *Bellona*, who delights in Blood, Had they been preſent, wou'd have ſpoke their Praiſe; For they, the Flower of *Greece*, had join'd their Strength, To meet the Arms of *Hector* and the *Trojans*. Spears clos'd with Spears, a dreadful Wood diſplay'd; Shield throng'd on Shield, to Target Target join'd; Man ſuſtain'd Man, and Helmet bore on Helmet. The waving Plumes with dreadful Pride on high Play'd in the Wind, and nodded in the Air; As the proud Branches of ſome Grove of Trees Bend to the Breezes, and unite their Boughs; So they their ploomy Creſts: and now intrepid They ſhook their fatal Spears, and march'd to Battle. But firſt the *Trojans* gave a fierce Aſſault, Led by the Godlike *Hector* to the Fight. (r) As when a furious Torrent overturns, And puſhes down from ſome proud Mountain's Height A Rock enormous, in its Fall it bounds, And rolls impetuous down, and tumbles to the Plain; The trembling Woods reſound, while in its Courſe, It overbears whatever meets its Sway; But when it reaches the ſubjected Plains No more it rolls, but ceaſes from its Fury: Thus *Hector* breath'd Deſtruction to the *Greeks*; Thus forc'd his Way, And mark'd the Way with Slaughter, Till to the Poſt of *Ajax* he approach'd; There, with a Storm of Spears, and Show'rs of Darts, The *Greeks* repreſs'd the Fury of his Courſe. *Hector*

(r) *As when a furious Torrent.*] We ſee the Imagination of *Homer* is not to be abas'd! he ſtill ſoars in the Sublime, and his Thoughts are ever pregnant with new Wonders; we have here a noble and a very juſt Compariſon.

recoil'd; and, ſtung with Rage and Grief, With Indignation thus aloud exclaim'd:

" Ye *Trojan*, *Lycian*, and *Dardanian* War-
" riors, Stand to your Arms, for long the faint-
" ing *Greeks* Cannot ſuſtain the Valour of my
" Arm! Tho' like a Tow'r they ſtand in firm
" Array, Yet with my Sword I'll force their
" ſtrongeſt Battle, If the dread Thund'rer lends
" his potent Aid.

Theſe Words with Strength inſpir'd the yielding *Trojans*. And now *Deiphobus*, the Son of *Priam*, Fir'd with the Thirſt of Fame, aſſum'd his Shield, A vaſt Circumference! and with martial Stalk, Proudly ſtrode forth to Battle: him *Merion* Beheld from far, and at the Warrior aim'd His ſhining Spear; it ſung along the Air, And pierc'd the Target; but the moony Orb Preſerv'd his Body from the fatal Wound; For in its Folds the Point unfaithful broke. Indignant, back *Meriones* retir'd, And curs'd the faithleſs Weapon, that depriv'd Its Maſter of the deſtin'd Victory. With haſty Steps he held his eager way Back to his Tent, to bring another Spear, The certain Meſſenger of inſtant Death. Mean time, the Horrors of the Battle riſe, While Shouts like Thunder ſhake the very Heav'ns. And now the *Telamonian Teucer* ſlew *Imbrius*, the Son of *Mentor*: he, before The War, at *Pedaſus* in Plenty dwelt, In beautiful *Medeſicaſte's* Arms, The Iſſue of King *Priam's* ſtol'n Delights. But when the *Grecians*, with a thouſand Ships, Sail'd to aſſault the lofty Tow'rs of *Troy*, He to the royal Court of *Priam* came, Who lov'd him as

as his own. Renown'd he ſhone, Conſpicuous in *Troy*: but now he fell By *Teucer*'s Spear, a piteous! lovely Object! The pointed Death took place beneath his Ear, And down he tumbled to th'enſanguin'd Ground. As ſome fair Aſh upon a Mountain's Height, That ſhoots his verdant Honours to the Skies, When by the ſin'wy Labourer he falls, Extends his Branches o'er the diſtant Ground: So wretched *Imbrius* fell; and all around, His clanking Armour thunder'd o'er the Plain. *Teucer* ruſh'd in, to ſtrip him of his Arms; But *Hector*, to prevent it, hurl'd a Spear; It miſs'd, but whizz'd impetuous in the Air, And the Point drank *Amphimachus*'s Blood. It plung'd into his Breaſt, and fell'd him to the Earth. Afar was heard the Clangor of his Arms. *Hector* approach'd, to bear away his Helm, That ſhone like beamy Gold; but Godlike *Ajax* Launch'd from his manly Arm a ſhining Spear Againſt his Breaſt; beneath the mighty Blow His Armour rang; the Spear recoil'd impetuous Back from his Shield; for ev'ry where the Hero Was ſheath'd in Braſs, that ſhed a dreadful Gleam Wide o'er the Plain; yet with ſuch wondrous Strength The mighty Spear was ſent, that *Hector* ſtagger'd, Retreating from the (*s*) Corſes of the Slain. Then from the Tumult of the Fight the *Greeks* Withdrew the Bodies, grim with Blood and Duſt. Th' *Athenian* Leaders, the divine *Meneſtheus*, And *Stichius* bore away *Amphimachus*; But the the two brave *Ajaces* in their

(*s*) *Corſes of the Slain.*] *Imbrius* and *Amphimachus*.

Arms Carry'd the Corſe of *Imbrius* to the *Greeks*. As when two furious Lions, ſtung with Hunger, (*t*) force a young Kid from the devouring Hounds, They thro' the Foreſt and the woody Groves Bear it away triumphant in their Jaws; Juſt ſo they *Imbrius*; from the bleeding Trunk (*u*) The Sword of Godlike *Ajax*, Son of *Oileus*, Sever'd his Head; he hurl'd it to the *Trojans*, Swift as an Arrow from the twanging Bow, And down it fell before the Feet of *Hector*.

Neptune, indignant for his (*w*) Grand-Son's Death, March'd thro' the Tents, and round the *Grecian* Fleet, To reinflame the Courage of the *Greeks*; He met *Idomeneus*, who left the Battle, To lead away a lame diſabled Friend, And now return'd, when firſt he had deliver'd His

(*t*) *Force a young Kid.*] *Euſtathius* gives us a Criticiſm of *Zenodotus* upon this Place; he ſays, that Lions wou'd fight over their Prey; and that *Homer*, tho' he ſpeaks of two Lions, mentions but one Kid; he therefore alters the Text, and ſubſtitutes in the Place of αἶγα, αἶγε, two Kids: but *Euſtathius* has ſhew'd how this Criticiſm is intirely falſe, and ſpoils the Beauty of the whole Compariſon, by which the Poet repreſents the two *Ajaces* carrying off one Corſe. Now the Reſemblance fails, if you introduce two Kids, and tho' the Lions have but one Kid, yet 'tis no Reaſon they ſhou'd fight over it, ſince both of them may feed at once upon it. *Æſchylus* has imitated this Compariſon, ἄγει δικλὸς λύκος νεβρὸν εἴρων, as two Wolves carry one Fawn.

(*u*) *Of* Ajax, *Son of* Oileus.] *Homer* takes care to tell us, that it is *Ajax*, Son of *Oileus*, who cuts off the Head of *Imbrius*; for though this Action is pardonable in a young violent Man, yet it had been inexcuſable, if aſcribed to *Ajax*, Son of *Telamon*, for it had debas'd his Greatneſs; ἐκ ἦν ἡ σφοδρότης κατὰ τὴν τοῦ Τελαμωνίου μεγαλοψυχίαν, ſays *Euſtathius*.

(*w*) *Grand-Son's Death.*] For *Cteatus*, Father of *Amphimachus*, paſs'd for the Son of *Neptune*; *Actor* was only his reputed Father.

Charge

Charge to ſome (x) Phyſician of the Army. Then the dread Ruler of the ſtormy Main Aſſum'd the Image and the Voice of *Thoas*, *Andræmon's* Son, who ſtretch'd his wide Domain Oe'r *Pleuron*, and the lofty Tow'rs of *Calydon*. His Form and Mien he took, and thus began;

" Illuſtrious Leader of the *Cretan* Bands,
" Where are the Menaces? and where the
" Boaſts Of haughty *Greece*, which threaten'd
" to deſtroy, And lay the Palaces of *Troy* in
" Aſhes?

" O *Thoas*, then *Idomeneus* reply'd, Blame
" none for our Diſgrace; for we, 'tis known,
" (y) Are ſkill'd in all the various Forms of
" Battle; It is not coward Fear, or Love of
" Sloth, That e'er detains us from the duſty
" Field: But 'tis the Will of *Jove*, that we
" ſhou'd fall Inglorious here, far from our Na-
" tive Shores. But you, O *Thoas*, whoſe ad-
" vent'rous Deeds Have ſpoke your Courage,
" and proclaim'd your Worth; Now, now ex-
" ert your Strength, aſſume the Hero, Lead on
" to fight, and teach the *Greeks* to conquer.

Then thus the Father of the Floods reply'd:
" May that ungenerous, that unmanly *Greek*,

(x) *To ſome Phyſician.*] *Podalirius* and *Machaon* were not the only Phyſicians in the Army; it appears from ſome Paſſages in this Poem, that each Body of Troops had one peculiar to themſelves; it may not be improper to adverтiſe, that the antient Phyſicians were all Surgeons, as *Hippocrates* obſerves.

(y) *Are ſkill'd in all the Forms of Battle.*] *Euſtathius* very well remarks, that *Homer* has reckon'd the three Things which make Men remiſs in the Battle; *Inexperience*, *Fear*, or *Idleneſs*. This is the Reaſon why *Idomeneus* ſays, *ſkill'd in all the various Forms of Battle.*

" Ne'er more behold his Country, or his
" Friends, But here become a Prey to hungry
" Vulturs, Who flies the Labours of this dan-
" gerous Day! But haſte! to Arms! awake
" your ſleeping Valour! Let us unite our
" Strengths! in Union join'd, The meaneſt
" Men perform heroick Deeds; Then we who
" dare the braveſt Men to Arms, Shall crown
" with Glory the illuſtrious Day.

Thus ſpoke the God, and mingled with the Tumult; Then to his Tent *Idomeneus* return'd, And dreſs'd himſelf in Arms; two dreadful Spears Aloft he bore, and ruſh'd again to Battle. As when the Thund'rer from *Olympus'* Heights, Launches the Lightning from his angry Arm, Portending Ruin to the Race of Man; It burſts the Clouds, and flaſhing through the Skies, Draws a long Trail of Light from Pole to Pole: So ſhone *Idomeneus*'s beamy Arms, And ſhed a dreadful Glory o'er the Plain.

But from his Tent he had not far advanc'd, When he *Merion* met; who from the Fight Retir'd, to fetch that Inſtrument of Death, His Spear; to whom *Idomeneus* thus ſpoke:

" *Merion*, *Molus'* Son, my deareſt Friend,
" Why are you abſent from the Heat of War?
" Does my Friend groan beneath ſome deadly
" Wound? Or does he come to ask my timely
" Aid? If ſo, return to Battle; for my Soul
" Impatiently demands the promis'd Fight.

To whom *Merion* thus: " I come to ask
" A Spear, if any in your Tent remains; For
" in the Target of *Deiphobus* Mine broke, and
" treach'rouſly deceiv'd my Hopes.

" Innu-

" Innumerable Spears, the Spoils of War,
" Reply'd *Idomeneus*, my Tent contains: Pre-
" cious they are, and ſhed a Luſtre round
" Th'illuminated Walls: they come from *Troy*;
" This Hand their Owners ſlew, and ſent their
" Souls Reluctant to the awful Realms of
" Night. (z) I am not us'd to hurl my Spears
" from far, But Hand to Hand I mingle in the
" Tumult: Hence 'tis, that Spears, and Shields,
" and gorgeous Helms, And golden Breaſt-
" plates glitter in my Tent, And dazzle with
" their Beams Beholders Eyes.

" I too have Stores of Arms, reply'd *Merion*,
" The Spoils of ſlaughter'd *Trojans*; but they
" lie Far diſtant in my Tent; for when aloud
" The dreadful Signal of the Battle ſounds,
" I ever fight conſpicuous in the Van. Some
" *Greeks* perhaps are Strangers to my Proweſs,
" But you are witneſs to my manly Deeds.

(z) *I am not us'd to hurl*, &c.] *Idomeneus* and *Merion* meet at a diſtance from the Battle, and that too in ſo nice a Juncture of Affairs, that there might be room for a Suſpicion, that they retreated with ſome Pleaſure from the Danger of the Fight; they endeavour therefore to juſtify themſelves to each other; and this is what gives Birth to this Converſation. But if I may be allow'd to give my Opinion, I think this Diſcourſe is not well timed; theſe two Warriors knew that *Hector* had forc'd the Intrenchments, and that he us'd his utmoſt Efforts to penetrate to the Fleet; ſhou'd not they therefore fly to the Defence of it? This is not a Place, or Time, to ſpeak of their own Exploits. I am perſuaded, that this is one of the Paſſages which *Horace* had in his View, when he ſaid;

Indignor quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus.

For nothing had been more eaſy for *Homer*, than to have avoided this ſmall Fault, ſince he himſelf is aware of it, as we ſhall ſee a little lower. Had he retrench'd a few Verſes, the Whole had been admirable.

To whom *Idomeneus:* " What mean theſe " Words, That tell me of your Worth? your " martial Acts Sufficiently proclaim your " Strength in Arms: For ſhou'd it be our Fates " to lie in Ambuſh (And (*a*) there true Cou- " rage moſt illuſtrious ſhines, There Valour, or " baſe Cowardice betrays, And manifeſts it- " ſelf. The Coward trembles, His Cheeks " look ghaſtly pale; his ſhiv'ring Knees " Knock, and refuſe to bear their Load; his " Heart Pants in his Breaſt; Weakneſs un- " nerves his Limbs; His Body quakes, like " quiv'ring Leaves of Trees, That tremble to the " Wind; his Teeth aloud Chatter, and Death " in ev'ry Shade he views. But the coura- " geous Man undaunted ſtands; His Cheeks re- " tain their Colour, and his Soul Unſhaken " ſtems the threatning Tide of Danger; Calm " is his Mind, and all his Thoughts compos'd, " Sedate he waits the Storm; but when the " Voice Of Honour calls aloud, his ſprightly " Soul Takes the Alarm, and fires his chearful " Blood; He ſallies with Impatience to the " Fight.) Ev'n there your Courage wou'd de- " mand Applauſe: For ſhou'd you, (*b*) or at " hand, or from afar, Receive a Hurt, the ho- " nourable Wound Wou'd fix a Token of your

(*a*) *There true Courage.*] In a general Battle it may be eaſily conceal'd, by reaſon of the Number of the Combatants; but in an Ambuſcade, where the Soldiers are few, each muſt be diſcover'd to be what he is: This is the Reaſon why the Antients entertain'd ſo great an Idea of this ſort of War; the braveſt Men were always choſen to ſerve upon ſuch Occaſions.

(*b*) *Or at hand, or from afar.*] That is to ſay, in cloſe Engagement, or by the diſtant Shot of an Arrow.

" Worth

" Worth in Arms Upon your manly Breaſt; no
" Scar unſeemly Will ever brand you with the
" Mark of Coward. But why do we thus
" ſpeak our Feats of Valour, Like empty
" Boaſters? Let us haſte to Battle, (c) Leſt the
" indignant *Greeks* ſhou'd blame our Stay. Go
" then, and arm thee with a fatal Spear.

The Chief obey'd; then, eager for the Fight, Follow'd, and overtook *Idomeneus*. (d) As when the dreadful *Mars*, whoſe Sport is War And Devaſtation, marches forth to Battle; Him *Terror*, his beloved Son, attends, Whom with enormous Strength, and matchleſs Boldneſs, The Gods endu'd, who with a hideous Look Withers the Courage of the braveſt Man; (e) They leave the Mountains of the frozen *Thrace*, And march (f) againſt the *Phlegyans*, or *Ephy-*

(c) *Leſt the* Greeks *ſhou'd blame our Stay.*] By theſe Words 'tis manifeſt, that *Homer* thought this long Diſcourſe might be condemn'd; this Reflexion of *Idomeneus* comes too late, I cou'd wiſh the Poet had abridg'd the Paſſage; I know very well that the Aſſault of the *Trojans* being ſomewhat ſlacken'd and abated, the Poet might take the liberty to divert himſelf a little; but at the ſame time, I am ſorry he did not look out for other Ornaments, ſince this Diſcourſe is certainly improperly inſerted in this Place.

(d) *As when the dreadful* Mars.] This is a beautiful Compariſon, and very well relieves the Simplicity of the preceding Diſcourſe; *Idomeneus* and *Merion* are repreſented by *Mars* and *Terror*; and this is a very magnificent and noble Image! I believe *Homer* was the firſt who deify'd Φόβος, and made him the Son of *Mars*.

(e) *They leave the Mountains of the frozen* Thrace.] For *Thrace* is feign'd to be the Country of *Mars*, becauſe of the warlike Temper of its Inhabitants.

(f) *Againſt the* Phlegyans *and* Ephyrians.] They were two People of *Theſſaly*; the *Ephyrians* inhabited the City *Crannon*, near the River *Enipeus*; and the *Phlegyans* the City *Gyrton*, at the Foot of

rians, In Battle join'd; they view with raviſh'd Eyes The bloody Game, while with inceſſant Pray'rs The warring Hoſts invoke their preſent Aid; They grant not both their Pray'rs, but give the Day To theſe, and ſcatter thoſe confus'd in Flight. Thus march'd *Merion* and *Idomeneus*, And their bright Arms ſhone dreadful o'er the Plain. But when they now approach'd the Place of Battle, Thus to *Idomoneus Merion* ſpoke:

"Where ſhall we bend our Arms? or tow'rds
"the Right, Or tow'rds the Center of the
"Fight? or ſay, Shall we engage the *Trojans*
"on the Left, Since ev'ry Side alike requires
"our Aid?

To whom the great *Idomeneus* reply'd:
"Warriors there are, I ſee, to guard the Cen-
"ter; The two *Ajaces*, and the gallant *Teucer*,
"Expert to draw the Bow, and ſend the Dart,
"Or join in Battle with the foremoſt *Trojans*.
"They will repell the Violence of *Hector*;
"Brave as he is, his Bravery will fail To rout
"ſuch Men, and fire the *Grecian* Navy, (g) If
"*Jove*, the Ruler of the Gods and Men, De-
"ſcends not with his Lightnings from the
"Heav'ns, And hurls the flaming Ruin on the
"Fleet. He muſt be more than Man that can
"o'erthrow The Son of *Telamon*, illuſtrious
"*Ajax*. If by the Sword he vulnerable be,
"The Sword of *Ajax* will inflict a Wound,

Mount *Olympus*, near the Place where *Peneus* diſembogues his Waters; their Neighbourhood occaſion'd perpetual Quarrels.

(g) *If Jove, the Ruler*.] What Magnificence is there in this Idea! and what a Commendation is it to *Hector*, to perform that which was thought impoſſible to any body but *Jupiter*.

"And

" And lay him breathleſs on th' enſanguin'd
" Plain. He, in pitch'd Battle, (*b*) is *Achilles'*
" Match, And only yields to that tremendous
" Hero In Swiftneſs in the Courſe, who knows
" no Equal In darting fleetly on the flying Foe.
" Then to the Left we'll bend our manly
" Arms, And live with Honour, or with Ho-
" nour fall.

He ſaid: Then like the dreadful God of Battle, *Merion* ruſh'd impetuous to the Fight. Now, when the *Trojans* from afar beheld The gallant Heroes marching to the Onſet, In ſhining Armour, formidably gay, With hideous Shouts they iſſu'd to the War, Which now was kindled into ten-fold Rage, While from each Part they mov'd in firm Array, To meet the Storm. (*i*) As when the warring Winds Ruſh

(*b*) Achilles' *Match.*] He does not ſay he could conquer *Achilles*, for that wou'd carry the Hyperbole too high, he being the moſt valiant of all the *Greeks*; but he ſays, *He is a Match for him*, and that he would not be afraid of him. And this is as great a Commendation as he could poſſibly paſs upon *Ajax*; for he makes ſome ſort of an Equality between him and *Achilles*. By this *Homer* prepares the Reader for the noble Exploits which *Ajax* is ready to perform.

(*i*) *As when the warring Winds.*] The confus'd Multitudes of Battalions, which, by divers Motions, are aſſembled from all Quarters of the Armies, while they advance one againſt the other, cannot be repreſented by any thing better than by the Clouds of Duſt, which the contrary Winds gather: This gives us a very noble Image. I have taken the liberty to enlarge upon this Paſſage in the Tranſlation, that I might the better ſhew the Beauty of the Author; tho', indeed, the Tranſlation falls far ſhort of the Original. I confeſs, I am always raviſh'd when I read ſuch Paſſages as theſe, each ſo perfect in the Original, but diſhearten'd, when I read the Tranſlation; and muſt own it a great Diſcouragement and Mortification, to ſee myſelf always falling ſo much ſhort of the Beauties of my Author.

ſtormy

ſtormy from all Quarters of the Heav'ns, While the hot Dog-Star fires the thirſty Plains; Thick Clouds of Duſt, forc'd up by adverſe Blaſts, Darken the Skies, and overcaſt the Day: So Hope, and Fear, Deſpair, and burning Rage, From ev'ry Quarter drew a dreadful Train Of Warriors to the Battle. Death they breath'd, And Slaughter to the *Greeks*: around the Field A Foreſt of huge Spears aroſe; afar The beamy Helmets, and the burniſh'd Shields, The gorgeous Bucklers, and the flaming Breaſt-plates, Diffus'd a Glory to the very Skies. What Heart of Steel could ſuch a Scene behold, And not relent, and melt into a Tear?

Mean time, the Sons of *Saturn*, *Jove* and *Neptune*, To *Trojans* and to *Greeks* prepar'd new Woes: For *Jove* to honour *Thetis*, and her Son, Inclin'd the Victory to *Troy* and *Hector*, Yet meant not to deſtroy the *Grecian* Army. But *Neptune*, riſing from the hoary Main, Gave ſecret Aid to *Greece*; from Rank to Rank He march'd, and reinflam'd the fainting *Greeks*. Much was he griev'd to ſee 'em quit their Ground, And much he rag'd againſt the thund'ring God: For tho' thoſe Gods both from one Fountain ſprung, The ſame their Lineage, and the ſame their Sire; (*k*) Yet *Jove* was elder, and excell'd in Knowledge. In ſecret, therefore, body'd like a Man, The potent *Neptune* gave the *Greeks* his Aid. (*l*) Thus theſe two Gods

(*k*) *Yet Jove was elder.*] *Homer* here ſhews us what a Subordination ought to be maintain'd in Families, and what Reſpect younger Brothers ſhould pay their eldeſt.

(*l*) *Theſe two Gods inclos'd the* Greeks *in the Bonds of War and* Diſcord.] Here enclos'd

enclos'd the *Greeks* and *Trojans* In the eternal adamantine Bonds Of bloody *Diſcord*, and relentleſs *War*, And thouſands ſent to *Pluto*'s awful Realms. For now *Idomeneus*, tho' Length of Days (*m*) Began to crown his Head with hoary Hairs, Slew ſtout *Othryoneus*, who from *Cabeſus* Came, to partake the Labour of the War. Fir'd with the Thirſt of Fame, and Beauty's Charms, From diſtant *Thrace* he came to *Priam*'s Court, Drawn by *Caſſandra*, lovely as a Goddeſs. To gain the Object of his ſofteſt Vows, (*n*) He made no Promiſes of nuptial Preſents, But proffer'd by the Proweſs of his Arms

Homer ſpeaks of *War* and *Diſcord*, as of two Lines that draw Men to their Deaths. With theſe two Lines the Gods inclos'd the Armies; the Poet ſays they are indiſſolubly ſtrong. This preſents to our Imagination a very noble Idea, and excellently paints the Havock of the moſt bloody Battle. Madam *Dacier* deſpairing to make this Paſſage ſhine, omitted it in her Tranſlation; but I have inſerted it in this, being reſolv'd to give *Homer*'s Meaning, tho I cou'd not his Poetry.]

(*m*) *Began to crown his Head with hoary Hairs.*] *Homer* expreſſes this by one Word μισοπολιος, and *Heſychius* very well explains it thus, οὐ σφόδρα πεπολιωμένος, ἀλλὰ μίσος, οὔπω γέρων. *Whoſe Hair is not entirely white, but in part; he being not as yet an old Man.*

(*n*) *He made no Promiſes.*] *Homer* ſays, *that* Othryoneus *demanded* Caſſandra *without Dower*, Καστιγνήτην ἀνεδνον. We ſhall widely miſtake the Meaning of this Paſſage, if we don't call to mind the Cuſtoms of thoſe heroick Times; for *Homer* does not ſay, as it may be ſuppos'd, that *Othryoneus* demanded *Caſſandra* without any Dower given him by the Father, but on the contrary, as I have explain'd it, without being oblig'd to make him the uſual Preſents according to the Cuſtom which I have before mention'd. We here diſcover an exact Conformity between the Uſages of theſe Times, and the Times of the Patriarchs; for the Words of *Othryoneus* are preciſely the ſame with thoſe of *David*, 1 *King*. Chap. xviii. 25. *David* not being rich enough to eſpouſe the Daughter of *Saul*, by making him the ordinary Preſents, he

To

To drive the *Grecians* from the Shores of *Troy*: At him *Idomeneus* launch'd his ſhining Spear, As he came tow'rds him, tow'ring to the Fight: Swift flew the pointed Death, and thro' the Breaſt-plate Of poliſh'd Braſs burſt its impetuous Way: He fell; his Arms reſounded o'er the Plain. Then thus with Taunts the Victor Hero ſpoke:

" (o) The braveſt of Mankind, *Othryoneus*,
" I freely will allow you to be deem'd, If you
" perform your Promiſes to *Priam*! He pro-
" mis'd his belov'd and beauteous Daughter:
" We too will bring from diſtant *Argos'* Shores,
" The lovely Offspring of *Atrides'* Bed, And
" ſhe ſhall recompenſe your manly Proweſs,
" If by your Aid we conquer lofty *Troy*: Come
" to our Fleet then, that we there may treat
" Of nuptial Articles; you'll find the *Greeks*,
" *Othryoneus*, are worthy ſuch a Son!

merits her by his Services againſt the *Philiſtines*; and ſo *Othryoneus* endeavour'd to merit *Caſſandra* by his Services againſt the *Greeks*, he not being rich enough, I ſuppoſe, to give the nuptial Preſents.

(o) *The braveſt of Mankind.*] *Homer*, as *Euſtathius* remarks from *Ariſtotle*, is not only the Father of Tragedy, but of Comedy alſo; he more frequently in his *Odyſſey* introduces Raillery into his Poem, than in his *Iliad*; the *Iliad* being more Moral: but the Perſonages which he introduces into his *Odyſſey*, furniſh a copious Subject for Pleaſantry and Raillery; but the *Iliad* being an heroick Poem, and by conſequence very ſerious, does not allow the ſame Liberties; yet *Homer* has found the Secret of uniting two Things, which ſeem'd incompatible. He has with a great deal of Art inſerted a Piece of Raillery, which becomes a Hero, and is capable to inflame the Courage of all the Combatants that hear it; this too ſtill heightens and raiſes the Character of *Idomeneus*, who, tho' in the middle of imminent Dangers, preſerves his uſual Gaiety of Temper, which ſpeaks him a Man of Courage.

He

He added not; but dragg'd him thro' the Tumult. Then *Aſius* iſſu'd to revenge his Death: (*p*) Before his Chariot and his noble Steeds, He march'd to Battle; but *Idomeneus* Firſt hurl'd a Spear, it whizz'd along the Air, And thro' the Throat of *Aſius* urg'd its way. As the tall Pine, upon a Mountain's Height, The branchy Poplar, or the lofty Oak, That hides his ſtately Head among the Clouds, Extends his leafy Honours o'er the Ground; When by the Ax it falls, the ſuff'ring Earth Trembles beneath its Weight, and all around The echoing Hills repeat the dreadful Noiſe: So *Aſius* fell, his clanking Armour thunder'd, And he lay breathleſs on the bloody Ground. His Charioteer beheld his wretched Doom, Confounded at the Sight; his fainting Heart Sunk in his Breaſt, Fear took away his Thoughts. Aſtown'd he ſtood, nor turn'd his Steeds to flight. At him *Antilochus*, the Son of *Neſtor*, Darted his Spear, and fell'd him to the Ground; Then thro' the Wound he breath'd his Soul in Groans, While the triumphant Victor drove the Steeds Towards the *Grecians*, thro' the Throng of War. Now to the Fight *Deiphobus* advanc'd, Griev'd at the Death of *Aſius*, his lov'd Friend, And launch'd his Spear againſt *Idomeneus*: He ſtoop'd, and lay conceal'd behind his Buckler, Made of tough Hides, and bright with poliſh'd Braſs. Swift flew the erring Spear, but in its Flight

(*p*) *Before his Chariot.*] We have before ſeen, that this *Aſius* would not, when he went to attack the Intrenchments, deſcend from his Chariot; but here he deſcends, yet marches at the Head of them, never ſuffering them to be out of his Sight.

Graz'd

Graz'd on the moony Buckler; from the Blow Aloud it rang, and gave a jarring Sound. Nor was it fruitleſs: in the royal Breaſt Of King *Hipſenor*, Son of *Hippaſus*, It enter'd deep, and drank his vital Blood. Then thus *Deiphobus* exulting ſpoke:

"Thou fall'ſt not, *Aſius*, unreveng'd; and "while Thou tread'ſt the Way that leads to "awful *Night*, This Man, who falls a Victim "to thy Death, Will chear thy drooping me-"lancholy Shade.

Thus he inſulting ſpoke: The *Grecians* heard His Words with Indignation; but *Antilochus*, Who burnt with Fury to revenge his Fall, Cover'd *Hipſenor* with his moony Shield. Then his belov'd Companions of the War, *Meciſtheus*, and *Alaſtor*, came to offer The laſt ſad Office to their ſlaughter'd Friend: They wept, and ſigh'd, and bore him to the Fleet.

Idomeneus ſtill rag'd, and goar'd the Battle, With many an Inroad; by his Arm he ſought To ſend ſome *Trojan* to the Shades of Night, Or fall with Honour to defend his Country. Impetuous then he march'd againſt *Alcathous*. *Alcathous!* who eſpous'd *Anchiſes'* Daughter, A lovely Nymph! *Hippodamia* nam'd, Her Mother's Darling, and her Father's Joy! In Beauty, and in Works of curious Art, And Wiſdom's Charms, ſhe far excell'd her Equals: Therefore, enamour'd with the matchleſs Beauty, *Alcathous* made her Partner of his Bed, The faireſt ſhe of Women, and (*q*) of Men The

(*q*) *Of Men the loveliest he.*] I have here added to the Text three Verſes, which *Euſtathius* found in antient

lovely'ſt

lovely'ſt he, while yet *Antenor*'s Sons, And *Priam*'s Iſſue, and the Sons of *Panthous*, Matches for Gods, in Beauty! were unborn; For then the gay and bloomy Flow'r of Youth Smil'd in his Face, and wanton'd in his Eyes.

But *Neptune*, by *Idomeneus*'s Spear, Fell'd the illuſtrious Hero to the Ground, And clos'd his Eyes in everlaſting Night: For when he ſaw inevitable Doom Hang o'er his Head, confounded and amaz'd, Like a fix'd Pillar, motionleſs he ſtood, Or like a Tree with branchy Honours crown'd, When every Breath of Wind impriſon'd ſleeps. And now the Spear, hurl'd by *Idomeneus*, Impetuous flew, and ſung along the Air, And burſt his brazen Breaſt-plate; by the Blow The Armour rang, and gave a jarring Sound: It pierc'd his very Heart; with ſuch ſtrong Bounces The beating Heart reſulted, that (*r*) the Spear Shook in the Blood, and

Manuſcript-Editions of *Homer*, and which he himſelf gives us in his Remarks; they are in my Opinion abſolutely neceſſary to be inſerted: for beſides that *Homer* won'd not have given the Preference to *Alcathous* over the Sons of *Antenor*, and much leſs over thoſe of *Priam*, it is neceſſary that the Reader ſhou'd not be ignorant of the Age of *Alcathous*; but without theſe Verſes one might take him for a young Man, whereas by the Sequel, we find he was aged, having brought up *Æneas*: theſe are the Verſes which don't appear unworthy ſo great a Poet.

Πρὶν Ἀντηνορίδας τεκεῖσθαι
καὶ Πανθόϊ ὄφρα
Πειραμίδας θ' οἳ τρωσὶ μετ-
ιπποδάμοισιν
Ἔσαν ἠΰ' ἥβην ἔχον, ὄφελλε δὲ
κούρειον ἄνθος.

I have already remark'd, that thro' the Negligence of Tranſcribers, or the corrupted Taſte of Criticks, ſuch Paſſages have been often loſt in *Homer*.

Mr. *Barnes* is of opinion, that theſe three Lines are not Genuine, and he himſelf has added a fourth.

(*r*) *The Spear*, &c.] The Word which is here render'd *Spear*, is *Mars*, and 'tis put here as well as in other Places,

trembled

trembled in the Wound. Then down he tumbled to th' enſanguin'd Earth, The clanking Armour thunder'd o'er the Plain, And the deſtructive Spear diſmiſs'd his Soul Indignant, to the awful Shades of *Night*. Then thus *Idomeneus*, inſulting, ſpoke:

" Does it, *Deiphobus*, ſufficient ſeem, That " for one ſlain, to expiate his Death, Three " Victims thus are fal'n? if not approach, And " try the Valour of the Seed of *Jove*. For, to " inform thee, (*s*) from the Loins of *Jove*, " *Minos*, the King of *Crete*, deſcends; from *Minos Deucalion* ſprings, and from *Deucalion* I. " But to this War I came from *Creta*'s Shores,

for the Inſtrument that gives the Death's Wound; this is a Paſſage very beautiful and natural, to repreſent the Strength of this Hero. The Spear is ſhook by the Palpitations of his Heart, and moves according to its Motions.

(*s*) *From the Loins of* Jove, Minos.] The Text ſays, *he was the firſt Father of* Minos, ὃς πρῶτος Μίνωα τέκε· or as *Euſtathius* places it, *he was the Father of the firſt* Minos, ὃς πρῶτον Μίνωα τέκε. Now it is falſe, that *Jupiter* was the Father of *Minos*, the Father of *Deucalion*. This ſecond *Minos* was only his Great Grandſon. This Paſſage is worthy our Conſideration, for it diſtinguiſhes admirably well the two *Minos*'s, who were both Kings of *Crete*, and whom the ancient Writers frequently confound. I will therefore give you the Fact, which alone can clear this Verſe of *Homer*'s. *Jupiter* having raviſh'd *Europa*, had by her three Sons, *Minos*, *Rhadamanthus*, and *Sarpedon*: *Aſterius* King of *Crete* afterwards marry'd this Princeſs, and having no Iſſue by her, he adopted thoſe which ſhe had by *Jupiter*: after his Death, *Minos* ſucceeded to the Kingdom, and marry'd *Itona*, of whom he had *Lycaſtus*, who eſpous'd *Ida*; he had a Son by her, and gave him the Name of *Minos*. This was *Minos* the ſecond, the Father of *Deucalion*. Thus *Diodorus*, Book iv. ſpeaks, where *Idomeneus* having ſpoken of the firſt *Minos*, the true Son of *Jupiter*, paſſes to the ſecond *Minos*, who was only his Great Grandſon, and makes no mention of *Lycaſtus*, Son of the firſt *Minos*, and Father of the ſecond.

" Sad

" Sad Source of Woe to thee and to thy Fa-
" ther, And all th' unhappy Sons of haughty
" *Troy!*

Mean time, *Deïphobus*, conſidering ſtood, Whether to take ſome *Trojan* to his Aid Aſſociate in the War, or ſingly march Againſt *Idomeneus*. At laſt he ſtrode, With haſty Steps, to call *Anchiſes'* Son: Him in the Rear he found; (*t*) for he, inflam'd With Rage, advanc'd not to the Battle's Front. For tho' his Proweſs in the Combat ſhone Conſpicuous to whole *Troy*, injurious *Priam* Refus'd to recompenſe his manly Deeds: To him, *Deïphobus* approaching, ſpoke:

" If a ſlain Brother any Sorrow claims, If
" any Honour's due to his Remains, Come to
" the Fight! for lo! *Alcathous*, Slain by the
" *Greeks*, lies breathleſs on the Ground; And
" he, *Æneas*, train'd your tender Years With
" Fondneſs of a Father, in his Court; Then
" reſcue from the *Greeks* his bloody Corſe,
" And pay his Aſhes what you ow'd his Life.

(*t*) *For he, inflam'd.*] *Homer* here gives the Reaſon why *Æneas* did not advance to the Front of the Battle; 'twas becauſe he ſerv'd *Priam* with Regret; and that too, was rather to preſerve his own Reputation, than to aſſiſt him. This Paſſage is entirely hiſtorical; and we have a very remarkable Tradition of the Antients, by which we explain it: they tell us, that *Priam* was jealous of *Æneas*, becauſe the *Oracles* had declar'd, that he ſhou'd one Day reign over *Troy*; this is the Reaſon why *Priam*, that he might make him little in the Eyes of the People, diſregarded, and gave him no Marks of his Eſteem: But as all the Precautions of Man are of none Effect againſt Deſtiny, the Oracle was accompliſh'd. *Æneas* reign'd over *Troy*, and his Poſterity after him, as *Homer* himſelf teſtifies in the 20th Book.

Inflam'd

Inflam'd at this, againſt *Idomeneus* *Æneas* march'd; he ſaw the Chief approach With Looks that ſpoke Defiance; firm he ſtood, Nor fled the Combat. As the ſavage Boar, That from a Mountain ſees the furious Hounds, And Hunters ready to aſſault his Hold, Collects his Strength, and meditates the War; His ſtiffen'd Briſtles, like a Wood of Spears, Erected ſtand; his fiery Eye-balls roll, And flaſh with Flames; he whets his dreadful Tusks, And ſtands prepar'd to diſſipate the War: So ſtood *Idomeneus*; but to his Aid He call'd *Aſcalaphus*, and *Aphareus*, *Antilochus*, *Merion*, and *Deipyrus*.

" Haſte to my Aid, he cry'd, my Warrior " Friends! For how alone ſhall I maintain the " Battle, When, lo! *Æneas* with gigantick " Stalk Comes tow'ring to the Fight? And " oft your Eyes Have ſeen him deal Deſtruction " to the *Greeks*: He too is young; and in the " Flow'r of Youth Strong are the Sinews, and " well-ſtrung the Nerves. Did equal Youth " inform theſe wither'd Arms, I'd dare the " Hero to the ſingle Combat, And fall with " Glory, or with Glory conquer.

He ſpoke; and they advanc'd to meet *Æneas*. Now when he ſaw from far the gathering Storm, He call'd *Agenor*, and *Deïphobus*, And *Paris*, to partake the bloody Day: Then on they march'd; behind a gallant Train Of *Trojans* follow'd eager for the Fight. (*u*) As when the Leader of the woolly Flock In ſome

(*u*) *As when the Leader of the woolly Flock.*] *Homer*, whether he treats of the Cuſtoms of Men or Beaſts, is always a faithful Interpreter of Nature. When Sheep leave

clear

clear Fountain, or ſome chryſtal Flood, Prepares to lay his Thirſt, the fleecy Train Forſakes the Paſture, and the verdant Meads, And throngs the Leaders Steps; with raviſh'd Eyes The joyous Shepherd views the pleaſing Sight: With equal Joy *Æneas* in Array Beheld the *Trojans* moving to the Fight. Now o'er the Body of *Alcathoüs* The Battle kindled into ten-fold Rage: The Darts flew adverſe, and the ſounding Arms Bray'd horrible, and rent the ſuff'ring Air. Mean time, *Æneas* and *Idomeneus* Burnt with Impatience to behold the Blood Follow their Spears, and drench the Crimſon Plain. And now *Æneas* launch'd a dreadful Spear: It err'd, but flew impetuous; deep in Earth It forc'd its way, and quiver'd in the Ground. *Idomeneus* then ſmote *Ænomaus*: He fell, and bit the Earth; but in the Fall His Bowels tumbled from the gaping Wound: Then from the Corſe the Victor drew his Spear, But bore not off the Arms; for Show'rs of Darts On ev'ry ſide him fell; and Length of Days Stiffen'd his Body, and benumb'd his Knees: Unactive now he was, to preſs the Foe That flew, or fly when preſs'd in hardy Fight. Then as he march'd with Slowneſs from the Field, Again *Deiphobus* diſcharg'd his Spear

the Paſture and drink freely, it is a certain Sign, that they have found good Paſturage, and that they are all ſound; 'tis therefore upon this account, that *Homer* ſays the Shepherd rejoices. *Homer*, we find, well underſtood what *Ariſtotle* many Ages after him remark'd, *viz.* that Sheep grow fat by drinking: this therefore is the Reaſon, why Shepherds are accuſtom'd to give their Flocks a certain Quantity of Salt every five Days in the Summer, that they may by this means drink the more abundantly.

Impetuous

Impetuous at *Idomeneus*; (*w*) a bitter Hate He bore him unrelenting; (*x*) but again It widely err'd; yet 'twas not ſent in vain, But ſlew *Aſcalaphus*, the Son of *Mars*. But *Mars* beheld not his unhappy Son When ſlain in Battle: On *Olympus'* Heights He ſate, environ'd with a Cloud of Gold; There all the Gods of Heav'n, whom *Jove*'s Decrees Detain'd from Fight, a glorious Synod! met.

Now o'er the Body of *Aſcalaphus* A ſharp Encounter roſe; *Deïphobus* From the dead Corſe had ſtript a beamy Helm: On him *Merion*, like the God of War, Impetuous ruſh'd, and dealt a noble Blow Upon his Arm: down fell the glitt'ring Helm, And ſounded o'er the Plain. Again *Merion*, Like a fierce Vultur greedy of his Prey, Flew on the Foe, and from his tortur'd Arm Forc'd back the Spear; Blood ſpouted from the Wound. Him from the Throng of War, and Hiſs of Darts, *Polites* led in ſafety to the Rear; For there his Steeds, and there his Chariot ſtood, Which thence convey'd him to the Tow'rs of *Troy*.

Still bloody was the Fight, ſtill thouſands fell, And Shouts like Thunder ſhook the very

(*w*) *A bitter Hate he bore him unrelenting.*] *Homer* does not tell us the Occaſion of this Hatred; but ſince his Days, *Simonides* and *Ibicus* write, that *Idomeneus* and *Deïphobus* were Rivals, and both in love with *Helen*; this very well agrees with the antient Tradition which *Euripides* and *Virgil* have follow'd: for after the Death of *Paris*, they tell us ſhe was eſpous'd to *Deïphobus*.

(*x*) *But again it*, &c.] I here follow Mr. *Barnes*'s Interpretation, who thus explains this Paſſage; and his Explanation appears very juſt, for a little above we find *Deïphobus* had hurl'd a Spear, but miſs'd *Idomeneus*.

Heav'ns.

Heav'ns. Now on * *Caletor's* Son *Æneas* ruſh'd, And urg'd his fatal Jav'lin thro' his Neck; His bending Head, weigh'd by his Helmet down, Reclin'd upon his Shoulder, and in Death An everlaſting Slumber clos'd his Eyes. Mean time *Antilochus* beheld afar, And drove at *Thoon*, as he left the Field; He reach'd him with his Spear, and cut the Vein Which from the Neck adown the Back deſcends. He fell, and grovel'd in the duſty Blood: Then forth he ſprung, to bear away his Arms, But turn'd his Eyes with Caution all around, To ſave himſelf from Danger; for the *Trojans* From ev'ry Quarter pour'd a Show'r of Spears, That rang upon his Shield, but all the Darts Play'd round him innocent; for on that day, *Neptune*, the Ruler of the raging Main, Preſerv'd the Hero, tho' to mortal Eyes Inviſible: the circling Bands of *Troy* Bore hard upon him, while his deadly Spear Dealt Fate around, and drank the *Trojan* Blood.

Now youthful *Acamas*, the Son of *Aſius*, Approach'd *Antilochus*, and hurl'd his Spear; It ſtruck the Center of his moony Shield; But th' Ocean's Ruler interpos'd his Aid, And ſtopt the flying Death. In twain the Spear Broke in the Buckler; deep inſix'd, one half Remain'd, the other tumbled to the Ground. Then *Acamas* retreated from the Field, In hopes to ſcape his Doom; but ſtrait *Merion* Below his Navel plung'd his fatal Spear, Where the leaſt Wound inflicts a certain

* *Aphareus* was the Son of *Caletor*.

Death; Deep went the Point, and fell'd him to the Ground. As when the Swains upon a Mountain's Height, Bind a wild Bull with complicated Bonds, Reſtive he fights, and ſtruggles with his Chains: So ſtruggled he, till with a ſprightly Bound In ruſh'd *Meriones*, and from the Wound Tore out the Jav'lin, drunk with goary Blood; And then an Iron Slumber clos'd his Eyes.

But *Helenus*, impatient to avenge The Death of *Acamas*, a noble Blow Aim'd at *Deïpyrus*: on high in Air He whirl'd his *Thracian* Sword, that made around Circles of Flames; then with a Force impetuous, Down like a Tempeſt on his Helm it ruſh'd, And cleft his Temples and his Helm aſunder; Then an eternal Darkneſs veil'd his Eyes. With Sorrow *Menelaus* ſaw his Doom, And breathing Slaughter, with a martial Stalk, Strode tow'rds the *Trojan*; an enormous Spear He brandiſh'd in his Hand; a well-ſtrung Bow Brave *Helenus* aſſum'd: then both at once Diſcharg'd the various Inſtruments of Death: The Son of *Priam* ſmote *Atrides'* Breaſt-plate, But back the Dart impetuouſly recoil'd. (*y*) As in the middle of a ſpacious Plain, When Lab'rers ply the Fan,

(*y*) *As in the middle of a ſpacious Plain.*] There is not perhaps a Paſſage in all *Homer*, which gives us a better Inſtance of the wonderful Art this Poet had, of ennobling and raiſing the moſt vulgar and common Subjects; he here borrows a Compariſon drawn from *Peaſe* and *Beans*, when they are winnow'd; but the Names of the *Greek* Words which ſtand for 'em, are much more ſonorous than thoſe in our Language; there is a Harmony in χυαμοι and ερεβινθοι, which our Words want; and by the Magnificence of the Epithets

on

on high in Air, Borne by a ſudden Blaſt, the golden Grain Mounts to the Skies, and ſhoots along the Clouds: So back the Arrow bounded from the Arms. Then *Menelaüs* dealt a noble Blow Upon the Hand of *Helenus*, which graſp'd The twanging Bow: back with a ſprightly Bound He leap'd to ſhun his Doom; and o'er the Ground Trail'd the dread Spear, and mark'd the Duſt with Blood: The Spear *Agenor* from his Hand withdrew, (z) And bound it with the

that he joins to them, by the Nobleneſs of the Terms, with which he imbelliſhes them, and by the ſurprizing Harmony, in which he dreſſes the whole Compariſon; he ſo beautifies a common Thought, that it becomes exceedingly charming. I have not follow'd him in my Tranſlation; for our Language wants both Harmony and Epithets, to raiſe ſuch Words as Beans or Peaſe. This Place alone is ſufficient to ſhew us the great Difference there is between the two Languages; but I am very much ſurpriz'd, that none of our modern *Zoilus's*, who take ſo much Pains to make *Homer* look ridiculous, never took Advantage of this Compariſon; for certainly it wou'd be ridiculous for us to ſay, *As Beans and Peaſe leap into the Air.* The greateſt Part of thoſe who do not underſtand the *Greek*, wou'd be deceiv'd, and ſubſcribe to ſuch a Criticiſm; but they who are acquainted with *Homer*, wou'd think the Critic ridiculous, not the Original; and wou'd contemn him for not perceiving the infinite Difference there is between ſuch trivial and low Expreſſions, and thoſe with which this Poet adorns the Compariſon: his Words perfectly diſplay the enchanting Power of Poetry, which relates with Pomp and Magnificence the moſt minute Things; and which employs the moſt common Terms with ſo much Art and Induſtry, that it makes them Noble and Harmonious. *Euſtathius* tells us, that the Antients admir'd *Homer* in this Paſſage, for being able to elevate a Thought ſo plain and common, and make it beautifully Magnificent.

(z) *And bound it with the Wool that form'd a Sling.*] An antient *Scholiaſt*, cited by *Euſtathius*, remarks, that *Homer* ſays, *with the Wool of a Sling*; becauſe, in his Days, the Slings were made of ſpun Wool, and not of ſuch Materials as they have ſince been made; for Wool, by ſtretching and expanding itſelf, en-

Wool that form'd a Sling, which in his Hand a *Trojan* bore to Battle.

Piſander then advanc'd: unhappy Stars With baleful Influence drew him to his Doom, To fall, O *Menelaüs*, by thy Sword. And now *Atrides* hurl'd a pointed Spear; It err'd, and vainly ſung in empty Air. *Piſander* then infix'd a gallant Stroke Upon *Atrides'* Shield: the faithful Shield Receiv'd, and broke the diſappointed Dart. Then from the Belt, diſtinct with Studs of Gold, *Atrides* drew his Sword: and from his Side (*a*) A mighty Battle-ax *Piſander* took, And ſmote *Atrides'* Helm, whoſe plumy Creſt With dreadful Pride plays terrible in Air. Then *Menelaüs* whirl'd on high his Sword, And thro' his Forehead urg'd the biting Death. The Bones all craſh'd; and from their goary Orbs The clotted Eye-balls tumbled to the Ground, And he extended lay in Duſt and Blood. The Victor then beſtrode the ghaſtly Corſe, Stript off the Arms, and thus with Inſults ſpoke:

"(*b*) 'Tis thus, perfidious *Trojans*, whoſe "dire Thirſt Of Slaughter is inſatiable; 'tis

thos'd the Stone much more commodiouſly, and increas'd its Swiftneſs in Motion. The Poet adds, *Which one of the Soldiers bore*; the Sling not being the Arms of a Hero.

(*a*) *A Battle-ax* Piſander *took.*] *Homer* never aſcribes the Battle-ax to any of his Warriors, but *Barbarians*; for, as *Euſtathius* obſerves, the Ax was not us'd by the more polite Nations; thus this was the Favourite Weapon of the *Amazons*.

(*b*) *'Tis thus, perfidious* Trojans.] In the third Book, *Homer* has given us a great Idea of the Eloquence of *Menelaus*, where he tells us, he ſpoke but little, and was an Enemy to long Diſcourſes; but whatever he ſaid, was delivered with a great deal of Strength and Beauty; and his Diſcourſes were always

"thus,

" thus, You ſhall be taught to leave the *Grecian*
" Navy! Audacious! impious Men! you never
" dread The Vengeance of great *Jove*, who
" from his Arm Launches the Lightnings and
" vindictive Thunders; Of mighty *Jove*!
" who awful o'er the Laws Of ſacred Hoſpita-
" lity preſides, Who will not fail to puniſh
" your Affronts, And lay the Palaces of *Troy*
" in Aſhes! Ingrates! who pillag'd my Impe-
" rial Court, (*c*) Who bore away my Spouſe, that
" entertain'd The faithleſs *Trojan* like a Royal
" Gueſt! And do you thus, ingrateful Sons of
" *Troy*! Our Favours thus repay? and now
" prepare To fire our Navy, which demands
" Redreſs? (*d*) 'Tis ſaid, Great *Jove*, that with
" ſuperior Wiſdom Thou rul'ſt the Kingdoms
" both of Men and Gods; How from Almighty
" Wiſdom then proceed Such Ills as theſe?
" how can thy Favour thus Protect an impious

juſt. We have here an Inſtance of it; for what *Menelaus* here ſays, comes up to the Character before aſcribed to him: here we find Strength, Beauty, Juſtneſs, and Brevity.

(*c*) *Who bore away my Spouſe.*] The Text ſays, *my Spouſe, whom I marry'd a Virgin*, as in *Heſychius*, γαμετὴ, ἐκ παρθενίας γαμεῖται: this is what is meant in the holy Books, by γυνὴ παρθενίας, *mulier virginitatis, mulier virgo ducta, a Woman in her Virginity, a Woman marry'd when a Virgin.* Hence we may infer, that *Homer* knew nothing of the Rape of *Helen* by *Theſeus*, as it is related by *Plutarch*; but it may be, that *Theſeus* having carry'd her away, when as yet ſhe was but a Child, and not marriageable, as *Plutarch* poſitively aſſerts, ſhe might be deliver'd by her Brothers *Caſtor* and *Pollux*, before *Theſeus* had eſpous'd her; and thus *Menelaus* might be her firſt Husband.

(*d*) *'Tis ſaid, Great Jove, that with ſuperior Wiſdom.*] *Menelaus* here ſpeaks like an irritated Man, *'tis ſaid*; as if he look'd upon that great Truth as a Counterfeit and Fable, and as if Experience had prov'd it to be ſo.

" Race, whoſe Sport is Blood; Whoſe Joy is
" Devaſtation, and dire War? (e) In ev'ry
" thing but War there is a Mean; In Love en-
" dearing, in refreſhing Sleep; In the ſweet
" Song, and in the (f) comely Dance, More
" worthy our Purſuit than hideous War. Yet
" theſe unhappy *Trojans* rage for Battle; And
" tho' they're drunk with Blood, ſtill thirſt for
" more.

He ſpoke, and gave the Arms to his Attendants; Then ruſh'd again impetuous to the Fight.

Harpalion now, *Pylæmenes*'s Son, Who left his deareſt Friends and native Shores (Which he again muſt never more behold) T'attend his Father to the War of *Troy*, Advanc'd againſt *Atrides*; with a Spear He ſmote the Center of his brazen Shield. Aloud the Armour rang, and back the Spear Recoil'd, and enter'd not: at him *Merion* Drew with full Strength his Bow; the Arrow flew Swift from the twanging String; and thro' his Loins With Fury

(e) *In every thing but War there is a Mean.*] Theſe Words comprehend a very natural Sentiment, which perfectly ſhews the wonderful Folly of Men: they are ſoon weary'd with the moſt agreeable Things, when they are innocent, but never with the moſt toilſome Things in the World, when injuſt and criminal: I believe this Paſſage furniſh'd *Ariſtophanes*, who only ſtudy'd to make his Audience laugh, with all the Pleaſantry which we find in the firſt Act of his *Plutus*.

(f) *The comely Dance.*] The *Greek* ſays, *the irreprehenſible, the honourable Dance*, ἀμύμονος ὀρχηθμοῖο· by this Epithet, *Homer* ſhews us, that two ſorts of Dances were practis'd in thoſe Times; the one was becoming of the wiſeſt Perſonages, the other was only uſed by Debauchees.

urg'd

urg'd its Way: ſtagg'ring he reel'd, (g) Then tumbled to the Ground; a Stream of Blood Guſh'd from the Wound, and dy'd the crimſon Plain. Then to his Car the *Paphlagonian* Warriors, With Lamentations, and with heaving Sighs, Bore off the Body; in the weeping Train (h) His mournful Father, with a Flood of Tears, Moaning his Son's, and his unhappy Fate, Follow'd the melancholy Pomp to *Troy*.

Then *Paris*, to revenge *Harpalion*'s Fall, Burnt with Impatience, for in former days, In *Paphlagonia* he had been his Gueſt.

There was a Man, *Eucheno*r nam'd, (i) the Son Of *Polyidus*, an illuſtrious Prophet: He

(g) *Then tumbled to the Ground.*] The Text runs thus; *He lay extended in the Duſt like a Worm. Euſtathius* remarks, that by this low Compariſon, *Homer* had a mind to debaſe this *Harpalion*, and to let us know, that he had nothing Noble or Generous in him; or elſe to ſhew his long extended Stature.

(h) *His mournful Father with a Flood of Tears.*] We have ſeen in the 5th Book, that *Pylæmenes*, General of the *Paphlagonians*, is ſlain. How comes it to paſs then, that he here follows the Chariot of his Son? Certain Antients tell us, that it was the Ghoſt of the unhappy Father, who not being yet bury'd, ſtill wander'd upon the Earth. *Zenodotus*, not at all ſatisfy'd with this Solution, which really is not to be receiv'd, chang'd the Name *Pylæmenes* into that of *Kylæmenes*; others alter the Verſe, and inſert a Negative, thus; *his Father did not follow the Chariot with his Face bath'd in Tears.* But why ſhou'd we give ourſelves all this Trouble, when we may eaſily ſuppoſe, that there were two *Pylæmenes's*, as there were two *Schedius's*, two *Eurymedons*, three *Adraſtus's*, &c. and this is the Opinion of *Didymus*; though the Alteration which ſome have made, by inſerting the Negative, carries ſome Reſemblance of Truth; μετὰ δ' οὐ σὺν πατρὶ νίε. *his Father did not follow the Chariot with his Viſage bath'd in Tears.*

(i) *The Son of* Polyidus.] *Apollodorus*, in the beginning of his third Book, relates the Wonders of this *Polyidus*, the Son of *Cæranus*, and tells us, that he even recall'd to Life

dwelt at *Corinth*; for vaſt Stores of Gold, And for his Proweſs in the Fight renown'd. (*k*) Tho' of his Death forewarn'd, he ſail'd to *Troy*; For oft his Father, whoſe enlighten'd Eyes Had read the Book of Fate, foretold his Doom: If he declin'd the Dangers of the Field, The bitter Tortures of a dire Diſeaſe Shou'd bring him to his Grave, a ghaſtly Object! But if he ſhone conſpicuous in the War, He from the *Trojans* ſhou'd receive his Doom: Such was his Fate; and he, to ſhun the Pains, The racking Anguiſh of a lingring Death, (*l*) And to avoid the Penalty which *Greece* Fix'd upon thoſe who had

Glaucus, the Son of *Minos*; this was a Family of Prophets, Fore-Knowledge was hereditary to it, and deſcended from Father to Son; this is the Deſcent: *Melampus*, *Mantius*, *Clytus*, *Cæranus*, *Polyidus*, *Euchenor*.

(*k*) *Tho' of his Fate forewarn'd, he ſail'd to* Troy.] Thus we ſee *Euchenor* is like *Achilles*, who ſail'd to *Troy*, tho' he knew he ſhou'd fall before it; this might ſomewhat have prejudic'd the Character of *Achilles*; every Branch of which ought to be ſingle, and ſuperior to all others; and he ought to be without a Rival in every thing that ſpeaks a Hero: therefore we find two eſſential Differences between *Euchenor* and *Achilles*, which preſerve the Superiority of the Hero of the Poem; *Achilles*, if he had not ſail'd to *Troy*, had enjoy'd a long Life; but *Euchenor* had been ſoon cut off by ſome cruel Diſeaſe. *Achilles* being independent, and, as a King, cou'd have liv'd at Eaſe at home, without being obnoxious to any Diſgrace; but *Euchenor* being but a private Man, muſt either have gone to the War, or been expos'd to an ignominious Penalty.

(*l*) *And to avoid the Penalty.*] We may gather from this Paſſage, that antiently private Men were condemn'd to ſome Penalty, or ignominious Fine, who refus'd to go to the War, when the Prince call'd them to it: this therefore is the Reaſon why *Euchenor* went to *Troy*, though he knew he ſhould fall before it; he preferred a leſſer Evil, *viz.* to fall by the Sword, to two much greater, *viz.* Death by a painful lingring Diſeaſe, and Diſgrace; therefore there is no manner of a Similitude between him and *Achilles*. But I cannot ſufficiently wonder

refus'd

refus'd to bear An equal Labour in the promis'd War, Reſum'd his Arms, and ſail'd to meet his Fate. At him the Son of *Priam* aim'd a Dart: Faſt by his Ear took place the feather'd Death; And everlaſting Darkneſs veil'd his Eyes. Thus they all day with ten-fold Fury fought.

Mean time, dread *Hector*, in the adverſe Wing, Slaughter'd the *Greeks*, and bath'd his Sword in Blood; But knew not that the fainting Sons of *Troy* Fled on the Left, and fell before the *Greeks*. Now Victory, who long with dubious Wings Hover'd between the two conflicting Armies, Was ready to proclaim the *Greeks* the Victors; Such Aid the potent Ruler of the Floods On *Greece* beſtow'd. Still *Hector* urg'd his way Where firſt he ruſh'd, and where along the Shores *Proteſilaus'* Ship, and *Ajax'* ſtood, And (*m*) where the Wall was loweſt from the Ground. There fought the dreadful Thunderbolts of War; There the *Bœotians*, there th' *Ionians* ſtood; The *Locrians*, the *Epeans*, and the *Phthians*, And ſtrove to keep the well-diſputed Field; But fail'd to beat off *Hector*:

how it happen'd, that even in the beſt Edition of *Didymus*, this Verſe is thus render'd; *Ideo ſimul gravem cædem declinabat Græcorum.* Whereas it ought to have been render'd juſt in the contrary way; for *Euchenor* choſe to go to the War. The *Greek* plainly ſays, *Ideo ſimul gravem mulctam declinabat Græcorum*; that is, *He at the ſame time avoided a great Penalty, and a great Diſeaſe.*

(*m*) *Where the Wall was loweſt.*] This is the Reaſon why *Hector* attack'd this Part, becauſe the Wall was lower there than in other Places; and it was ſo, becauſe of the Neighbourhood of the Ships of *Ajax*, who himſelf was a ſufficient Rampart.

like a Flame, That ſometimes ſinks, then with redoubled Fury Aſcends on high, and mounts the very Heav'ns; He, when repuls'd, return'd again to Battle. (*n*) Th' *Athenians* ſtood the foremoſt in the Van: *Meneſtheus* was their Leader; by him fought *Phidas*, and *Stichius*, and Godlike *Bias*. Next in Array were drawn th' *Epean* Bands, Headed by *Meges*, *Dracius*, and *Amphion*. Laſt in the Battle's Rear (*o*) the *Phthians* ſtood, And *Medon* and * *Podarces* were their Chiefs: *Medon!* the Brother of illuſtrious *Ajax*, The gallant Son of *Oileus'* ſtol'n Delights: He from his deareſt Friends, and native Shores, In diſtant *Phylace*, a baniſh'd Man, Had ſpent his Years; for by his murd'rous Sword Fell *Eriopis'* Brother; ſhe was Conſort To *Oileus*, Father to illuſtrious *Medon*: But from ſtout *Iphiclus Podarces* ſprung. Theſe led the *Phthian* and *Bœotian* Bands.

Now from the Side of *Telamonian Ajax* The Son of *Oileus* ſtray'd not in the Fight: But as two lordly Bulls of equal Strength, Force

(*n*) *Th'* Athenians *ſtood the foremoſt in the Van.*] The *Athenians* are the ſame with thoſe whom he calls *Ionians*, in the ſhort Catalogue which he has given us; thus *Attica* was the true *Ionia*. *Homer* calls the *Ionians*, ἑλκεχίτωνας, *long-robed*; becauſe in former Times, the *Ionians* wore Cloaks that reach'd down to their very Heels; and 'tis ſaid, that this Cuſtom continu'd till the Time of *Pericles*. *Homer* does not confine himſelf to the fore-mention'd Order, where he places the *Bœotians* firſt.

(*o*) *The* Phthians.] Theſe *Phthians* were not the Troops of *Achilles*, for they were call'd Φθιῶται; but they were the Troops of *Proteſilaus* and *Philoctetes*.

* *Podarces.*] The Verſe is Μενεσθόλεμός τε Ποδάρκης. Madam *Dacier* renders it, *pedibus celer Menoptolemus*; but Mr. *Barnes* ſhews us, that it ſhould be *bellicoſus Podarces*.

the

the bright Plough-ſhare thro' the fallow Ground; Divided only by the poliſh'd Beam, They cleave the Boſom of the Parent Earth, And trace large Furrows o'er the fruitful Field, While Streams of Sweat flow down their low'ring Fronts; Thus they together labour'd in the Battle: But Trains of *Greeks*, Companions in the War, Follow'd the Steps of *Telamonian Ajax*; (*p*) They bore by turns his pond'rous ſev'n-fold Shield, When Slaughter weaken'd his deſtructive Arms. But no Companions follow'd *Oileus'* Son; For he the *Locrians* led, and they bore Arms Unfit and uſeleſs in the ſtanding Fight. No brazen Helms adorn'd, with horrid Pride, Their Heads, no Shields their Breaſts, no Spears their Hands; Expert they came to draw the twanging Bow, Or from the Sling precipitate the Stones; With theſe they chas'd the *Trojans* o'er the Plain, Or laid 'em breathleſs on the bloody Ground. The *Telamonian* Warriors in the Van Drove on the *Trojans*, (*q*) while the Bands of *Oileus* Darken'd the Heav'ns with Arrows from the Rear.

(*p*) *They bore by turns his ponderous ſev'n-fold Shield.*] *Who receiv'd, or bore his Shield*, οἱ οἱ σάκος ἀξεδέχοντο. *Homer* ſays this, to ſhew the prodigious Valour of *Ajax*; he does not only fight while he is freſh and vigorous, but even when he is ſpent with Labour, and Sweat, he does not retreat, but makes his Companions ſuſtain his Shield, and ſtands like a ſtrong Rampart againſt the Enemy: ſuch an Inſtance of Valour is not elſewhere to be found.

(*q*) *While the Bands of* Oileus *darken'd the Heav'ns with Arrows from the Rear.*] The Slingers and Archers cannot fight in the main Battle; they muſt neceſſarily ſtand in the Rear, or in the Wings: *Homer* does not fail to aſſign the Warriors different Poſts, according to their Arms and Quality.

And now the *Greeks* had puſh'd the Sons of *Troy* Back to the very Gates of lofty *Ilium*, Had not *Polydamas* thus ſpoke to *Hector*:

" Your warlike Soul, O *Hector*, never deigns
" To follow Counſel, and the Voice of Wiſ-
" dom; The Gods, indeed, have crown'd
" your matchleſs Arms With Strength and
" Vigour for the open Field; But ſhou'd you
" thence ſuperiour Wiſdom claim? Let that
" ſuffice, nor ſingly hope to gain The various
" Virtues which the World adorn! Great
" *Jove*, indulgent to the Race of Man, (r)
" Crowns ſome with Vigour for heroick Deeds,

(r) *Jove —— crowns ſome with Vigour.*] As Verſes have been frequently retrench'd from *Homer*, ſo Verſes have been frequently aſcrib'd to him, which are really not genuine; this has happen'd in this Place, where *Zenodotus* has added this:

Ἄλλῳ δ' ὀρχηστὺν ἐπίφρων κίθαριν καὶ ἀοιδήν.

One in the graceful Dance with Beauty moves,
He gently touches the loquacious Strings,
Or ſweetly warbles the harmonious Song.

Who is there that does not ſee, as *Euſtathius* very well obſerves, that this is entirely foreign, and diſgraces the Thought of *Homer*, whoſe only Aim is to oppoſe Wiſdom to Strength, in ſhewing that they ſeldom meet in the ſame Perſon? How often have the beſt Authors ſuffer'd by the Impudence of vile Criticks? Yet *Lucian* authorizes this Addition, and receives it as Genuine; for he had this Paſſage in his View, when he wrote his Treatiſe upon Dancing, where he ſays, *In one Place, the Poet makes a Parallel between Dancing and War; where he ſays, that the Gods give to ſome Men Valour, to others a graceful Manner in Singing or Dancing; as if theſe divine Qualities were the Gifts of Heav'n. In another Place, he makes a Diviſion of all Things into Peace and War, and makes the Dance and Muſick, the Symbols of Peace:* But *Lucian* did not examine the Text of *Homer* with Care; he took it as he found it, deſiring only to make a preſent Advantage of it, in proving what he was about. [Nevertheleſs,

" And

" And ſome with Prudence, and illumin'd
" Minds; And they are publick Bleſſings to
" Mankind; (s) They Cities ſave, and re-
" eſtabliſh Thrones: I'll therefore ſpeak what
" to my Eyes appears Needful for Me to ſpeak,
" and You perform. For lo! on ev'ry ſide the
" Jaws of War Are ready to devour us! now
" the *Trojans*, Spent in the Fight, in part re-
" treat from Arms, And part are ſlaughter'd in
" unequal Battle. Retire then, *Hector*, and to
" Council call The Godlike Leaders of illu-
" ſtrious *Troy*. Let us determine there to fall
" impetuous Upon the Fleet, till the dread
" King of Heav'n Crowns us with Conqueſt;
" or return to *Troy*. For much I fear, leſt
" now the *Greeks* (t) repay What yeſterday

Mr. *Barnes* thinks the Verſe genuine, and ſhews us, that *Lucian* confounds it with one in the *Odyſſey*. For my part, I can by no means think that this Verſe diſgraces the Thought of *Homer*, he did not entertain a mean Opinion of Dancing, as we find by what he ſays a little above, Verſe 637. where he calls it *a commendable Qualification*; other Nations too look'd upon it with Honour, and *David* is repreſented in the Scriptures as dancing before the Ark. Neither is there any Weight in the Argument which Madam *Dacier* draws from the particular Oppoſition between Wiſdom and Strength; ſince it is evident from the Expreſſions of *Homer*, that he ſpoke in general Terms; for I cannot ſee how ἅμα πάντες can ſignify Wiſdom only. The various Perfections, ſays he, of all Mankind never meet in one Man; ſome excell in Wiſdom, ſome in Dancing, and ſome in Strength.]

(s) *They Cities ſave, and re-eſtabliſh Thrones.*] *Homer* does not aſcribe the Saving of Cities and Nations to Strength, but to Wiſdom: Strength, on the contrary, often ruins and deſtroys whole Kingdoms.

(t) *Leſt now the* Greeks *repay what yeſterday we lent.*] This is a Metaphor drawn from Commerce; *viz. I am afraid leſt the* Greeks *return with Intereſt, what we lent them yeſterday*: but we muſt here reſtore ἀποτίσωσι, to the Place of ἀποτίσωμεν, which was certainly

" we

" we lent; for in the Tents *(u)* Still ſtays
" that dreadful Thunderbolt of War; And he,
" enamour'd with the horrid Charms Of Battle,
" will reſume his fatal Sword.

He ſpoke: and *Priam*'s Son approv'd his Words; *(v)* Then from his Chariot leaping to the Ground, He to *Polydamas* made this Reply:

" Stay here, *Polydamas*, and here retain *Troy*'s
" braveſt Sons, while to the Front of War
" *(w)* I march to give my Orders; then with
" Speed, I'll haſte to Council from the Throng
" of Battle.

Thus *Hector* ſpoke; and *(x)* like a tow'ring Mountain Crown'd with a Depth of Snow, he held his way Conſpicuous thro' the Files of War;

inſerted for the worſe, by ſome of the antient Criticks; ἀντιστήσονται αὐτὴ τῇ ἀποτιμήσει. That is to ſay, *They won't weigh it in the Scales to make the Payment.*

(u) Still ſtays that dreadful Thunderbolt of War.] *Polydamas* here ſpeaks of *Achilles*, but does not name him, for fear of diſpleaſing *Hector*, and making him obſtinately bent on the Fight, by awakening his Jealouſy.

(v) Then from his Chariot, &c.] *Hector*, as we have ſeen, by the Advice of *Polydamas* quitted his Chariot, and forc'd the Trenches on Foot, while *Aſius* only rode to Battle in his Chariot. I confeſs, I am at a loſs to reconcile this Place with the former, ſince no mention is made of *Hector*'s returning to his Chariot. *Homer* has told us, that he fought on Foot; how then comes he now to tell us, that he deſcended from his Chariot?

(w) I march to give my Orders.]. *Hector* cou'd not execute the Advice of *Polydamas*, without firſt viſiting the Attacks, and giving his Orders; to the end that the *Trojans* might ſtand their ground, while he was in Conſultation with the Generals.

(x) Like a Mountain crown'd with Snow.] The prodigious Stature of *Hector*, and the Luſtre of his Arms, which made him conſpicuous at a great Diſtance, furniſh'd *Homer* with this Image.

aloud

aloud He call'd the *Trojan* Chiefs, and at his Voice They throng'd around *Polydamas*; ſtill *Hector* March'd to the Van, to find *Deïphobus*, And *Acamas*, and *Aſius*, Son of *Hyrtacus*, And royal *Helenus*; but ſome he found Ghaſtly! enclos'd in Death's eternal Chains, And ſome transfix'd with deep and hideous Wounds. But on the Left he found illuſtrious *Paris*, Encouraging the *Trojans* to the Fight, And to him thus in Terms opprobrious ſaid:

" Ill-fated *Paris!* Womaniſh Impoſtor!
" Whoſe fair Outſide conceals a Coward Soul!
" (y) Where is *Deïphobus*; and where is *Aſius*,
" Where *Acamas*, and where *Othryoneus*, And
" *Helenus*? Alas! the Hour is come When
" *Troy* ſhall tumble from her tow'ry Height,
" And *Greece* ſhall puniſh thee, uxorious Man,
" For thy Injuſtice, and unhappy Loves!

To whom he thus: " And why to me, O
" *Hector*, This dire Reproach? indeed, in o-
" ther Fights You juſtly might accuſe my Cow-
" ard Deeds; But ſince your Valour forc'd the
" *Grecian* Camp, I have not ceas'd to mingle
" in the War, And ſcatter Slaughter from my
" fatal Bow. But on the bloody Ground thoſe

(y) *Where is* Deiphobus?] The Reproaches which *Hector* here makes to *Paris*, gives us the Character of this Hero, who in many things reſembles *Achilles*; he being like him, injuſt, violent, and impetuous, and made no Diſtinction between the Innocent and Criminal. 'Tis he who is obſtinate in attacking the Intrenchments, yet asks an Account of thoſe who were ſlain in the Attack from *Paris*; and though he ought to blame himſelf for their Deaths, yet he ſpeaks to *Paris*, as if through his Cowardice he had ſuffer'd theſe to be ſlain, whom he might have preſerv'd, if he had fought courageouſly.

" gallant

" gallant Men, For whom you thus enquire,
" extended lie: *Deïphobus* alone and *Helenus*
" Survive, and *Jove* with his Almighty Shield
" Preſerv'd them from their Ruin; for with
" Wounds Transfix'd they dye with Blood the
" bluſhing Plain. But lead me to the Fight;
" my ardent Soul Thirſts for the Battle; and
" while chearful Blood Informs this Body, by
" thy Side I'll war: The braveſt Man can only
" bravely die.

Thus *Paris* ſpoke, and mov'd the Soul of *Hector*. Then, where the Fury of the Battle rag'd, They bent their Courſe; with them *Cebriones*, *Polydamas*, and *Phalces*, and *Othræus*; Brave *Polypætes*, and *Aſcanius*, *Palmys*, and *Morys* from *Hippolion* ſprung, (z) (Who, to relieve the Troops, were juſt arriv'd, Which from *Aſcania* came to ſhare the War) Ruſh'd forward to the Fight, and ſhone in Arms.

As when a dreadful Hurricane of Winds Burſts from the Clouds, while from the gloomy Skies Th' Almighty ſpeaks his Wrath in Peals

(z) *Who, to relieve the Troops.*] *Homer* expreſſes this by one word ἀμοιβοὶ. It is difficult to find the true Meaning of this Word, which has two Significations; for ἀμοιβοὶ may ſignify thoſe who ſucceed others, and take their place to relieve them; it may ſignify alſo thoſe who return the Services which have been done them. If you take it in the latter Senſe, *Homer* ſays they came to pay by their Services for the Succours which *Priam* had before lent them; but I believe this is not the Meaning of the Word, becauſe *Homer* adds, *They arriv'd at* Troy *the Day before*; they had been therefore very ſlow in returning the Good Offices to *Priam*. I therefore take it in the firſt Senſe the Length of the War might give the neighbouring States Opportunity to draw off their Forces from time to time, and ſend new ones in their rooms. By this *Homer* ſhews us a very remarkable Cuſtom, and beautifully diverſifies his Poetry.

of

of Thunder, And hurls his Lightning to diſtreſs the World; The dreadful Tempeſt ſettles on the Main, And plows the hoary Deep; the Seas reſound, The Billows riſe, and dreadful in Array Foam in the Heav'ns, and tumble to the Shores: Thus, in the horrid Pomp of War, the *Trojans* March'd to the Battle, while their beamy Arms Diffus'd a dreadful Luſtre to the Heav'ns. Like the pernicious God of Battles, *Hector* Led to the Onſet; and before his Breaſt Bore his enormous Shield, a mighty Orb! That like a Sun ſhed round him Beams of Day. His creſted Helm wav'd terrible in Air; And with a threatning Look, and martial Stalk, He ruſh'd againſt the *Greeks*; th' undaunted *Greeks* Strengthen'd their Ranks, impatient for the War.

Then the intrepid *Telamonian Ajax* Came tow'ring from the *Grecians*, arm'd in Gold, And bade Defiance to illuſtrious *Hector*.

" Come nearer, *Hector*; 'twas in vain you
" thought To terrify the *Greeks*. It is not Man
" That thus diſmays us, but the Hand of *Jove*,
" Who ſcourges, and afflicts th' unhappy *Greeks*.
" Buoy'd with vain Hopes you come, and
" fondly dream To fire our Navy; but behold
" the Hand Which ſhall repell, and diſſipate
" thy Rage, And firſt lay waſte the Palaces of
" *Troy*. The Hour will ſoon approach, when
" thou, O *Hector!* Stout as thou art, precipi-
" tate in Flight, Shalt pray to *Jove*, and all
" the heav'nly Pow'rs, To wing thy Horſes
" with the Speed of Hawks, That, cover'd in
" a Cloud of friendly Duſt, Thou mayſt with
" haſte regain the Walls of *Troy*.

He

He ſaid: and on the Right, on high in Air *Jove*'s Royal Bird, on ſounding Pinions borne, Clank'd his loud Wings: the *Grecian* Hoſt beheld (*a*) The happy Omen; and with mighty Shouts Shook the tormented Heav'ns and ſtedfaſt Earth. Then thus to *Ajax* gallant *Hector* ſpoke:

" Proud Boaſter, *Ajax!* (*b*) full of airy
" Thoughts Of thy own Worth! what Words
" are theſe I hear? (*c*) O that I were as ſure
" to be *Jove*'s Son, And call dread *Juno* my
" Imperial Mother, Or gain the Honour which
" *Apollo* gains, And mighty *Pallas*; as I am,
" that *Troy* Will make this Day pernicious to
" the *Greeks!* Thou too ſhalt bite inglorioufly
" the Ground, If thou dar'ſt meet this Spear,
" whoſe fatal Point Shall tear thy tender Limbs,
" and make thy Body A Prey to Vultures, and
" the Dogs of *Troy*.

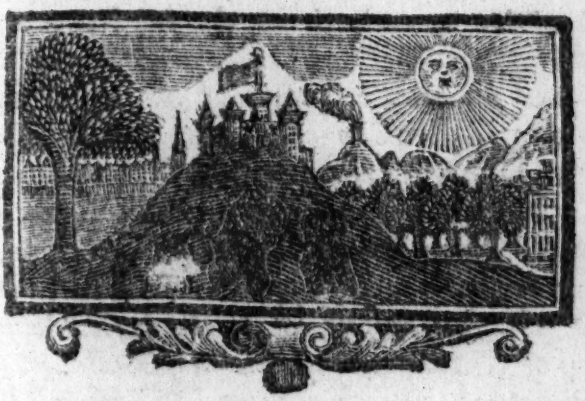
(*a*) *The happy Omen.*] Birds when they flew on the Right, that is, on the *Eaſt*, were ever accounted happy Omens.

(*b*) *Full of airy Thoughts of thy own Worth.*] The Abuſe which *Hector* here makes *Ajax*, is contain'd in this one word βεγαῖε. *Euſtathius* was inclin'd to believe, that it is an Abuſe of the ſame Import as ours now is, when we ſay, *dull Churl, or heavy Clown*; but *Heſychius* gives us the true Meaning of this Word βεγαῖον, that is, μεγάλως ἐφ' ἑαυτῷ χαιρόντα· δηλοῖ δὲ καὶ ἀγαίδωτον καὶ φλαζόμενα καὶ μαλευτὴν, ἢ ἀγλαιζόμενον. *This Word* Βεγαῖε *ſignifies a Man that is well pleas'd with himſelf; it ſignifies too a ſtupid Fellow, or an empty Bully, a Man full of Vanity, and a good Opinion of himſelf.*

(*c*) *O that I were.*] This Wiſh makes the Grandeur of *Hector*'s heroick Character appear. Ambition carries him to wiſh for nothing leſs than divine Honours. 'Tis thus, in ſome meaſure, that *Homer* equalizes *Hector* to *Achilles*, that he may make the Victory over him more glorious.

He

He ſpoke, and like a Lion ſtrode away: With mighty Shouts the *Trojan* Leaders follow'd, And all the Hoſt with Joy return'd the Shouts. Nor were the *Greeks* diſmay'd; unmov'd they ſtood, Waiting the Shock of War; with dreadful Shouts They ſhook the Ground, and rent the very Heav'ns.



Argument

Argument of the Fourteenth Book.

THE *Wall, which defended the Fleet, being broken down by the* Trojans, *the* Greeks *find themſelves in the Extremity of Danger.* Agamemnon, Diomed, *and* Ulyſſes, *go forth to ſee what paſſes, and meet* Neſtor, *who gives them to underſtand that all is loſt.* Agamemnon *propoſes to embark in the Night, and make their Eſcape by Flight;* Ulyſſes *oppoſes his Propoſition, and ſhews the Danger of it.* Agamemnon *promiſes to ſubſcribe to any other that is really more proper;* Diomed *gives it, and his Advice is follow'd.* Neptune *encourages* Agamemnon. Juno, *fearing leſt* Jove *did not favour the* Grecians, *lays a Deſign to over-reach* Jupiter: *To ſucceed in her Project, ſhe ſets herſelf off to the beſt Advantage, and begs of* Venus *to lend her her Girdle. Yet* Juno *does not attempt to execute her Deſign, till ſhe firſt went to* Lemnos, *to find the God of Sleep; ſhe begs him to lay* Jupiter *aſleep.* Sleep *ſtarts ſome Difficulties, but at laſt, vanquiſh'd by the Promiſes of the Goddeſs, ſubmits. While* Jupiter *ſleeps,* Neptune *takes advantage of the Occaſion, and marches to ſuccour the* Greeks. *The Battle is renew'd.* Ajax *ſmites* Hector *with a prodigious Stone, who being ſtunn'd, falls to the Ground. They bear him from the Battle. The* Trojans *are roughly handled.* Ajax, *the* Locrian, *performs prodigious Feats of Valour.*

THE

BRITISH
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MUSEUM

The Battle still Continuing advantageous to ȳ Trojans, Juno makes use of Venus's Girdle to charm Jupiter, & of Somnus to lay him to sleep, in ȳ mean time Neptune spirits up ȳ Greeks, & ȳ Trojans are Repulsd in their turn. B. 14.

THE ILIAD OF HOMER.

BOOK XIV.

(a) THO' Godlike *Neſtor* with enlivening Bowls His fainting Spirits chear'd; (b) yet ſtill his Thoughts Turn'd on the War: he heard with anxious Cares The Noiſe of Battle, and the Din of Arms. Then thus he ſpoke to *Æſculapius'* Son:

(a) *Tho' Godlike* Neſtor, &c.] At the Concluſion of the 11th Book, we left *Neſtor* at the Table with *Machaon*, whom he had convey'd from the Battle; the Attack of the Intrenchments, deſcrib'd in the 12th and 13th Books, happens while *Neſtor* and *Machaon* ſit at the Table; nor is there the leaſt Improbability in this; for whatever is deliver'd in theſe two Books, might be perform'd in leſs than two Hours. *Homer* always follows the Thread of his Diſcourſe, and never ſuffers his Reader to forget the Train of Action, nor the Time that it takes up.

(b) *Yet ſtill his Thoughts*, &c.] Here *Homer* gives a great Commendation to *Neſtor*, in ſhewing us, that even in the Time that he takes Repaſt, he is ſollicitous about the War.

" Hark!

" Hark! how the Voice of War in louder
" Sounds Strikes on my Ears! what mean theſe
" dreadful Shouts? But ſtay you here, and
" with the ſprightly Wines Supply the Loſs
" of Blood, (c) while *Hecamede* Prepares the
" Bath to waſh the goary Wound: But to the
" Fight I'll go, to learn our Doom.

He ſpoke; and took the Buckler of his Son, Glorious in Braſs: (d) his own, with maſſy Gold Refulgent, *Thraſymedes* bore: two Spears Pointed with Braſs he graſp'd, and ſtrode to War. Then to his Eyes appear'd a ruthful Sight, Scene horrible and hateful! Io the *Greeks* Flew o'er the Plain; behind the Sons of *Troy* Chaſtis'd their Flight; extended on the Ground The ſhatter'd Rampart lay: amaz'd he ſtood; Like one aſtown'd; nor fix'd his dubious Thoughts. (e) As when the Seas expect a gathering Storm, The Ocean blackens, and the

(c) *While* Hecamede.] *Machaon* we ſee enters the Bath after Repaſt; he having above all things need to repair his Strength loſt in the Battle, and by the Wound. Thus the Compoſition which *Hecamede* prepar'd for him and *Neſtor*, is far from being prejudicial. It may be remark'd, that Women officiate to Men when they enter the Bath; as we may ſee more fully in the *Odyſſey*.

(d) *His own, with maſſy Gold Refulgent,* Thraſymedes *bore.*] *Homer* has already ſhew'd us, that the Shield of *Neſtor* was of maſſy Gold; this is the reaſon why *Thraſymedes* his Son took it, that he might be more conſpicuous in the Fight; this is natural for a young Man,

(e) *As when the Seas expect a gathering Storm.*] I am of opinion, that it is not poſſible to expreſs the Irreſolution of a Man in imminent Danger, by a Compariſon more ſublime, more juſt, and which ſhews a deeper Knowledge of Nature than this; a little before a Storm, the Seas begin to blacken, and are profoundly calm, till the Wind burſting the Clouds, determines one way the Waves; the Sea here is *Neſtor*, the ſilent and black Waves are his Thoughts obſcur'd by the At-

ſilent

ſilent Waves Sleep on the Boſom of the gloomy Deep, Huſh'd in a Peace profound; till from the Clouds The furious Storm impetuous burſts its Way, Buffets the hoary Main, and ſhoves the Waves Before its Fury to the frighten'd Shores: Thus dubious *Neſtor* without Motion ſtood, And gloomy Thoughts o'ercaſt his penſive Soul: Incertain he remain'd; and ſometimes thought To ſtem the Fury of th' approaching Ruin, And ſometimes to direct his haſty Way To the Pavilion of *Atrides'* Son. At laſt, determin'd by the heav'nly Pow'rs, To *Agamemnon's* Tent he march'd away. Still o'er the Ground with vaſt gigantick Strides Stalk'd ghaſtly Death; and ſtill the Clank of Arms, Of Shields and Spears, and of reſounding Helms, Bray'd o'er the Field, and rent the ſuff'ring Skies.

Now the illuſtrious Kings, who from the Fight Retreated to the Fleet, transfix'd with Wounds, *Tydides*, *Agamemnon*, and *Ulyſſes*, Met rev'rend *Neſtor* haſting o'er the Plain, Far from the Place of Battle; (*f*) for their Ships Were at a diſtance drawn upon the Shores. The Shores were not ſufficient to contain The

tack which he foreſaw, which by bringing into his Mind many different Projects, held him in ſuſpence; the Wind, which from the Boſom of the Heavens deſcends to determine the Waves, is the Inſpiration which comes from Heaven to fix the Hero.

(*f*) *For their Ships were at a diſtance drawn upon the Shores.*] This was the Cuſtom of the Antients in their warlike Expeditions. When they thought they ſhou'd make a long Stay in the Places where they landed, they drew their Veſſels upon dry Ground along the Shores; we have Inſtances of this in *Thucydides*: they therefore finding the Shores of *Troy* too narrow to contain a thouſand Ships abreaſt, made two Lines; thoſe Ships which firſt approach'd the Shores, were

numerous Fleet of *Greece*; they therefore form'd Two Lines along the Sea in fair Array. This at a diſtance from the rolling Main Stood far advanc'd on Land; and at its Head The Wall was drawn, a Rampart for the Army. Near to th' adjoining Seas the other ſtood; And both together fill'd the Shores of *Troy*. (*g*) Thus theſe three Kings, impatient to behold The Scene of Battle, and the dreadful Fight, March'd from their Tents, and with their Spears up-ſtay'd Their fainting Limbs; a mournful Flood of Cares O'erwhelm'd their Souls, and ſunk their drooping Hearts. But *Neſtor* now drew near; at his Approach Their Fears redoubled, and new Cares aroſe; To whom *Atrides* in theſe Terms began:

" O *Neleus'* Son, O Glory of the *Greeks!*
" What brings you hither from the Scene of
" War, When our Diſtreſs demands you in the
" Fight? (*b*) Alas! I fear, leſt now dread *Priam's*

the moſt advanc'd tow'rds *Troy*; and thoſe which laſt approach'd were near the Sea: between theſe two Lines were the Tents, and in the middle were the Shambles, the Places of publick Aſſemblies, and the Statues of the Gods. This is neceſſary to be remember'd, otherwiſe this Book is not intelligible.

(*g*) *Thus theſe three Kings impatient to behold the Scene of Battle.*] *Homer* here gives us the Reaſon why theſe three Princes leave their Tents; and it is this Coming forth of theirs, which occaſions the meeting of *Neſtor*. The Poet was oblig'd to give a Reaſon; for in *Epic* Poetry no body ſhou'd be introduc'd, more than in *Dramatic*, without ſome neceſſity for his Appearance, much leſs without a probable Reaſon.

(*b*) *Alas, I fear,* &c.] *Agamemnon* very well knows, we find, every thing which paſſes in *Troy*; he underſtands what *Hector* ſaid in the City in Council: this is a Qualification of a great General, who ought to be inform'd of every thing which his Enemy does, the Knowledge of their Deſigns is often more ſerviceable than Valour or Conduct.

" Son

" Son Perform what lately he in Council vow'd,
" That he no more wou'd viſit lofty *Troy*, Till
" he had ſlaughter'd us, and fir'd our Navy:
" Such were his Threats, which now have
" found Succeſs. O Heav'ns! does then the
" Rage of *Thetis'* Son Infect the Army like a
" dire Contagion? Do all the *Greeks* conſpire
" in his Reſentment, That thus they ſhun the
" Labours of the Day.

" The fatal Cauſe, the Sage reply'd, your Eyes,
" O *Atreus'* Son, behold; nor can great *Jove*,
" Who with his Thunder ſhakes the Earth and
" Heav'ns, Recall the Paſt: extended on the
" Ground The Wall, our ſtrong Defence, our
" ſureſt Hopes, Lies ſhatter'd: formidable
" Trains of *Trojans* Pour thro' the Gates, and
" battle at our Navy. On ev'ry part in Heaps
" the *Grecians* fall; Nor can we ſay where
" Ruin moſt prevails, Since ev'ry where alike
" th' enſanguin'd Ground Bluſhes with *Grecian*
" Blood, ſince to the Heav'ns The ruthful
" Groans of dying *Greeks* aſcend. Then let us
" try if Counſel can afford Some Help, and
" diſſipate the gather'd Storm: But from the
" Fight, diſabled thus with Wounds, Do you
" abſtain: the wounded Man with Pain, And
" ſmall Advantage, iſſues to the War.

Then *Agamemnon*, *Atreus'* Son, reply'd:
" Since to our Fleet the *Trojans* force their
" way, And ſince our Wall lies ſhatter'd on
" the Ground, It is undoubtedly the Will of
" *Jove*, Who reigns Almighty over Men and
" Gods, That all the *Greeks* inglorioufly ſhou'd
" Fall Afar from *Argos*, on the Shores of *Troy*.

" There was a Day, when with propitious
" Smiles *Jove* favour'd us; but now with
" dreadful Frowns, And Looks indignant, he
" beholds our Arms. But *Troy*, curs'd *Troy!*
" he views with raviſh'd Eyes, And makes her
" Sons illuſtrious as the Gods; But deals Con-
" fuſion thro' the *Grecian* Army! Then liſten,
" and what I adviſe, perform: (*i*) Let us
" draw off from theſe unhappy Shores The
" Ships (*k*) that ſtand the neareſt to the Seas;
" There let them ride at Anchor, till the
" Night With her dark Veil o'erſpreads the
" gloomy Skies; Then, if the *Trojans* from

(*i*) *Let us draw off from theſe unhappy Shores the Ships.*] It is not the Intention of *Agamemnon* to do ſo; but he makes this Propoſal, that he may not ſeem to detain the Troops by Force, and lead them to their Deſtruction; he very well knew, that the Princes to whom he ſpeaks wou'd eſpouſe the oppoſite Side: 'tis a piece of wiſe Management in *Atrides*, conſidering his Condition; ſince he might with Reaſon be afraid, leſt the *Greeks*, weary'd with the Length of the War, which was undertaken upon the Account of his Brother's Wife, ſhou'd abandon it at laſt.

(*k*) *That ſtand the neareſt to the Seas.*] I am very far from embracing their Opinion, who think that *Homer* here ſpeaks of thoſe Ships which were placed at the Head of the Camp, in the firſt Line, near the Wall; they are deceiv'd by the Word πρῶται, which they take in the ſame Senſe as they do πρώτας, Ver. 31. but it is very different from it; in the 31ſt Verſe, the Poet ſpeaks of thoſe Ships which approach'd the Shores firſt, and by conſequence were the moſt advanc'd upon Land; but here he ſpeaks of thoſe which lay neareſt to the Sea. How is it poſſible to conceive, that in a Re-embarkation, when the Fleet was rang'd in two Lines, they ſhou'd begin with that which was fartheſt from the Ocean? At this rate, the firſt Line muſt have a Paſſage thro' the ſecond; which is certainly impracticable. This cou'd not have been done in Peace, much leſs while a furious Aſſault was made upon the firſt Line. This Paſſage of *Homer* is very clear, and *Euſtathius* has very well explain'd it.

" the

" the Battle turn, We'll bring away the reſt,
" and make our Flight. And who can blame
" us, tho' by Night we ſhun Such Scenes of
" Dangers, ſince it ſpeaks our Wiſdom Better
" to fly than bear inglorious Chains.

Then thus with Indignation ſpoke *Ulyſſes*:
" What Thoughts are theſe! what ignomini-
" ous Words, Unhappy Prince! I hear? (*l*) O
" that kind Heav'n Had made thee Leader of
" ſome coward Army, And not of us, who
" thirſt for Fame in Arms; Whom from our
" Infancy the King of Gods Has train'd to Bat-
" tle, and heroick Deeds, And taught us how
" to conquer, or to die: Then will you thus at
" laſt abandon *Troy*? And ſhall ſuch Labours
" and ſuch Streams of Blood Be ſpent in vain?
" I deem'd no *Grecian* born Cou'd entertain
" ſuch Thoughts! and can you then, A ſcep-
" ter'd King, whoſe dread imperial Nod The
" banded Legions of whole *Greece* obey! Can
" you be ſo ungenerous? I diſclaim Such mean
" Deſigns, which, while the Storm of War
" And Battle rages, thus perſuade to Flight.
" What more than this cou'd ev'n the *Trojans*
" ask, Since thus we ſhall become an eaſy Prey
" Confus'd in Flight? for when the *Greeks* be-
" hold The Navy bearing from the *Trojan*
" Shores, They'll ceaſe from Arms, to gain the
" flying Ships. Thus will your Counſel, O
" tremendous King, Deſtroy an Army of un-
" daunted Warriors.

(*l*) *O that kind Heaven had made thee Leader of ſome coward Army!*] This is no ſmall Compliment to the *Grecian* Army, to ſhew us, that it is impoſſible for them to follow a coward Deſign.

Then calmly thus *Atrides*: "Your Reproof "Is built on Reaſon, and your Words have "Weight: It was not my Intent to force the "*Greeks*, But my Advice to leave theſe hoſtile "Shores. If then a better Project can be "found, Or by the Young, or by th' experi-"enc'd Old, The firſt I'll be to follow the "Deſigns.

(*m*) To whom thus *Diomed*: "Nor need "you look Far for the Man; behold him here, "(*n*) if Youth Makes not his Words deſpis'd: "yet ſure the Son Of *Tydeus*, who perform'd "immortal Deeds, Who bravely fell before "the Walls of *Thebes*, may ſpeak to Princes, "and aſſembled Kings. Three Sons adorn'd "the Royal Bed of *Portheus*; *Agrius*, and "*Melas*, and illuſtrious *OEneus*, Who over "*Calydon* and *Pleuron* reign'd: But *OEneus*, "from whoſe Loins my Father ſprung, Ex-"cell'd the reſt in manly Feats of Arms, And "awful ſway'd the *Calydonian* Scepter; But "*Tydeus* to the Walls (*o*) of *Argos* fled:

(*m*) *To whom thus* Diomed.] *Diomed* perceiv'd, that when *Agamemnon* ſaid, *Or by the Young, or by th' experienc'd Old*, he himſelf was meant; with that therefore he begins: and before he ſpeaks a word of his Birth, to authorize the Liberty which he takes, he tells us he can give the Advice which ought to be follow'd.

(*n*) *If Youth makes not his Words deſpis'd.*] The *Greek* runs thus, ... ἢ μήν τοτε ἀγαοσθε ἔνασσε . . . . . Now ἀγάω, ἀγῶ, does not only ſignify, *I honour, I embrace, I reſpect*, but alſo, *I condemn, I deſpiſe, I reject*; τοτε is properly Hate, excited by Envy. *Euſtathius* reads χλω, inſtead of τοτε, but ſtill the Senſe continues the ſame.

(*o*) *To* Argos *fled.*] *Diomed* ſuppreſſes the Cauſe of the Flight of *Tydeus*, ſince it was unfortunate: *Tydeus* having ſlain his Couſin-German, who had laid an Ambuſh for his Father, kill'd, thro' a Miſtake, at the ſame time, one of his Brothers.

"So

" (*p*) So *Jove*, and ſo the heav'nly Pow'rs de-
" creed. At *Argos* he eſpous'd *Adraſtus'* Daugh-
" ter, And liv'd in Plenty in his Royal Court:
" Much Land he had convenient for the Plough,
" And much adorn'd with Rows of ſpreading
" Vines: Great were his Flocks; and for he-
" roick Deeds He ſhone conſpicuous over all
" the *Greeks*. Nor are you Strangers to the
" Name of *Tydeus*. Deſpiſe not then the Son
" of ſuch a Man, Since I am brave by Birth,
" an Hero born: (*q*) Let us go forth, tho' thus
" oppreſs'd with Wounds, Suſtain the *Grecians*,
" and reſtore the Fight; But from the Show'rs
" of Spears and Clouds of Darts, Stand far re-
" mote, leſt Wounds receiv'd on Wounds
" Diſable us thus faint; but let our Words
" Encourage all the *Greeks*, who, thro' Re-
" ſentment, Stray from the Battle, and deſert
" the War.

He added not: the Chiefs approv'd his Words; They went, and *Agamemnon* led the

(*p*) *So* Jove *decreed.*] Thus he paſſes it over as an unhappy or diſagreeable Matter, without mentioning the Circumſtances.

(*q*) *Let us go forth, tho' thus oppreſs'd with Wounds.*] In the laſt Council, *Neſtor* reproach'd *Diomed* for not touching the main Point, becauſe he did not propoſe what was to be done. *Diomed* does not fall into the ſame Fault again, but here retaliates. *Agamemnon* propoſes Flight, *Ulyſſes* oppoſes it, without delivering a better Project; *Diomed* ſupplies the Deficiency, and ſtrenuouſly oppoſes *Agamemnon*. He is not only averſe to Flight, but adviſes, that even they, thus wounded, ſhou'd go forth to the Battle; for tho they were not able to engage, yet their Preſence wou'd re-eſtabliſh their Affairs, by detaining in Arms the diſcourag'd Warriors. *Homer* here ſhews, that the Preſence of Generals, tho' wounded, has a great Influence upon an Army.

Way. Then potent *Neptune*, whoſe imperial Nod Shakes the Foundations of the ſtedfaſt Earth, Anxious for *Greece*, aſſum'd an old Man's Form; And thus aloud to *Agamemnon* ſpoke:

" Now the relentleſs Soul of *Thetis'* Son
" Dances with Joy; he views with raviſh'd
" Eyes The Flight and Slaughter of the flying
" *Greeks*; For Fury byaſſes his erring Thoughts.
" But may he meet a juſt unhappy Doom,
" And may he grow the Laughter of Mankind:
" But fear not, ſtill the Gods will be propi-
" tious; And ſoon you ſhall behold the Sons
" of *Troy* Scour o'er the Plain precipitate in
" Flight, And with thick Clouds of Duſt o'er-
" caſt the Day.

Thus ſpoke the God: and ruſhing o'er the Field, Rais'd his tremendous Voice; as loud he bray'd As twice five thouſand Men, when Front to Front, Meeting they ſhout, preluding to the War. His Voice again inſpir'd the fainting *Greeks* With Reſolution for the dreadful Fight.

But *Juno*, ſeated on a Throne of Gold, Upon the Summit of *Olympus'* Heights, Beheld with raviſh'd Eyes the potent God, Buſy in Battle, to inflame the War; But on th' *Idean* Mount ſhe ſaw the King And Father of the Gods, who in his Wrath Scatters his Lightnings and his burning Bolts, To terrify the World; he entertain'd Projects diſtaſteful to th' Imperial Goddeſs: (*r*) How therefore to deceive the

(*r*) *How therefore to deceive the thund'ring God.*] *Homer*, to refreſh the Reader, weary'd with the tedious Attack of the Intrenchments and Fleet, invents an Epiſode full

thund'ring

thund'ring God She bent her Thoughts; at laſt ſhe deem'd her Charms Sufficient to betray the King of Heav'n. Then ſhe reſolv'd, when firſt ſhe had adorn'd With every beauteous Ornament her Charms, To go to *Ida*, and inſpire his Soul With the gay Thoughts of Love, and ſoft Deſires, (*s*) Or bind his Providence in Chains of Sleep. Strait to th' Apartment which th' immortal Hands of *Vulcan* rais'd, the Goddeſs held her Way: The Gates were ſolid, and ſo neatly wrought, That ev'n the Gods cou'd not diſcloſe the Doors; She enter'd, and again the glitt'ring Portals Clos'd, on eternal Hinges turn'd. And now She bath'd her Body in ambroſial Streams, (*t*) And o'er it pour'd an odoriferous Oil, Which ſhed a Fragrance round

of Love, which has a wonderful Effect in his Poetry; and ſhews, that this Poet was no leſs capable of Succeſs in the tender and paſſionate Style, than in the lofty and heroick; nor does this Epiſode want its Moral; for, as *Euſtathius* remarks, tho' not very favourably to the Fair Sex, it ſignifies to Men, that they ought to avoid Pleaſures, and ever diſtruſt and ſuſpect Women, who are never more dangerous, even to their Husbands, than when they endeavour to pleaſe them with their Charms; for what ought not Man to fear, when *Jove* himſelf is thus deceiv'd by them?

(*s*) *Or bind his Providence in Chains of Sleep.*] If the *Trojans* begin to be roughly handled, and loſe their Advantage, only becauſe *Jove* turns his Eyes a while from them, what Evils will not befall them when *Jove* is laid aſleep? 'Tis this which gave riſe to this Fiction, and gives it the Appearance of Truth

(*t*) *And o'er it pour'd an odoriferous Oil.*] All that *Juno* here does, is what the Ladies in the Days of *Homer* practis'd; who, without doubt, here paints the Cuſtoms of his Country; that is, of *Æolia* and *Ionia*, where Luxury, Softneſs, and Magnificence reign'd: but 'tis obſervable, that the Poet always draws the Luxury of Women, and never gives one perfumed Hero; by this he inſinuates, that Delicacy is unworthy a Man.

th' immortal Dome Of *Jove* in Heav'n, and breath'd an od'rous Scent Down to the Earth, and thro' the balmy Air. When thus the Goddeſs had perfum'd her Body, (*u*) She comb'd the Ringlets of her flowing Hair, (*w*) That with a beauteous Length adown her Back In comely Order fell, and from her Head Diffus'd Ambroſia. Then a gorgeous Robe She took, the Work of *Pallas*, ſtiff with Gold, With various Forms and Portraitures adorn'd; The Robe below the Boſom of the Goddeſs Was bound with Claſps magnificent in Gold. Around her Waſte a wond'rous Girdle ran, Rich with an hundred Taſſels of pure Gold. (*x*) Down from her Ears the precious Pendants hung, Each with three Gems was luſter'd o'er; the Work Was wonderful, and to her ſhining Eyes Their Brightneſs anſwer'd. Then a glorious Veil The Queen of Heav'n aſſum'd, extremely fine, And

(*u*) *She comb'd the Ringlets of her flowing Hair.*] Obſerve, ſays *Euſtathius*, that *Homer* neither gives *Juno* a Mirrour, nor Waiting-Maid, nor Tire-Woman: 'Tis *Juno* herſelf who combs and orders her own Hair, and dreſſes herſelf: And this is much better than to have given her all the Equipage of our Toylets, which any indifferent Poet wou'd have done. Who can better dreſs the Queen of Goddeſſes, than the Queen of Goddeſſes herſelf?

(*w*) *That with a beauteous Length adown her Back.*] This whole Paſſage, where *Homer* at large paints the Head-dreſs, Garb, and Shoes of *Juno*, ſeems to me very well worthy Obſervation; ſince it is undoubtedly a Repreſentation of the Mode which prevail'd in his Days, or perhaps in the Time of the *Trojan* War; the Poet might perhaps be inſtructed, and receive ſome Light from the Statues of *Juno*, preſerv'd in the Temples, and other Places.

(*x*) *Down from her Ears the precious Pendants hung.*] The *Greek* ſays, *She put into her perforated Ears, Pendants of three Figures*; τριγλυφα, *i. e.* Rings that had three Pendants.

admirably

admirably wrought; which, like the Sun, O'er *Jove*'s bright Pavement ſhed its beamy Rays. Then on her Feet ſhe bound her ſtately Shoes, Magnificently wrought; (z) and thus adorn'd, She walk'd majeſtick from her royal Chamber; And thus apart to *Citherea* ſpoke:

" My Daughter Goddeſs, my beloved *Venus!* " Say! wilt thou grant the Boon, when *Juno* " asks? Or muſt I be deny'd, becauſe the " *Greeks* Partake my Favour, and the *Trojans* " yours.

To whom thus *Venus*, *Jove's* illuſtrious Daughter: " Imperial Queen, and Empreſs of " the Heav'ns, Speak your Requeſt; I'm ready " to obey.

To whom thus artfully the Goddeſs ſaid: " (a) Give me, O *Venus*, thoſe attractive " Charms, By which you triumph over Men " and Gods; For to the Earth's Extremes I " take my way, (b) To viſit *Tethys* and *Oce-*

(z) *And thus adorn'd.*] We may here take notice what a Decorum *Homer* obſerves, who, among all the Things which he aſcribes to *Juno*, to make her amiable in the Eyes of *Jupiter*, mentions nothing of all that which Women in all Ages have employ'd to beautify their Faces; for this really deforms, and not heightens Beauty; this cou'd not have been worthy a Goddeſs, much leſs *Juno*.

(a) *Give me, O Venus, thoſe attractive Charms.*] When we have ſeen with what Care *Juno* prepares herſelf, and all the Ornaments with which ſhe ſets off her natural Beauty, one wou'd think ſhe had been in a Condition to have inſpir'd Love; yet ſhe thinks ſhe has occaſion ſtill for ſomething more. *Homer* inculcates by this Fiction, that Beauty, Ornaments, and all the Helps of Art, are of little Conſideration; there muſt be that *Je ne ſcay quoy*, that is to ſay Charms which are not always found with Beauty, but can only be borrow'd from the Mother of Graces.

(b) *To viſit Tethys and Oceanus.*] This Fable, *viz.* that all Things proceed from *Oceanus* and *Tethys*, is founded on

" *anus*; He Father, ſhe the Mother of the " Gods. They from the Goddeſs *Rhea*, whi- " lom took Me, when an Infant, and with Care " preſerv'd Their favour'd Charge, when an- " gry *Jove*, who ſhakes The trembling Pillars " of the ſtedfaſt Earth With his loud Thunder, " hurl'd old *Saturn* down From Heav'ns high " Battlements, (*c*) beneath the Caves Of Earth, " and low Abyſſes of the Main. Them now I " viſit, (*d*) to compoſe the Jars Which diſ- " unite their Loves: they many Days Have " now abſtain'd from matrimonial Joys Thro' " bitter Rage; if therefore by my Means " Again their Boſoms feel Love's mutual " Flames, What Honour? how much Love " ſhall I obtain?

Then thus the Joy of Heaven and Earth re- ply'd: " The Deed, O mighty Empreſs of the " Skies, Is worthy *Jove*'s illuſtrious Wife and " Siſter. How then can I deny ſo great a " Queen, Whom the dread Maſter of the " rolling Thunder Has made the Partner " of his Royal Bed?

When thus the Laughter-loving Goddeſs ſpoke, She took th'embroider'd Girdle from

the Opinion of certain Philoſophers, who thought that all Exiſtence had but two Elements for its Principles; the *Ocean*, that is to ſay, Water; and *Tethys*, that is to ſay, Earth.

(*c*) *Beneath the Caves, and low Abyſſes of the Main.*] That is, in *Tartarus*.

(*d*) *To compoſe the Jars, which diſunite their Loves.*] The *Ocean*, or Water, being a humid Element, and *Tethys*, or Land, being a dry Element, they are naturally oppos'd, and incapable of an Union, till ſome ſecret Tye unites and conjoins them; and it is nothing but *Juno*, or the Air, which can furniſh this Tye.

her

her Breaſt, (e) In which were woven ſoft ſeducing Charms, Fond Love, and gay Deſire, and gentle Vows, With innocent Deceit, and toying Play. Baits able to betray the wiſeſt Man! And thus fair *Venus* to the Goddeſs ſaid:

" (f) Receive, dread Queen, the Girdle " from my Hand, And in thy Boſom hide the " pow'rful Charm; So ſhall thy Wiſhes meet " deſir'd Succeſs.

The Goddeſs thus: imperial *Juno* ſmil'd, And ſmiling, in her Boſom hid the Charm. Then *Venus* to the Court of *Jove* return'd; But *Juno* darting from *Olympus'* Height, Travers'd *Pieria*, and th'*Æmathian* Plains, And o'er the *Thracian* Mountains held her way, Which ſhine afar with everlaſting Snows; She flew on high, nor touch'd the nether Ground. Beneath her Feet ſhe view'd the ſteepy *Athos*, And the tumultuous Billows of the Main, Then in a Moment ſtood conſeſs'd at *Lemnos*; (g) Where

(e) *In which were woven ſoft ſeducing Charms.*] What an Image does he give us, while he thus gathers every thing which is capable of inſpiring Love! and makes a Girdle which perſuades and ſeduces, by a ſort of Enchantment, the Hearts of the wiſeſt Men.

(f) *Receive this Girdle, and hide it in your Boſom.*] *Venus* wore this Girdle below her Neck, that it might be conſpicuous to the Sight; but ſhe adviſes *Juno* to hide it in her Boſom: Whence ſhou'd this Difference proceed? Is it for fear leſt *Jove* ſhou'd diſcover it, and ſuſpect her? I believe there is a more myſterious Reaſon; *Homer* wou'd ſhew the Difference between the two Characters. It ſuits well with *Venus*, to make a ſhew of whatever is engaging in her; it is her Province to deceive and ſeduce; therefore ſhe hides it not: but *Juno*, that is to ſay, a Woman of Prudence and Gravity, ought to be more modeſt.

(g) *Where ſoon the Goddeſs found Death's Brother, Sleep.*] Some Antients are of opi-

ſoon the Goddeſs found Death's Brother *Sleep*,
And with Embraces thus the Goddeſs ſpoke:
" Sweet pleaſing *Sleep*, the King of Men and
" Gods, If ever thou obeyd'ſt me, now again
" Let me, O mighty Monarch, be obey'd, And
" I for ever ſhall the Debt avow. With thy
" ſoft Chains weigh down the Eyes of *Jove*,
" When in my Arms he lies diſſolv'd in Joys.
" (*b*) A gorgeous Throne of everlaſting Gold
" Shall be thy Recompence; with curious Art
" *Vulcan* ſhall labour, and adorn the Work,
" (*i*) And add a Footſtool to ſupport thy Feet,
" While at the Feaſts the circling Bowl goes
" round.
Then to the Goddeſs thus ſweet *Sleep* reply'd:
" Dread *Juno*, Conſort to imperial *Jove*, With
" eaſe I'll lay aſleep the other Gods, Who
" dwell on high *Olympus*; at your Nod The
" roaring Billows of the Ocean's Waves, From
" whom the Gods deſcend, ſhall calmly ſleep:

nion, that *Juno* met *Sleep* by chance; but this is certainly unwarrantable: why then did *Juno* go to *Lemnos*? 'Twas without doubt to find out *Sleep*; and *Homer* feigns, that *Lemnos* is the Abode of *Sleep*; becauſe this is an Iſle exceedingly fruitful in Wines, which ever incline thoſe who drink them, to ſleep.

(*b*) *A gorgeous Throne of Gold.*] This is a Preſent very proper to be made to *Sleep*; nothing is more neceſſary to him than a good Seat, to ſerve in the double Uſe of drinking and ſleeping.

(*i*) *And add a Footſtool.*] The Footſtool, beſides its being a Convenience, was a Mark of Diſtinction; 'tis upon this Account, that it is mention'd ſo often in the Scriptures; where the Earth is call'd, *The Footſtool of the Throne of God.* In *Jeremiah*, *Judea* is call'd, as a Mark of Preference, *The Footſtool of the Feet of God*; and *Lam.* ii. 1. *And he remember'd not the Footſtool of his Feet, in the Day of his Wrath.* See the ſame Idea, founded, no doubt, upon the receiv'd Cuſtoms.

" But

" But to *Jove*'s Eyes I dare not make Approach,
" (*k*) Without his Call, or weigh his Eye-lids
" down; You know what Dangers whilom
" I endur'd By my Obedience to your royal
" Words. When from the Ruin of the Tow'rs
" of *Troy*, His Son triumphant plow'd the
" azure Main, (*l*) With ſoft Oppreſſion, and
" with ſlumb'rous Weight, I ſeal'd the Thun-
" d'rer's Eyes in balmy Reſt. Then you let
" looſe the moſt outrageous Winds, Rais'd a
" tempeſtuous Storm, and o'er the Deep Scat-
" ter'd his ſhatter'd Fleet, and to the Iſle Of
" *Coos* drove him from his diſtant Friends.
" When *Jove* awak'd, incens'd he fill'd the
" Heav'ns With Fear, and round his Palace
" chas'd the Gods; For me with Wrath he
" ſought, and in that day Had hurl'd me head-
" long to the vaſt Abyſs, Beneath the Bottom
" of the loweſt Main, Had not the friendly
" *Night*, who overpow'rs Both Men and Gods,
" preſerv'd me from his Wrath. (*m*) To her
" I trembling fled, and *Jove* appeas'd His Fury,

(*k*) *Without his Call.*] The Sleep of *Jupiter* muſt be a voluntary Sleep; nor ought he to reſt, but when it is his Choice.

(*l*) *With ſoft Oppreſſion, and with ſlumberous Weight, I ſeal'd the Thunderer's Eyes.*] *Homer* introduces this Example to juſtify what he is going to ſay of *Jupiter* laid aſleep; by ſhewing us, that he is to follow what he finds eſtabliſh'd by antient Traditions: in vain therefore is *Homer* blam'd for ſaying that *Jove* ſlept. It is frequently ſaid in Holy Scripture, *that God is awaked, that God is aſleep*: God wakes over them whom he protects, but ſleeps over thoſe whom he abandons.

(*m*) *Trembling I fled to Night.*] By this Fable *Homer* inſinuates, that Sleep is the Lot and Portion of the Night.

" fearing

" (*n*) fearing to offend the *Night*: Yet ſtill you
" tempt me to incur his Anger.
To whom thus *Juno* ſaid; " Thy Fears, O
" *Sleep*, Are groundleſs, mere Chimeras of the
" Brain; Think ye, that *Jove* bears equal Love
" to *Troy*, As to his Son *Alcides*? Ceaſe thy Fears,
" And follow my Commands; then to thy
" Arms I'll give *Paſithee* to be thy Bride,
" (*o*) The youngeſt Goddeſs of the *Graces* Train;
" And ſhe has Charms to feed eternal Flames.
(*p*) *Sleep* heard with raviſh'd Ears, and thus reply'd: " Then by th' inviolable Waves of
" *Styx*, Confirm thy Promiſes; and (*q*) one
" Hand lay On the proficuous Earth, who from

(*n*) *Fearing to offend the Night.*] *Jupiter* reverences the *Night*, not only becauſe ſhe is the moſt antient of all the Goddeſſes, (for ſhe preceded the Birth of Matter) but alſo becauſe ſhe is the moſt helpful, and paſſes ſo nimbly, that we ought to improve it, and put it to the beſt Uſe. *Homer* ſhews us by this Fiction, that all Rage and Anger ſhou'd reverence the *Night*, and that a Seaſon deſtin'd to our Repoſe, ſhou'd not be ſpent in Tranſports of violent Reſentment.

(*o*) *The youngeſt Goddeſs of the* Graces *Train.*] Nothing cou'd be more happily imagin'd, than the Marriage of the youngeſt of the *Graces* with *Sleep*; for to find the *Graces* and *Youth*, we muſt look for them in the Arms of *Sleep*: but I ſhall refer you to *Ariſtotle*'s Poetics, to ſee the Remarks upon this Fiction. When *Homer* ſays, *the youngeſt of the* Graces, he ſignifies, that there are more aged *Graces*, for every Age has its peculiar Charms. In the Days of *Homer*, the Number of the *Graces* was not reduc'd to Three; this is of later Invention.

(*p*) Sleep *heard with raviſh'd Ears.*] It is not therefore the Girdle of *Venus* which wins his Aſſent, ſince he has already given a Denial; it is this laſt Promiſe which brings him over: the Girdle of *Venus* is only efficacious in Things which reſpect Love.

(*q*) *One Hand lay upon the Earth, the other on the Main.*] That is to make both Witneſſes of her Oath; there is much Grandeur, and much Nobleneſs in this Image, which perfectly well agrees with *Ju-*

" her

" her Womb Pours needful Suſtenance for Man
" and Beaſt; And lay the other on the briny
" Main, (r) That all th' Infernal Gods of
" *Erebus* May witneſs that you'll give to be
" my Bride The youngeſt Goddeſs of the *Gra-*
" *ces* Train, To feed my Breaſt with Love's
" eternal Flames.

Thus ſpoke the God: And *Juno*, to confirm Her Promiſes, call'd all th' Infernal Gods Who dwell in loweſt *Tartarus'* Abyſs, The *Titans* nam'd, to witneſs to her Vows.

Then from the *Lemnian*, and the *Imbrian* Iſles, They held their way impetuous in a Cloud Inviſible to mortal Eyes: and ſtood Conſeſs'd on *Ida*, whence a thouſand Fountains Flow from on high, and well upon the Plains. On *Lectos'* Point they reſted, and on Earth March'd forward; for no interpoſing Seas Were there to obviate the eaſy Way. Then, as they went, the nodding Foreſt bow'd, In token of Submiſſion, all his Groves. But *Sleep* durſt not approach the thund'ring God, Therefore aſcending an *Idæan* Fir, Which hid its tow'ring

no, ſince we may look upon her as the Queen of the Goddeſſes, or as the Empreſs of the Air; it ſeems as if this Verſe of *Homer* had given *Diocles*, that excellent Sculptor, the Idea which he laid before *Alexander*: it was, to cut aſunder Mount *Athos*, and raiſe over it the Statue of this Prince, holding in one Hand a great City, in the other a great River, as doing Homage to him. *Alexander* wou'd not conſent to ſuch a Propoſition, whether thro' Fear of the Expence, or Deſpair of Succeſs in it; or laſtly, becauſe he had more preſſing Affairs.

(r) *That all th' infernal Deities.*] *Sleep* cou'd not exact of *Juno* any other Oath; for ſhe cou'd not ſwear by the celeſtial Gods, ſince that wou'd be by *Jupiter*, whom ſhe meant to deceive.

Branches

Branches in the Clouds, He ſat conceal'd among the leafy Boughs, (*s*) Like the ſhrill Bird which by th' immortal Gods Is *Chalcis* call'd, *Cymindis* by Mankind.

But to the Height of *Gargarus*, the Goddeſs With wond'rous Swiftneſs went: *Jove*, from afar, Beheld his Bride, (*t*) and at her very Sight Felt a ſoft Pleaſure thrilling thro' his Veins, Like that which firſt inflam'd his amorous Breaſt, When he with *Juno* (*u*) ſtole Love's pleaſing Joys. Then thus, enamour'd with her Charms, he ſpoke:

" Why, *Juno*, have you left *Olympus'* Heights,
" To viſit *Ida*? where is now your Chariot?
" And where the Steeds that cut th' ethereal
" Way?

To whom thus artfully the Goddeſs ſaid:
" I to the Earth's Extremes now take my way,
" To viſit *Tethys* and *Oceanus*; He Father, ſhe
" the Mother of the Gods. They from the
" Goddeſs *Rhea* whilom took (*w*) Me when an
" Infant, and with Care preſerv'd Their fa-

(*s*) *Like the ſhrill Bird, which by th' immortal Gods is* Chalcis *call'd,* Cymindis *by Mankind.*] This is a Bird of *Night*, about the Bigneſs of a Hawk, entirely black; and this is the Reaſon why *Homer* deſcribes *Sleep* under its Form. He has in other Places feign'd, that the Gods give one Name to Things, and Men another.

(*t*) *And at her very Sight, felt a ſoft Pleaſure thrilling thro' his Veins.*] The Girdle of *Venus* ſoon begins to take effect.

(*u*) *Stole Love's pleaſing Joys.*] This Fiction, that *Jupiter* and *Juno* enjoy'd their mutual Flames in Secret, before the Conſent of their Parents, is founded on this, ſome ſay, that the Elements were join'd before the Separation of the *Chaos*.

(*w*) *Me when an Infant.*] *Rhea*, ſome ſay, is the firſt Thing which gave Nouriſhment to *Juno*, that is, to the

" vour'd

" vour'd Charge: to reunite their Loves, In Gra-
" titude I go; they many days Have now ab-
" ſtain'd from matrimonial Joys, And Rage ex-
" tinguiſhes Love's ſmother'd Flames. My
" Horſes at the Foot of *Ida* ſtand, Ready to
" wing the Main, or skim along the Ground.
" Hither I come to tell thee my Deſigns, Leſt
" by a ſecret Viſit to *Oceanus*, Thy dreaded In-
" dignation ſhould ariſe.

To whom th' enamour'd Thunderer reply'd:
" Perform that grateful Task ſome other day,
" But let us now feaſt on Love's ſoft Delights;
" (*x*) For ne'er before did ever Goddeſs born,
" Or mortal Beauty ſo inflame my Breaſt: No,
" not *Ixion's* Wife from whom *Pirithous* De-
" ſcended, equal to the Gods in Wiſdom:
" Nor beauteous *Danae*, *Acriſius'* Daughter, To
" whom the Godlike *Perſeus* owes his Birth:
" (*y*) Nor the fair Daughter of the Royal
" *Phœnix*, Whence *Rhadamanthus*, and whence
" *Minos* ſprung. *Alcmena* look'd leſs fair, *Al-*
" *cides'* Mother, And Queen of potent *Thebes*:
" than thee leſs fair Was *Semele*, the Mother
" of kind *Bacchus*, The Joy of Man, and Plea-
" ſure of the World. *Ceres*, whoſe beamy
" Hair is bright as Gold, Ne'er yet appear'd

Air; the Air is fed and nouriſh'd with Vapours which riſe from the Boſom of the Earth, and Ocean: and this is the Reaſon why they feign, that *Juno* was nouriſh'd in the Palace of *Oceanus* and *Tethys*.

(*x*) *For ne'er before did ever Goddeſs born, or mortal Beauty ſo inflame my Breaſt.*] *Jupiter* had been deficient, had he only ſaid, *never Goddeſs born*; for he had deſperately lov'd ſo many mortal Women, that it was neceſſary for him to add, *nor mortal Beauty*.

(*y*) *Nor the fair Daughter of the Royal* Phœnix.] For *Europa*, whom others make the Daughter of *Agenor*.

" ſo

" ſo lovely to my Eyes; No, nor *Latona*, nor " thy beauteous Self, As now, thus dreſs'd in " all Love's pleaſing Charms.

Then artfully again the Goddeſs ſpoke: " How can the awful Son of *Saturn* ſpeak Such " Words? or how can I conſent to prove " The Sweets of Love thus openly in View " Of Heav'n and Earth? What if ſome pry- " ing God Shou'd ſee the Myſt'ries of the Mar- " riage Bed, And thus expoſe us to his Bro- " ther Gods? How then cou'd I return to thy " bright Court, When from thy Arms I wake " to ſuch Reproach? If therefore Love in- " flames thy amorous Breaſt, Thou in thy Pa- " lace haſt a ſecret Chamber, Which *Vulcan* " wrought with everlaſting Doors; There let " us lie diſſolv'd in Love and Sleep.

To whom the Thund'rer: " Baniſh ground- " leſs Fears; Nor Man, nor God ſhall view the " happy Sight. Around I'll draw a mighty " Cloud of Gold, Thro' which the Sun, tho' " his effulgent Eyes Pierce to the Center, ſhall " not force one Ray.

He ſaid; and preſs'd her to his panting Breaſt. (z) The ſmiling Earth ſpread Beds of new-born Flow'rs, Panſies and Violets, and fragrant Roſes, And Hyacinths, beneath and round the Pair. Conceal'd they lay in a bright

(z) *The ſmiling Earth ſpread Beds of new-born Flow'rs.*] *Euſtathius* very well remarks, that *Homer* embelliſhes this Paſſage with all the Flowers of Poetry, to employ the Thoughts of his Reader, and to draw his Imagination from ſomething which he was unwilling to name: the whole Deſcription is ſo beautiful and enchanting, that one wou'd think it is *Homer*, and not *Juno*, who has borrow'd the Girdle of *Venus*.

Cloud

Cloud of Gold: The Heav'ns gave Signs of Joy; ambroſial Dews Pour'd down their ſweeteſt Influence; and the Air Breath'd odorous, replete with rich Perfumes. Thus the dread Father of the Gods and Men, By *Love*, and *Sleep*, oppreſs'd on *Ida*'s Height, Reclin'd his Head, entranc'd on *Juno*'s Boſom.

Then to the *Grecian* Navy gentle *Sleep* With much Impatience took his eager Way, To bear the Meſſage to the King of Floods, Who with his Trident ſhakes the ſtedfaſt Ground; And thus began: "Now! now, O *Neptune!* aid "The fainting *Greeks!* now turn the Scale of "Battle, And win the Day, while yet the "Thund'rer ſleeps: I have weigh'd down his "ſlumb'ring Eyes to Reſt, And *Juno* has be-"tray'd him to her Arms.

The God thus ſpoke, (*a*) and bent his eager Flight To *Lemnos*, and regain'd his peaceful Manſion.

Now *Neptune*, more inflam'd to aid the *Greeks*, Sprung from the *Grecian* Files, and ſtood conſeſs'd Before the Hoſt; and in theſe Terms began:

"And ſhall, O generous *Greeks*, the Son of "*Priam* Thus fire the Navy, and thus gain the

(*a*) *And bent his eager Flight to* Lemnos.] I am perſuaded, that this is the true Meaning of this Paſſage: *Homer* ſays word for word, *he return'd towards the illuſtrious Nations of Men*; that is to ſay, he regain'd the Iſle of *Lemnos*, the *Lemnians* being a People much celebrated on the account of *Vulcan*. *Euſtathius* ſeems without any Reaſon to believe, that *Sleep* did not return to *Lemnos*; whither did he then go? It is Day-light; he muſt therefore return to his Abode, ſince no Husband more is to be deceiv'd by his Wife.

"Day?

" Day? Buoy'd with ſuch Hopes he comes, ſince
" *Thetis'* Son, Stung with Reſentment, has for-
" ſook the War; But we have no Occaſion for
" his Aid, If we reſume our Strength, and ruſh
" to Arms. Then liſten, and perform what
" I adviſe; Let us ſelect the choiceſt of the
" Helms, The largeſt Bucklers, and the ſtrongeſt
" Spears, And ſpring to Battle: at your Head
" I'll march; Nor will ſtout *Hector* dare to
" meet my Sword. (*b*) Let then each Man of
" Valour, if his Shield Be ſmall, beſtow it on
" ſome weaker *Greek*: But let him bear a
" ſtronger, ampler Orb.

Thus ſpoke the God, and ſtrait the *Greeks* obey'd; *Tydides*, *Agamemnon*, and *Ulyſſes*, Tho' weak with Wounds, paſs'd and repaſs'd the Ranks, To ſee the Task perform'd. (*c*) The Man of Strength Aſſum'd ſtrong Arms; the

(*b*) *Let then each Man of Valour*, &c.] *Homer* here lets us underſtand, that there were at this time ſome brave Men, who bore ſmall Shields to make them ſeem more courageous and intrepid; but theſe were not Heroes of the firſt Rank, or like *Ajax*, whoſe Shield cover'd his whole Body. The Advice which *Neptune* here gives, is very proper; the braveſt Men ought to have the beſt Arms, becauſe they expoſe themſelves moſt to Dangers, and becauſe true Courage ought always to be accompany'd with Prudence. Hence too we may gather, that the ſmalleſt Things ſometimes ſuffice to re-encourage an Army when it gives ground.

(*c*) *The Man of Strength aſſum'd ſtrong Arms.*] *Plutarch* admirably ſets off this Paſſage, and makes the Beauty of it appear: In the beginning of *Pelopidas*'s Life, he ſays thus; *Homer* makes the braveſt and ſtouteſt of his Warriors march to Battle array'd in the beſt Arms; the Legiſlators of *Greece* puniſh'd him who threw away his Shield, but not the Man who loſt his Sword or his Spear: and this was done to ſhew us, that the Care of preſerving and defending ourſelves is preferable to the wounding our Enemy; eſpecially in thoſe who govern States, and command Armies.

Weak

Weak were clad in weak. Thus having ſheath'd themſelves in ſhining Braſs, They ſtrode to War: the Ruler of the Floods, Who with his Trident ſhakes the trembling Ground, March'd at their Head; in his Almighty Hand He bore a dreadful and enormous Sword, Which ſhone like Lightning's formidable Flames. What Mortal now durſt meet the dreadful God Thus arm'd for Battle? while he thus around Spread wild Diſorder, and confus'd Diſmay?

Now *Hector* form'd the *Trojans* in Array, And now the bloody Fray, the Game of War, With tenfold Fury rag'd; (*d*) the King of Floods Fought for the *Greeks*, and *Hector* for the *Trojans*. The roaring Main, to aid her warring King, Delug'd the Shores, and ſpread auxiliar Waves Around the Tents and Navy of the *Greeks*. The tilting Armies ſhook with Shouts the Ground. (*e*) The rolling Billows

(*d*) *The King of Floods fought for the* Greeks, *and* Hector *for the* Trojans.] What Magnificence is there in this Image which *Homer* gives us, by thus oppoſing *Hector* to *Neptune*, and equalizing him in ſome meaſure to that God! *Homer* has a wonderful Art in raiſing the Characters of his Heroes, by Ideas always ſublime, and always new.

(*e*) *The rolling Billows of the ſtormy Deep.*] Hitherto all *Homer*'s Compariſons conſiſt ſolely in equalizing the Subject of which he ſpeaks, to that from whence he borrows the Compariſon. *As the Waves of the Sea reſound, ſuch were the Clamours of the Army.* This had been a plain Compariſon; but here we find three hyperbolical Compariſons, that is to ſay, which throw the Subject in hand infinitely above that to which it is compar'd. And theſe Hyperboles carry a great Strength and Beauty in them; for they ſignify, that nothing in Nature can be found to equal the Thing of which we ſpeak: it is this which makes the three Compariſons thus crowded together each neceſſary; for when we have read any of them, our ſtill unſatisfy'd Thoughts look farther, and are eager for the reſt.

of

of the ſtormy Deep, When *Boreas* drives them tumbling to the Shores, Not ſo reſound; nor ſo the furious Flames, Which on a Mountain lay a Foreſt waſte, Riſe to the Heav'ns, and bellow in the Clouds; Nor the loud Winds, when, ruſhing from the Skies, They rend a Wood, and, with tempeſtuous Roar, Force the whole Foreſt to the trembling Ground.

Then *Hector* firſt at *Ajax* launch'd his Spear; It flew impetuous, whizzing thro' the Air, And ſmote him on the Breaſt: the joining Belts Which held his Buckler and his mighty Sword, Deaden'd the Blow, and ſav'd him from the Wound. With Rage ſtout *Hector* ſaw the fruitleſs Stroke, And back retir'd to ſhun impending Doom: But *Ajax* rais'd a vaſt prodigious Stone, (Stones lay in multitudes along the Shores, To fix the Navy firmly to the Ground;) High in his Arm he bore the pond'rous Load, Whirl'd it around, and hurl'd it from his Arm: Swift flew the Stone, impetuous as the Dart Which from the twanging Bow an Archer ſends; It ſmote him on the Breaſt above his Shield. As when an Oak, the Glory of the Wood, Falls by the Stroke of Thunder to the Ground, Sulphureous Odours taint the ambient Air, The trembling Traveller with Fear beholds The flaming Ruin, and with Horror dreads The burning Bolts of Heav'n's enraged King: So *Hector* lay extended on the ground. His Warrior Spear dropt from his feeble Hand; His beamy Helmet, and his moony Shield, Fell to the Earth; and all around his Arms Clank'd on the Ground, and rattled o'er the Plain. Then with horrendous Shouts a Flood of *Greeks* Pour'd on the proſtrate

proſtrate Chief, and from their Arms Show'r'd down a Storm of Spears, and hop'd that day To drag him captive to the *Grecian* Navy. But vain the Arrows flew, and vain the Spears; For now *Polydamas*, and ſtout *Agenor*, *Æneas*, *Glaucus*, and the great *Sarpedon*, Sprung to his Aid, and interpos'd their Shields, While others bore him from the Preſs of War, Far from the Battle, where his generous Steeds Stood to receive him in his Warrior Car, Who bore him groaning tow'rds the Walls of *Troy*.

But when they came to *Xanthus'* beauteous Stream, They took him to the Ground, and o'er his Face Sprinkled the cooling Waters of the Flood. Again his Breath return'd, his opening Eyes Beheld the Light; and rais'd upon his Knees, He from his Mouth pour'd forth a purple Flood; Then ſunk again: again his ſwimming Eyes Grew dim, and ſicken'd at the ſight of Day.

Now when the *Greeks* beheld the Son of *Priam* Retir'd from Battle, they with horrid Shouts Pour'd on the *Trojans*, and inflam'd the War. Then *Ajax*, Son of *Oileus*, with a Spear Slew *Satnius*, whom on *Satnio's* flow'ry Banks, As there he fed his Flocks, the Shepherd *Enops* Begot of *Neis*; him ſtout *Ajax* ſmote, And fell'd him to the ground: then o'er his Corſe A fierce Encounter roſe: *Polydamas* Came to revenge his Death, and launch'd his Spear At *Prothoenor*: thro' his Shoulder went The flying Death, and gave a mortal Wound: He fell; and falling, bit th' enſanguin'd Plain. Then thus *Polydamas* inſulting ſpoke:

"The

" The Lance which from his Arm ſtout *Pan-*
" *thus'* Son Hurl'd, was not vain: (*f*) ſome
" *Greek* receives the Spear, To guide his weary
" Steps, while he deſcends The dreary Paths
" which lead to *Pluto's* Realms.

He ſpoke: the *Greeks* with Indignation heard The taunting Victor; but the Soul of *Ajax*, The *Telamonian*, to revenge his Death, Burnt with Impatience; for before his Feet Fell *Prothoënor* breathleſs to the Ground. Then Godlike *Ajax* launch'd his ſhining Spear, But miſs'd *Polydamas*; the pointed Death Sung in the Air, and pierc'd *Antenor's* Son, *Archilochus*; him an unhappy Star With baleful Influence hurry'd to his Doom. The Spear took place, where to the Neck the Head Is join'd, and burſt aſunder both the Nerves. Before his Body tumbled to the Plain, Down fell the Head, and roll'd in Duſt and Blood. Then thus with Inſults Godlike *Ajax* ſpoke:

" Tell me, *Polydamas*, but ſpeak the Truth,
" Is this ſufficient to atone the Death Of *Pro-*
" *thoënor*? To my Eyes he ſeems A Man of Va-
" lour, and of noble Birth. He might be taken

(*f*) *Some* Greek *receives my Spear, to guide his weary Steps, while he deſcends the dreary Paths which lead to* Pluto's *Realms.*] *Homer* paſſes from one Character to another, with a ſurprizing Facility; we find Tenderneſs and Sweetneſs in the Epiſode of *Jupiter* and *Juno:* this tender Part is follow'd by a furious and noble Character, I mean the Deſcription of the Battle; and here the violent Character is ſoften'd and ſweeten'd by Irony and Raillery of an agreeable Strain, and which does not break the Harmony of his Poem. There are four Pieces of Raillery, and *Euſtathius* has obſerv'd how they differ from one another; that of *Polydamas* is pleaſant, that of *Ajax* more grave and heroick, that of *Acamas* plain, and that of *Peneleus* pathetick.

" for

" for *Antenor*'s Son, Or Brother, by his Face;
" for much his Looks Bear the Reſemblance of
" *Antenor*'s Mien.

Thus he; tho' well he knew *Archilochus*. With Grief the *Trojans* heard the ſcoffing Hero. Then *Acamas* ruſh'd forth, and with his Spear Slew *Promachus*, who thro' the Files of War Dragg'd his ſlain Brother; as he fell, aloud Thus *Acamas* in taunting Terms began: " Ill-
" fated *Greeks!* yet ins'lent in Succeſs! *Troy*
" only ſhall not weep her wretched Doom, You
" too ſhall join your ſocial Tears in Woes. See,
" *Promachus* has clos'd his fainting Eyes In
" Iron Slumbers, and my Brother's Shade En-
" joys a Victim to atone his Death! Who then
" wou'd be without a Brother's Aid, Aſſociate
" in the bloody Game of War, Or to defend
" him, or avenge his Fall?

He ſpoke; the *Grecians* murmur'd at his Words. Then forth *Peneleus* ruſh'd againſt the Victor; But he declin'd the Combat: with his Spear *Peneleus* ſmote the only Son of *Phorbas*, *Ilioneus*; (g) whom, more than all the *Trojans*, *Mercurius* lov'd, and bleſs'd him with large Flocks. The flying Death burſt thro' his bleed-

(g) *Whom, more than all the* Trojans, Mercurius *lov'd.*] *Homer* ſays, that this *Phorbas*, rich in Flocks, was enrich'd by *Mercury*, becauſe *Mercury* was the God who preſided over Flocks; this was the Reaſon why the antient Statuaries plac'd a Ram at the Foot of the Statue of *Mercury*. At the Sacrifices of *Cybele*, they carried a Statue of *Mercury* and a Ram; and concerning this Cuſtom, *Pauſanias* ſays, with an Air of Gravity and Seriouſneſs, that thro' Diſcretion and Reſpect, he does not divulge what he knows of the myſterious Reaſons of placing *Mercury* thus with a Ram.

ing Eye, And forc'd the Eye-ball from the goary Orb; Down fell *Ilioneus*, proſtrate on the Ground. Then from his Belt the Hero drew his Sword, And at one Blow ſtruck off the bleeding Head From the enſanguin'd Trunk; then down it fell, Arm'd with the bloody Helmet, to the Ground. The Head transfix'd, *Pencleus* bore on high; (*b*) As looks the Poppy's Head, when labouring Swains Sever the Stalk, and bear it high in Air; Such ſeem'd his Head upon the pointed Spear. Then thus with Inſults ſpoke the Victor *Greek*:

" Make haſte, ye *Trojans*, bear the mournful
" News, Both to the Father, and the wretched
" Mother, That they may weep their Son's
" unhappy Doom, Who lies extended on th' en-
" ſanguin'd Ground; No more a Father he, or
" Mother ſhe! Tell 'em they pay for *Proma-*
" *chus*'s Death, And for the Tears which his
" unhappy Wife Shall ſhed in Floods; for ſhe
" muſt never view With raviſh'd Eyes, and
" with tranſporting Joy, Her dearer Half, her
" lov'd and loving Husband, When we return
" in Triumph to our Shores.

He ſpoke: a trembling Fear ran thro' the Army, And ſunk their fainting Spirits; ev'ry way They turn'd their Eyes, ſollicitous to ſhun Th' approaching Ruin, the impending Storm.

Celeſtial Daughters of imperial *Jove*, Ye *Muſes*, who on high *Olympus* dwell, Say who

(*b*) *As looks the Poppy's Head, when labouring Swains.*] The Head of *Ilioneus*, thus ſtuck on the Point of *Acamas*' Spear, brought this *Simile* of the Poppy into *Homer*'s Fancy, and it is very juſt; for the Head of a Poppy is ſupported by a long Stalk.

he

he was of all the gallant *Greeks*, That firſt bore off a Trophy in the War, When the dread Ruler of the azure Main Weigh'd down the Scale of Conqueſt for the *Greeks*.

'Twas *Ajax*, *Telamon*'s illuſtrious Son; He *Hyrtius* ſlew, the Leader of the *Myſians*. Then by *Antilochus*'s fatal Spear Fell *Mermerus* and *Phalcis* to the Ground. *Hippotion* and *Morys* ow'd their Deaths To ſtout *Meriones*; by *Teucer*'s Arrows Were *Prothoon* and *Periphætes* ſlain. * *Atrides* ſmote the royal *Hyperenor* Deep in the Belly with a pointed Spear; His Soul came ruſhing thro' the deadly Wound, And everlaſting Darkneſs clos'd his Eyes. But by the Sword of *Ajax*, *Oileus*' Son, In Heaps the *Trojans* fell; for he excell'd In darting fleetly on the flying Foe, When Diſarray confus'd the Form of War.

* *Atrides.*] He means *Menelaus*; for *Agamemnon* was wounded, and abſtain'd from the Fight.

Argument of the Fifteenth Book.

JUPITER, *when he awaked, ſeeing the* Trojans *driven from the Entrenchments, and purſu'd with much Diſadvantage by the* Greeks, *who had* Neptune *at their Head, found out the Artifice of* Juno; *and being highly incens'd againſt her, puts her in mind of the many Puniſhments which he had inflicted upon her, and makes her apprehenſive of far greater.* Juno *appeaſes him, by an Anſwer full of Tenderneſs and Submiſſion.* Jupiter *ſends her to Heaven, to diſpatch* Iris *and* Apollo *down to him.* Juno *repairs to the Aſſembly of the Gods, and by a Diſcourſe full of Addreſs, endeavours to enrage them againſt* Jupiter: *She particularly raiſes a violent Reſentment againſt him in the Soul of* Mars. *This God riſes in a Paſſion, and takes his Arms to march againſt the* Trojans; *but* Minerva *ſtops his Courſe.* Juno *declares* Jupiter's *Orders to* Iris *and* Apollo: *They both ſet out at the ſame time, and appear before him.* Jupiter *ſends* Iris *to command* Neptune

to

to retire from the Battle, and orders Apollo *to go and animate* Hector, *and bring him to meet the* Trojans. Iris *ſpeaks to* Neptune, *who anſwers with Paſſion, as pretending himſelf equal to* Jupiter. *The prudent Diſcourſe of* Iris, *to make him return to his Duty. The great Advantage of Birth-right.* Apollo *finds* Hector *recover'd from his Swoon, and inſpires him with new Strength, brings him back to the Battle, marches before him, and breaks down a great Part of the Wall. The* Trojans *enter the Entrenchments in a Body, puſh the* Greeks *from the firſt Line of their Fleet, and endeavour to ſet it on fire. The prodigious Exploits of* Ajax *the Son of* Telamon, *who makes a dreadful Havock among the* Trojans, *and hinders them from approaching his Ship.*

THE ILIAD OF HOMER.

BOOK XV.

NOW o'er the Paliſades, in Diſarray, The *Trojans* paſs'd precipitate in Flight, (*a*) And many clos'd their Eyes in Death's cold Arms, In Iron Slumbers, and eternal Night. But when they came where in Array their Cars Were from the Battle drawn, they ceas'd from Flight, Yet deadly Paleneſs ſpoke their inward Fears. Mean time the thund'ring God, on *Ida*'s Heights,

(*a*) *And many clos'd their Eyes in Death's cold Arms.*] *Polydamas* foreſaw and foretold this Loſs to *Hector*.

Awak'd

Jupiter incens'd at Juno's deceit, sends Apollo to reanimate Hector, dangerously wounded, & to revive the Courage of the Trojans, who recover all their Advantages, & are very neat setting the Greek Ships on fire. B. 15.

Awak'd from *Juno*'s Arms, who in the Heav'ns Majeſtick ſits upon a Throne of Gold: He ſaw the *Trojans* flying o'er the Plain, While the victorious *Greeks* inflicted Wounds Inglorious; the dread Ruler of the Floods Drove on the *Trojans*, and by *Xanthus*' Stream, Lay mighty *Hector* proſtrate on the Ground; With Pain he drew his Breath, he gaſp'd for Air, His ſwimming Senſes fail'd, and from his Mouth He pour'd the clotted Gore in purple Floods. Th' Almighty Father of the Men and Gods Beheld with Pity the ſad Scene of Woes; (*b*) And thus to *Juno*, with indignant Looks, And threatning Accents, terribly began:

" Thou Traitreſs! baſe Artificer of Miſ-
" chiefs! The Pains of *Hector*, and the *Trojans*
" Flight Are owing to thy Fraud; but thou
" perhaps Shalt be the firſt who ſuffers by thy
" Deeds. (*c*) Have you forgot how once you
" ſwung in Air, When to your Feet I hung

(*b*) *And thus to* Juno, *with indignant Looks, and threatning Accents, terribly began.*] The Girdle has therefore ceas'd its Operations; tho' indeed its Virtue only reach'd the Affairs of Love, yet it may be ſaid, that it ſtill is efficacious in hindring *Jupiter*, thus paſſionately incens'd, from uſing any Violence: it is the Girdle which averts the Conſequences of his Fury.

(*c*) *Have you forgot how once you ſwung in Air, when to your Feet I hung a galling Load of two enormous Anvils?*] Tho' it is not my Deſign to give a Reaſon for every Story in the *Pagan* Theology, yet I cannot prevail upon myſelf to paſs over this in ſilence. The Phyſical Allegory ſeems very apparent to me. *Homer* myſteriouſly in this Place explains the Nature of the Air, which is *Juno*; the two Anvils which ſhe had at her Feet, are the two Elements, Earth and Water; and the Chains of Gold about her Hands, are the *Æther*, or Fire, which fills the ſuperiour Region: the two groſſer Elements are call'd *Anvils*, to ſhew us, that in

" the galling Load Of two enormous Anvils?
" how I bound Your ſhackled Hands in a co-
" ercive Chain, Infrangible, of Gold? while all
" the Gods Murmur'd in vain againſt Almighty
" Power; Who ever then approach'd, to bring
" thee Aid, *(d)* Him from the Battlements of
" Heav'n I hurl'd Down to the nether Earth;
" where on the Ground, Bruis'd with the Fall,
" he ſtretch'd his tortur'd Body. Nor did this
" Puniſhment ſuffice my Anger For *Hercules*'s
" Wrongs, whom on the Waves The ſtormy
" *Boreas*, and conflicting Winds, Diſtreſs'd by
" thy Command, and down to *Cos* Drove his
" torn Fleet, that there the Rage of Man
" Might ruin whom the Waves and Tempeſt
" ſpar'd. But from the Iſland to the *Argive*
" Shores, Before I eas'd thy Load, and loos'd
" thy Chains, I brought him thro' a thouſand
" Forms of Death. *(e)* Then down to *Troy*

theſe two Elements only, Arts are excercis'd. I don't know, but that a Moral Allegory may likewiſe here be found, as well as a Phyſical one; the Poet might, by theſe Maſſes ty'd to the Feet of *Juno*, and by the Chain of Gold with which her Hands were bound, ſignify, that on one ſide, domeſtick Affairs ſhou'd, like Fetters, detain the Wife at home, and on the other ſide, that proper and beautiful Works, like Chains of Gold, ought to employ her Hands.

(d) Him from the Battlements of Heaven I hurl'd.] He means *Vulcan*, as he himſelf has told us, at the Concluſion of the firſt Book; upon the Idea of precipitating a God from the Heavens, I refer the Reader to the Peruſal of the Preface.

(e) Then down to Troy *I hurl'd the maſſy Weights.*] The two Verſes which I have here inſerted, are not to be found in any Edition of *Homer*; but I have added them from a Remark of *Euſtathius*, who aſſures us, that they were in certain antient Manuſcripts of *Homer*. He thus delivers them in his Remarks.

" I hurl'd the maſſy Weighs, (*f*) That thence
" the Race of Man might learn to fear The
" potent God, the Ruler of the Skies, Who
" thus chaſtis'd the Deities of Heav'n. New
" Puniſhments ſhall now recall the paſt, That
" thou for ever may'ſt abjure thy Frauds, And
" know what little Aid thy fruitleſs Charms.
" Can bring, to move incens'd Omnipotence.

Thus he: and thus the trembling Goddeſs ſpoke: " Thou Earth be Witneſs, and ye " azure Skies, (*g*) Ye awful *Stygian* Waves,

Πρίν γ' ὅτε δή σ' ἀπέλυσα ποδῶν, μύδρους δ' ἐνὶ χερσὶν Καὶ ἄλλον ὄρμα φέλοιτο ᾗ ἐσσομένοισι πυθέσθαι.

By theſe two Verſes, *Homer* ſhews us, that what he ſays of the Chaſtiſement of *Juno*, is founded upon an ancient Tradition, and that he was not the firſt Inventor of it; 'tis manifeſt, there had been ſome Statue of *Juno* with Anvils at her Feet, and Chains on her Hands; and nothing but the Chains and Anvils being left, ſuperſtitious People rais'd this Story; ſo that *Homer* only follows common Report. What confirms me in this Opinion, is what *Euſtathius* farther adds, that he was aſſured, that the Remains of theſe Maſſes were ſtill to be ſeen in *Troy*.

(*f*) *That thence the Race of Man might learn to fear the potent God . . . . . who thus chaſtis'd the Deities of Heaven.*] I have added this, to give more Light to this Hiſtory; for *Juno* ſeeing ſhe cou'd not drown *Hercules*, drove him upon the Coaſts of *Cos*, to expoſe him to new Dangers; for this Iſle enjoy'd a compleat Happineſs, and for this Reaſon refus'd all manner of Commerce with Strangers, fearing leſt they ſhould reduce them to their Obedience; and whenever ſuch People arrived, they immediately took Arms: accordingly, all the Inhabitants took Arms againſt *Hercules*, and thought to deſtroy him, upon which Occaſion, his whole Courage had almoſt been deficient. See *Apollodorus*, Book II.

(*g*) *Ye awful* Stygian *Waves.*] *Homer* ſays, *the Water of* Styx, *which falls Drop by Drop, down from on high. Herodotus* too, in his ſixth Book, writes thus: *The* Arcadians ſay, *that near the City* Nonacris *flows the Water of* Styx, *and that it is a ſmall Rill of Water; which, diſtilling from an exceeding high Rock, falls into a little*

" by which when Gods Have ſworn, the Oath
" inviolable ſtands. Now hear my Words;
" by thy Almighty Head, (*h*) By our imperial
" bridal Bed, which I With Reverence atteſt,
" and Awe profound, I ſwear, (*i*) It is not by
" my Fraud or Pray'rs, That the dread Ruler of
" the ſtormy Main Chaſes the *Trojans* tow'rds
" the Tow'rs of *Troy*: But ſoft Compaſſion
" for the *Grecians* Woes Mov'd him to leave
" his Palace in the Deep, And riſe in Arms to
" interpoſe his Aid. If I, O *Jove*, cou'd rule

Cavity, or Baſon, environ'd with a Hedge. Pauſanias, who had ſeen the Place, gives Light to this Paſſage of *Herodotus*. *Going from* Pheneus, ſays he, *in the Country of the* Arcadians, *and drawing towards the* Weſt, *we find on the Left the City* Clytorus, *and on the Right that of* Nonacris, *and the Fountain of* Styx, *which, from the Height of a ſhaggy Precipice, falls Drop by Drop upon an exceeding high Rock; and before it has travers'd this Rock, flows into the River* Crathis. *This Water is mortal, both to Man and Beaſt; and therefore it is ſaid to be an infernal Fountain.* Homer *gives it a Place in his Poems, and by the Deſcription which he delivers, one wou'd think he had ſeen it.* This ſhews the wonderful Exactneſs of *Homer*, in his Deſcriptions of the Places which he mentions. The Gods ſwore by *Styx*, and this was the ſtrongeſt Oath which they cou'd make; but I likewiſe find that Men too ſwore by this fatal Water; for *Herodotus* tells us, that *Cleomenes* going to *Arcadia*, to engage the *Arcadians* in a War againſt *Sparta*, and to follow him, had a Deſign to aſſemble them at the City *Nonacris*, and make them ſwear by the Water of this Fountain.

(*h*) *By our imperial bridal Bed.*] *Juno* ſwears by her nuptial Bed, which is a Thing already ſacred; and ſhe ſtill makes it the more ſacred and venerable by this Oath.

(*i*) *It is not by my Fraud or Prayers, that the dread Ruler of the ſtormy Main.*] This Apology is well contriv'd; *Juno* cou'd not ſwear that ſhe had not deceiv'd *Jupiter*; for this had been entirely falſe, and *Homer* wou'd be far from authorizing Perjury by ſo great an Example. *Juno*, we ſee, throws Part of the Fault on *Neptune*, by ſhewing, that ſhe had not acted in concert with him.

" the

" the Ocean's King, He never ſhou'd oppoſe
" what you decree.

The Goddeſs ended, and with Looks ſerene, Th' eternal Father of the Men and Gods Thus to his Conſort with a Smile reply'd:

" If you, O *Juno*, in the Seats of Heav'n,
" Unite with mine your correſponding
" Thoughts, *Neptune* will ſoon comply with
" our Deſires. If then your Voice diſſents not
" from your Soul, Go to the Synod of th' aſ-
" ſembled Gods, And ſend down *Iris* and
" *Apollo*, arm'd With his dread Bow, and
" never-erring Darts. *Iris* to *Neptune* ſhall
" direct her way, And bid him leave the
" Fight, and take his Courſe Down to his
" Palace in the hoary Main. *Phœbus* ſhall pa-
" cify the racking Pains Of *Hector*, and reſtore
" heroick Strength: (*k*) Then to the very Tent
" of *Thetis'* Son His fatal Arm ſhall drive the
" flying *Greeks*. Touch'd with Compaſſion at
" the woful Sight, *Achilles* to the War ſhall
" ſend *Patroclus*, A deſtin'd Victim to the
" Spear of *Hector*; But firſt his Sword ſhall
" ſend a gallant Train Of *Trojans*, ev'n my
" Godlike Son *Sarpedon*, Down to the Shades

(*k*) *Then to the very Tent of* Thetis' *Son.*] To raiſe the Majeſty of *Jupiter*, who for a Moment had been ſurpriz'd by *Juno*, *Homer* here introduces him revealing what his Providence had decreed; by this means *Jupiter* makes it appear, that 'tis in vain for the Gods to enter into Leagues againſt him, and that nothing can reſiſt his Ordains; the Poet here gives us a ſlight Image of the Concluſion of his Poem, which is ſo far from ſatisfying our Curioſity, that it inflames it: they who have endeavour'd to diſcredit theſe Verſes; ſuch as *Apion* and *Herodorus*, as uſeleſs and ſuperfluous, did not perceive their Beauty.

" of everlaſting Night. Then ſhall *Achilles*
" iſſue to the Fight, Impatient to behold *Pa-*
" *troclus'* Doom, And ſlay ſtout *Hector* at the
" Walls of *Troy*; And from that Moment
" Conqueſt ſhall attend The Arms of *Greece*,
" (*l*) till by *Minerva's* Aid Proud *Ilium* tum-
" bles from her tow'ry Height. But my juſt
" Fury ſhall no Calm enjoy, Nor will I ſuffer
" any of the Gods To go to War propitious to
" the *Greeks*, Till all the Wiſhes of the Son of
" *Peleus* Are ſatisfy'd, and till the Promiſe is
" fulfill'd, Which erſt I ſign'd by my Almighty
" Nod, When *Thetis* ſorrowing embrac'd my
" Knees, And begg'd me to exalt her injur'd
" Offspring.

The Thund'rer ſpoke: Nor was imperial *Juno* Slow in Obedience; from th' *Idæan* Mount Swift ſhot the Goddeſs tow'rds the Tow'rs of Heav'n. (*n*) As when ſome Traveller reviews in Thought The various Regions of the travers'd World, With nimble Glance from

(*l*) *Till by* Minerva's *Aid proud* Ilium *tumbles from her tow'ry Height.*] *Troy* rather fell by a Stratagem than Strength. *Homer* here has his Eye upon the Wooden-Horſe, which was made by the Contrivance of *Minerva*; *Divina Palladis Arte*, Virg.

(*m*) *As when ſome Traveller reviews in Thought.*] It was impoſſible for *Homer* to give us a greater Idea of the Swiftneſs with which *Juno* flew, than by comparing it to the Rapidity of the Thoughts of a Traveller, who in a Moment runs over in his Mind all the Places which he ever ſaw. But *Homer* makes the Traveller himſelf ſpeak, *I was here*, or *I was there*, which wou'd not have appear'd beautiful in our Language. My Tranſlation, I hope, gives the Image which the Poet endeavours to convey, and makes it loſe nothing of its Swiftneſs. I therefore will content myſelf to ſay, for the better Underſtanding of the Text, that this Word ἐπ' εἶην ſeems to be a Corruption; for I don't believe that ever in the *Greek* Language εἶην

Realm

Realm to Realm he flies Fleeter than Lightning flaſhing from the Clouds: So rapidly the Goddeſs held her way Tow'rds the bright Manſions on *Olympus'* Height, Where all the Gods, a glorious Synod! met. When they beheld the Empreſs of the Skies, Strait all aroſe, and all obſequious brought *Nectarean* Bowls; (*n*) but ſhe refus'd the Draught, Till *Themis* gave the pleaſurable Liquor, And in theſe Terms beſpoke Heav'ns Royal Queen:-

" Why come you, *Juno*, to *Olympus'* Seats?
" Your clouded Features ſpeak your latent
" Fears: Say! have the Threatnings of *Saturnian Jove* Diſmay'd your Spirits, and o'ercaſt
" your Looks?

" Forbear, reply'd the Goddeſs, ſuch Demands; You, *Themis*, know th' inexorable God, Unmov'd with Pity, unconcern'd
" with Woes: But let the flowing Bowl
" with *Nectar* crown'd Circle around the
" Synod of the Gods, (*o*) Do you preſide,
" and rule the heav'nly Feaſt. Then you, and
" all th' Inhabitants of Heav'n, Shall hear the
" Threatnings of the thund'ring God; And
" tho' eternal Pleaſure here ſhould reign, His

is put for ἦν, *I was*, as *Euſtathius* pretends. It rather ſeems that *Homer* wrote it ἐβῆ' ἴεν, *I went here*, or *I went there*.

(*n*) *But ſhe refus'd the Draught, till* Themis *gave the pleaſurable Liquor.*] *Homer* wou'd have us underſtand by this Fiction, that of all the Virtues, that which becomes a King moſt, and is moſt uſeful upon all Occaſions, is Juſtice.

(*o*) *Do you preſide, and rule the heav'nly Feaſt.*] This is a Paſſage worthy our Obſervation: *Homer* feigns, that *Themis*, that is, Juſtice, preſides over the Feaſts of the Gods, to let us know, that ſhe ought much more to do ſo over the Feaſts of Men.

" Threats

" Threats will turn the Scene, and damp the
" riſing Joys.

She added not; but on a Throne of Gold Sate diſcontent: Grief thro' the Realms of Bliſs Shed its bale Influence, and diſturb'd the Heav'ns. Indignant *Juno* forc'd a ſcornful Smile From her diſtorted Lips, while on her Brows Lowr'd a black Cloud of Cares and ſullen Frowns. Then thus ſhe vented her dire Rage, and ſpoke:

" What Madneſs ſeizes us, that we in vain
" Contend with *Jove*? Why ſtrive we thus to
" change His ſtedfaſt Counſels, or by Force, or
" Pray'rs? He from the Starry Point of *Ida*'s
" Mount Laughs at our Efforts, nor regards our
" Pray'rs, (*p*) But boaſts an infinite ſuperiour
" Pow'r To all the Gods of the combining
" Skies. Bear therefore with Submiſſion all
" the Woes He ſends, and ſtoop beneath his
" Iron Scepter! Nor let dread *Mars*, the God
" of War, complain, Tho' pale and wan, tho'
" breathleſs on the Ground *Aſcalaphus* now lies,
" whom of Mankind He chiefly loves, and
" (*q*) whom he calls his Son.

When this was heard, the frantick God of Battles Smote on his Knees, and raving, thus began:

(*p*) *But boaſts an infinite ſuperiour Power.*] *Juno* does not ſay, that *Jupiter* is more powerful, but that he boaſts ſuperiour Power: this Diſcourſe of the Goddeſs is well contriv'd; for while ſhe counſels the Gods to an entire Reſignation to the Will of *Jupiter*, ſhe ſtrives to excite them to Sedition and Rebellion.

(*q*) *Whom he calls his Son.*] This is another Piece of *Juno*'s Malice to irritate *Mars*, and enflame him to Vengeance; for ſhe inſinuates, that if he did not revenge the Death of *Aſcalaphus*, he wou'd not be thought his Son.

" Pardon,

" Pardon, ye Gods, my Rage; Revenge I
" vow: I'll ſatisfy my Son's departed Shade,
" Tho' angry *Jove* diſcharge his burning Bolts,
" And point his Thunders at my deſtin'd Head;
" Tho' I renounce the God, and yield my
" Breath, Slain by the Thunderer's vindictive
" Arm.

Thus ſpoke the God of War, and gave Command (r) To *Flight* and *Terror*, to prepare his Car: Mean time, he dreſs'd himſelf in burniſh'd Gold. Then had the Anger of Almighty *Jove* Kindled to tenfold Rage againſt the Gods, Had not *Minerva*, riſing from her Throne, Sprung thro' th' ethereal Hall, and calm'd the God. She took the beamy Helmet from his Head, The Buckler from his Arm, and from his Hand The braſſy Spear; and thus indignant ſpoke:

" Raſh, and diſtracted *Mars!* where are thy
" Ears? Or do'ſt thou hear in vain? where's
" the Reſpect Which the dread Father of the
" Gods demands? Didſt thou not hear his
" Words from *Juno*'s Mouth? Or wou'dſt thou
" come thy-ſelf in wretched Plight Back to
" *Olympus*, and involve the Gods In Ruin and
" inevitable Woes? For he, incens'd, will ruſh
" from *Ida*'s Heights, In all his Anger cloath'd,
" and ſcatter Fear And wild Confuſion thro'

(r) *To* Flight *and* Terror.] *Homer* does not ſay, that *Mars* commanded they ſhou'd join his Horſes to his Chariot, which Horſes were call'd *Terror* and *Flight*; *Terror* and *Flight* are not the Names of the Horſes of *Mars*, but the Names of two Furies, who were in the Service of this God; it appears likewiſe by other Paſſages, that they were his Children too: this is a very antient Miſtake, and *Euſtathius* mentions it.

" the

" the Heav'nly Realms; Both Juſt and Inno-
" cent will feel his Wrath. Ceaſe, then, thy
" fruitleſs Rage for thy loſt Son, (s) Since
" braver Men than he have fall'n in Arms, And
" ſtill ſhall fall: for in the Heat of War How
" can each Man avoid a luckleſs Doom?

The Goddeſs thus; and fix'd th' outrageous God Again upon his Throne. Then *Juno* call'd *Iris* and *Phœbus* from th' aſſembled Gods, And to the Deities aloud thus ſpoke:

" *Saturnian Jove* requires you to repair To
" *Ida*'s Point; and when his Pleaſure's known,
" Be ſure to execute what he commands.

She ſpoke; and re-aſſum'd her Throne of Gold, They from *Olympus* wing'd their airy Way, Travers'd the Mountains, and the wavy Main, And ſtood conſeſs'd on *Ida*, in whoſe Groves Beaſts make abode, and whence in trickling Streams Clear Fountains flow, and well upon the Plains. There on the Top of *Gargarus* they found The Thunderer environ'd with a Cloud, Which ſhed *Ambroſial* Odours thro' the Heav'ns. They ſtood before the Cloud-compelling God, And ſince with diligence they had obey'd The Voice of *Juno*, thus with Accents mild, And Looks ſerene, *Saturnian Jove* began:

" *Iris*, the ready Meſſenger of Heav'n, Bear
" to the potent Ruler of the Floods What I
" direct, nor falſify thy Charge. Command
" him to forſake the bloody War, And to the
" Synod of the Gods repair, Or to his Pa-
" lace in the azure Main. But if theſe Or-

(s) *Since braver Men than he ſtill ſhall fall.*] As *Sarpedon*, *Patroclus*, *Hector*, *Achilles*.

" ders

" ders he diſdains to hear, Let him reflect on " my ſuperiour Pow'r, And how he'll meet " Omnipotence in Arms. Nor is alone more " prevalent my Strength, By Birth I am his " Maſter and his King; Yet tho the Deities " tremble at my Nod, He boaſts himſelf a " Rival to my Pow'r.

He ſpoke; and *Iris*, ſwifter than a Whirlwind, Shot from the Mount of *Ida* down to *Troy*. As when the fleecy Snow, or ruſhing Hail, Pours from the Boſom of the broken Clouds, When *Boreas* drives it headlong thro' the Skies; Swift flies the ruſhing Storm impetuous to the Ground: So rapidly the Goddeſs wing'd her way, And thus beſpoke the Ruler of the Floods:

" The Meſſenger of *Jove*, to you I come, " Who fill the Circle of the rounded World: " He bids you to forſake the bloody War, " And to the Synod of the Gods repair, Or to " your Palace in the azure Main. But if theſe " Orders you diſdain to hear, Timely reflect " on his ſuperiour Pow'r, And how you'll " meet Omnipotence in Arms. Nor is alone " more prevalent his Strength, By Birth he is " your Maſter and your King; Yet tho the " Deities tremble at his Nod, You boaſt your- " ſelf a Rival to his Pow'r.

Then raging, thus reply'd the Ocean's King: " The Wrath of *Jove* is greater than his " Strength, If he reſolves to force me from " the Fight, Who am his Match in Dignity " and Sway. Three are the Sons of *Saturn*, " *Jove*, and I, And *Pluto*, Ruler of the dark " Abodes:

" Abodes: (t) By Lot we hold our Empires,
" at my Nod The roaring Billows of the O-
" cean ſleep, And *Pluto* rules the Kingdoms
" of the Night. *Jove* o'er the Heavens ſtretches
" his Domain. O'er the wide Clouds, and the
" ethereal Plains. (u) *Olympus* and the Earth
" in common lie, Therefore I'll not obſequi-
" ouſly obey The Will of *Jove*; let him com-
" mand above, And leave to me the Empire
" of the Deep. Nor let him think to fright
" me with his Threats; (w) Let him reſerve
" ſuch Language for his Sons And Daughters,
" whom he forces to obey.

To whom the Meſſenger of *Jove* reply'd:
" Muſt I, (x) O potent Ruler of the Main,
" Bear this fierce Anſwer to the King of Hea-

(t) *By Lot we hold our Empires.*] Nothing cou'd be urg'd more ſtrongly, than what *Neptune* here ſpeaks, to colour his Revolt, and weaken the Birthright of *Jupiter*. *Homer* here ſhews us, that when a Brother has a mind to enter into Conteſt with his Brother, he lets no Reaſon nor Pretext ſlip, if they have the leaſt Appearance of Strength.

(u) Olympus *and the Earth in common lie.*] How can Mankind pretend to take away all Grounds and Occaſions of Quarrels in their Diviſions, when even the Diviſion which is made by the Gods, gives riſe to eternal Contentions?

Neptune ſays, that the Earth was left in common between the three Brothers, becauſe in the Earth three Elements are found; Air, Water, and Fire.

(w) *Let him reſerve ſuch Language for his Sons and Daughters.*] This is an Irony full of Bitterneſs againſt *Jupiter*; for *Neptune* reproaches him for not being able to awe and reſtrain his own Children, ſince *Mars* and *Minerva* ſo often act contrary to his Orders.

(x) *O potent Ruler of the Main.*] It is impoſſible not to admire the Prudence and Decency which *Iris* uſes to ſhew *Neptune* his Duty, without diminiſhing the Reſpect which ſhe ought to pay him.

" ven?

" ven? Does Nought deſerve a Change? (*y*) to
" change, ſometimes Speaks Wiſdom; (*z*) and
" a Guardian Fury waits On elder Brothers, to
" revenge their Wrongs.

To whom the Sov'reign of the Floods thus ſpoke: " Your Words have Reaſon, and (*a*) it
" much avails, When Meſſengers are bleſt with
" prudent Minds: Yet ſtill it troubles my af-
" flicted Soul, To think that *Jove* ſo haughti-
" ly ſhou'd uſe Thoſe who are not dependent
" on his Pow'r. Yet I obey; (*b*) but let the
" Thund'rer know, That if he give the Vic-
" tory to *Troy*, While I, and *Juno*, and the
" martial Goddeſs, With *Mercury*, and *Vulcan*,

(*y*) *To change, ſometimes ſpeaks Wiſdom.*] This is a great Truth, and wou'd preſerve Men frequently from groſs Miſtakes and ill Conduct, wou'd they regulate their Actions by it: more Strength is very often neceſſary to raiſe us when faln, than wou'd have preſerv'd us from the Fall.

(*z*) *A guardian Fury waits on elder Brothers, to revenge their Wrongs.*] This is no ſmall Authority to ſhew us, that the Pagans look'd upon the Right of Birth as a Right Divine. What Beauty is there in this Idea? He ſays, that God has given elder Brothers a Fury as their Guardian, to revenge the Outrages which younger Brothers offer.

(*a*) *It much avails, when Meſſengers are bleſt with prudent Minds.*] This is certainly true; a Command does not always induce us to obey: but when it is attended with the ſage Counſel of the Meſſenger, it is generally more efficacious, ſince ſuch Advice may diſſipate the falſe Reaſoning of the Seditious, and ſhew the lawful Authority of the Prince; therefore in nice Affairs, Princes cannot be too cautious in chuſing their Miniſters.

(*b*) *But let the Thunderer knows.*] *Homer* here excellently paints the Obſtinacy of a proud Perſon, who when he cannot reſiſt, and is aſham'd to ſubmit, wou'd have it thought that it is not thro' Incapacity or Weakneſs, that he at laſt yields; he therefore threatens to act otherwiſe upon ſuch or ſuch Occaſions, which he knows will never arrive. Thus *Neptune* ſays, if *Jupiter* pretends to preſerve *Troy*, &c. when he very well knew he had reſolv'd to deſtroy it.

" ſtand

" ſtand for *Greece*; I here proclaim my Anger
" everlaſting.

He ſpoke, and plung'd into the azure Waves. Then thus to *Phœbus* ſpoke the King of Gods:

" Go now, my Son, to *Hector*, at the Streams
" Of *Xanthus*; for beneath the hoary Deep,
" Now in his Palace ſits the Ocean's King.
" Had he not thus appeas'd my kindling Wrath,
" (*c*) The Gods, who dwell in *Erebus* and
" Hell, E'er now had heard with Terror
" and Affright The hideous Din of our con-
" flicting Arms. But it is well that from my
" Wrath he flies, Elſe wild Uproar, and ter-
" rible Alarms, Had ſoon enſu'd: but (*d*) take
" my dreadful Shield, The *Ægis* which I bear
" when I deſcend Terrifick to the Fight, and
" with it ſpread Fear and Confuſion thro' the
" *Grecian* War. Let *Hector* be thy Care; that
" he again May march to Battle, and again the
" *Greeks* Fly to their Fleet and *Helleſpontic* Sea.
" Then ſhall the *Greeks* take Reſpite from their
" Woes.

Thus ſpoke the King of Gods: nor was his Son Slow in Obedience; from th' *Idæan* Mount He ſhot impetuous, as the rapid Hawk Skims thro' the Air, and darts upon his Prey. Seated

(*c*) *The Gods, who dwell in* Erebus *and Hell, e'er now had heard, with Terror and Affright, the hideous Din of our conflicting Arms.*] *Homer* always knows how to proportion his Ideas to the Subject of which he treats. The Combat of *Jupiter* and *Neptune* muſt neceſſarily have ſhook the Foundations of the Earth, and conſequently the infernal Gods wou'd have heard the Din of their Arms.

(*d*) *Take my dreadful Ægis.*] *Jupiter* lends *Apollo* his *Ægis*, and the Myſtery couch'd under this Allegory is not difficult to be diſcover'd.

on

on *Xanthus'* Banks he *Hector* found, Not proſtrate on the Plain; for now his Strength Again began to animate his Body. His Senſe return'd, and thro' his chilly Veins, (*e*) E'er ſince the Thund'rer thought upon his Pains, Circled in briſker Streams the Purple Flood. To whom *Apollo* in theſe Terms began:

" Why ſit you, *Hector*, thus remote from " War? Are you diſabled by ſome grievous " Wound?

To whom, with Pain, reply'd the Son of *Priam*: " Which of the Deities, propitious " God! Are you, who, thus confeſs'd, demand " the Cauſe, Why I retire from Fight? has " not the Fame Yet reach'd your Ears, how " *Ajax*, with a Stone, While in the *Grecians* " Blood I bath'd my Sword, Smote me, and " fell'd me to the trembling Ground? I thought " this Day had been decreed my laſt, And I " been doom'd to tread the gloomy Way " Which leads to Death, and everlaſting " Night.

To whom *Apollo* ſaid: " Reſume thy Cou- " rage; For from th' *Idæan* Mount *Saturnian* " *Jove* Has ſent puiſſant Aid, a potent God, " *Phœbus!* who always with propitious Eyes " Beheld thee, *Hector*, and the Tow'rs of *Troy*. " But riſe, and animate the Horſe to Arms; " Before the Hoſt I'll iſſue to the Fight, Smooth " the whole Way, and chaſe the flying *Greeks*.

(*e*) *E'er ſince the Thunderer thought upon his Pains.*] I look upon this as worthy our Obſervation: *Homer* knows, that it is ſufficient to recover Man, if God only thinks upon him; and that the Recovery is made at the firſt Moment he turns his Thoughts towards him.

Thus

Thus ſpoke the Son of *Jove*, immortal *Phœbus*; And breath'd into his Soul heroick Ardour. (*f*) As ſome fair Courſer, who has long been pamper'd, Breaks from the Stable, and with ample Strokes Bounds o'er the Plain, and ſcours along the Ground; Eager to bathe in ſome calm Chryſtal Flood, He cleaves the Air, and makes the Earth reſound; Haughty his Paces, and erect his Head, And o'er his Shoulders waves his flowing Main; Proud of his Beauty, ſtung with fierce Deſires, To wonted Paſtures, and to well-known Females, Swift o'er the Plain he wings his airy way: So *Hector* flew to Battle, when the God Inſpir'd his Soul with Vigour for the Fight. As when the Swains, and the purſuing Hounds, Chaſe o'er the Plain a Stag, or ſavage Roe; Swift flies the

(*f*) *As ſome fair Courſer, who has long been pamper'd.*] *Homer* has this ſame Compariſon in the 6th Book, near the Concluſion, where he ſpeaks of *Paris*: and it ſeems better plac'd there than it is here; for it perfectly well gives us an Image of a Prince, who returns to Battle after a long Repoſe in his Palace, but this bears no Similitude to *Hector*: the Antients retain'd no more than the two firſt Verſes, and the four laſt of this Paſſage, and they gave the Verſes two Marks; by the firſt, which was a ſharp-pointed Mark, and call'd *an Obelus*, they gave us to underſtand, that the four Verſes were ill-plac'd; and by the ſecond, which was an Aſteriſm, that they were very beautiful, but better introduc'd elſewhere. But I cannot find out any Grounds for theſe Criticiſms, nor can I be of their Opinion; for the only Thing which does not agree with *Hector*, is what is ſaid in the two firſt Verſes concerning the long Repoſe of the Courſer, which can never be made to bear any Reſemblance with *Hector*, who was a violent and active Man; whereas all the reſt perfectly well repreſents him: for in a moment, *Apollo* breathed into him this Force, this Grace, and this Briskneſs. To juſtify *Homer*, it is ſufficient to ſhew, that it is introduc'd only to illuſtrate the Rapidity of this Prince's March.

bounding

bounding Game, and gains his hold On ſome impervious Rock: then from Purſuit The Hunters ceaſe; (g) for Fate preſerves the Prey. But from his Den the Terror of the Wood, Rouz'd by their Cries, a ſullen Lion comes, Shoots on the Hunters and the trembling Hounds, And ſcatters them precipitate in Flight: Thus o'er the Field the *Grecians* chas'd the *Trojans* Back to their Chariots; but when *Priam*'s Son Return'd to Battle, clad in beamy Arms, (h) Down ſunk the Spirits of the fainting *Greeks*. Then ſpoke *Andræmon*'s Son, the Godlike *Thoas*: *Thoas!* the ſtouteſt of th' *Ætolian* Warriors, Well-skill'd to ſend from far the fatal Dart, And bold to battle in the ſtanding Fight. For winning Eloquence he was renown'd, And ſure Perſuaſion hung upon his Lips; Sweet were his Words, and tunefully they flow'd.

"What Miracle, ye Gods, now ſtrikes my "Eyes? *Hector* is riſen from the *Stygian* Shades. "The Arm of *Ajax* ſent him to his Grave,

(g) *For Fate preſerves the Prey.*] Here is another Paſſage by which it appears, that *Homer* extended Deſtiny, that is, the Care of Providence, even over the Beaſts of the Field: this agrees perfectly with true Theology.

(h) *Down ſunk the Spirits of the fainting* Greeks.] The *Greek* Expreſſion is remarkable:

——πᾶσιν δὲ παρὰ ποσὶ κάππεσε θυμός.

Their Courage fell down to their Feet. It was this Paſſage which gave *Demoſthenes*, as *Euſtathius* obſerves, the Boldneſs to ſay, *That the Athenians carry'd their Brains in their Heels.* And it is this Paſſage which *Amphis* the Comedian imitates, when he ſays, ſpeaking of the Philoſophers, ὅτι ἐπαινῶ τὸν βίον τῶν φιλοπότων, ἢπερ ὑμῶν τῶν μεγάλων ἐν τῇ μετώπῳ τοῦν ἔχειν ἐγκεφάλων. *I commend the Lives of Drinkers more than that of all you other great Philoſophers, who carry not Wiſdom any where but in your Countenances.*

"And

" And has ſome God reſtor'd him to the Light,
" That he again may ruſh in dreadful Arms,
" Again lay deſolate the Files of War? 'Tis
" not, O *Jove*, without thy preſent Aid, That
" *Hector* thus tremendouſly appears. Then
" liſten, and perform what I adviſe: Let the
" main Body of the *Grecian* Army Haſte to the
" Fleet; but let all us, renown'd For manly
" Proweſs, wedg'd in deep Array, Expect the
" Storm: nor will dread *Priam*'s Son Approach
" in Battle ſuch illuſtrious Warriors.

Thus *Thoas* ſpoke; and all the *Greeks* obey'd. Then *Ajax*, *Teucer*, and *Idomeneus*, *Meriones*, and *Meges*, in Array Drew the ſtout Leaders of the *Grecian* Army Fronting the War of *Troy*; and now the *Trojans* Ruſh'd on impetuous, and before them *Hector* With haughty Stalk came tow'ring to the Fight. Before the Hero, went the Son of *Jove*, Environ'd with a Cloud, and (*i*) bore on high The dreadful *Ægis* formidably bright: It was the Workmanſhip of *Vulcan*'s Art, who gave the Preſent to *Saturnian Jove*, To ſcatter Armies, and lay waſte a War. The *Greeks* intrepid ſtood the fierce Aſſault, And hideous Shouting ſhook the ſtedfaſt Earth; Thick Clouds of flying Darts o'ercaſt the Day, And Storms of Spears, impatient to diſcharge Their dire Commiſſions, hiſs'd along the Air; Some drank the Blood, ſome quiver'd in the Ground, (*k*) While without Motion *Phœbus*

(*i*) *Bore on high his Ægis.*] This ſhews, that this *Ægis* was a Buckler.

(*k*) *While without Motion Phœbus held the Shield.*] For *Apollo* is weak of himſelf, and continues ſo till he makes uſe of the Arms which *Jupiter* lent him.

held

held the Shield, On even Wings, between the warring Armies, Dubious the Conqueſt hover'd; on each ſide With equal Paces Death ſtrode o'er the Field: But when he ſhook around the frightful Orb, With dreadful Beams it flaſh'd upon the *Greeks*, While he with Shouts tremendous rent the Air: Then was the Courage of the Hoſt diſmay'd. As when two Lions, ruſhing from the Woods, Scatter a Flock of Sheep, or Herd of Beeves, Which want the Shepherd's Guard, while ſable Night With Clouds of Darkneſs overſpreads the Skies: So were the *Grecians*, in wild Diſarray, Chas'd by the *Trojans*; for *Apollo*'s Aid With Conqueſt crown'd the favour'd Arms of *Troy*. Now in the Flight each *Trojan* kill'd his *Greek*; *Archeſilas* and *Stichius Hector* flew; *Stichius*, the Chief of the *Bœotian* Band; *Archeſilas*, Companion to *Meneſtheus*: But *Iaſus* and *Medon* ow'd their Deaths To ſtout *Æneas*; *Medon* was the Son Of *Oileus*' ſtol'n Delights, but dwelt afar, In diſtant *Phylace*, a baniſh'd Man. But *Iaſus* th' *Athenian* Bands obey'd; He was the Son of *Sphelus*: but *Meciſtheus* By thee, O brave *Polydamas*, was ſlain; And by *Polites*, *Echius*: by thy Sword, *Agenor*, *Clonius* tumbled to the Ground. *Deiochus* by *Paris*; as he flew, He pierc'd his Shoulder with his fatal Spear.

Now, while the *Trojans* ſtript the ſlaughter'd *Greeks*, They o'er the Paliſades in Diſarray, Urg'd their diſorder'd Flight; then *Priam*'s Son Call'd to the *Trojan* Bands with all his Might, And bade them leave the Plunder of

the Field, To fall impetuous on the *Grecian* Navy, And puſh the yielding Troops; (*l*) " for, by the Gods, The Man whom I ſhall " plund'ring find, I ſtrike That Moment dead; " nor ſhall the friendly Hands Of Brothers, " or of Siſters, to his Corſe With ſolemn Pomp " perform Funereal Rites; But he ſhall lie to " Dogs a wretched Prey.

He ſaid, and furious laſh'd his flying Steeds, And fir'd the Sons of *Troy*; with dreadful Shouts They in their Warrior Cars to Battle rode Triumphant o'er the Field; before them march'd The God Armipotent, (*m*) and with a Nod Level'd the Foſs, and made an eaſy Way: Wide was the Paſs; nor cou'd a Javelin, hurl'd From the ſtrong Arm of ſome experienc'd Warrior, When he exerts his Vigour (*n*) to diſplay

(*l*) *For by the Gods, the Man whom I ſhall plundering find.*] I had here Recourſe to a Remark of *Longinus*, who in Chap. 23. cites this Paſſage as a Pattern for ſudden and unexpected Tranſitions; in which the Poet leaving the Narration, makes the Perſon whom he introduces, ſpeak the reſt: this Menace of *Hector*'s had been languid, had *Homer* given us notice of it by three Words, *Then* Hector *ſaid, or he ſaid*; inſtead of this he prevents the Reader, and the Tranſition is made even before the Poet himſelf is aware of it. The true Place where this Figure is to be us'd, is when the Time is preſſing, and will not admit of one ſuperfluous Syllable.

(*m*) *And with a Nod level'd the Foſs.*] Here *Apollo* executes the Promiſe which he had before made to *Hector*, when he ſaid, I *will open a Paſſage for your Squadrons.*

(*n*) *To diſplay his manly Strength.*] *To diſplay his ſtrength*, is not added ſuperfluouſly; a Man who tries his Strength, hurls his Javelin farther than he would either in Games or Battle: in Games, the Mark is never far diſtant; and in Battle he always proportions his Throw to the Diſtance of his Enemy.

His

His manly Strength, fly o'er the level'd Ground. O'er this in Trains they pour'd upon the Wall; Then *Phœbus*, ſhaking his tremendous *Ægis*, O'erturn'd it to the Ground. (*o*) As when a Boy Draws on the Shores, to entertain his Fancy, Imagin'd Walls and Houſes in the Sands; The ſportive Wanton, pleas'd with ſome new Toy, Razes again the Works, in childiſh Play, The faſhion'd Palaces, and riſing Domes: (*p*) With no leſs Eaſe, O *Phœbus*, did the Wall Down at thy Preſence fall; and at thy Sight The *Grecians* flew impetuous o'er the Field; Nor ceas'd they, till they gain'd the diſtant Navy. Then to the Gods they made their humble Pray'rs, Abandon'd! and diſtreſs'd! and rev'rend *Neſtor* Lifted his Hands and Eyes to Heav'n, and pray'd:

" Dread Father *Jove!* the Gods imperial
" King! Who dwell'ſt Supreme upon *Olympus'*
" Heights! If e'er in *Argos* any righteous
" *Greek* Offer'd the fatten'd Sheep, or bleeding
" Bulls Upon thy holy Altars! if his Pray'rs
" Were ever grateful to thy Ears, again Hear
" us, O mighty *Jove!* nor let this Day Be fa-
" tal to us! diſſipate the Storm! Nor let the
" *Trojans* triumph in our Ruin.

(*o*) *As when a Boy.*] *Homer* cou'd not have invented a more juſt Compariſon than this, to expreſs the Eaſineſs with which *Apollo* overthrew a great Part of the Wall; beſides, a Compariſon ſo ſweet and agreeable, upon ſo dreadfull an Occaſion, gives us a very beautiful Contraſte.

(*p*) *With no leſs Eaſe, O Phœbus.*] The Poet, inſtead of compleating the Compariſon, by ſaying as uſual, *ſo Apollo overthrew the Wall*, makes an Apoſtrophe, which has a wonderful Effect; for it obliges the Reader to be more attentive to the extraordinary and prodigious Action of the God.

Thus humbly *Neſtor* pray'd; and from on high *Jove* thunder'd in the Heavens, and gave Signs Of kind Acceptance: (*q*) but the *Trojans* thought The Omen ſent to them, and forth they ſprung With doubled Fury, and horrendous Shouts. (*r*) As the proud Waves of the tumultuous Main, When ſtormy Winds inſult the boiling Deep, Buffet a Ship; and riſing o'er its Sides, Burſt in the Air, and fill the delug'd Womb: So ruſh'd the *Trojans* o'er the *Grecian* Wall. (*s*) High on their Cars they battled at the Navy, And from the Ships the *Greeks* return'd the War.

(*t*) While for the Wall the warring Armies fought, *Patroclus* dreſs'd *Eurypylus*'s Wound, And paſs'd the Time with ſweet Diſcourſe away. But when the *Trojans* the Intrenchments won, And from the Battle fled the trembling *Greeks*, Frantick he ſmote his Knees, and bitter Groans Broke from his manly Breaſt, and thus he cry'd:

(*q*) *But the* Trojans *thought the Omen ſent to them.*] As they were ignorant of the Cauſe of this Thunder, they made no ſcruple, but explain'd it in their own Favour.

(*r*) *As the proud Waves of the tumultuous Main.*] The Antients thought they cou'd never ſufficiently admire the Fecundity of *Homer*'s Imagination, and Strength of his Compariſons, in which he even ſurpaſſes himſelf. This is wonderfully juſt; the Sides of the Ship repreſent the Wall; the *Trojans* are the Waves, and the violent Winds ſignify the Battle, which ſtill continues and breaks out with new Fury.

(*s*) *High on their Cars.*] This is a new ſort of Battle, which *Homer* has never before mention'd; the *Greeks* on their Ships, and the *Trojans* in their Chariots, fight as on a Plain.

(*t*) *While for the Wall the warring Armies fought.*] *Homer* now returns to *Patroclus*, whom he left with *Eurypylus*, at the end of the 12th Book! The Poet never fails to trace the Thread of Action.

"Tho'

" (*u*) Tho' your Diſtreſs demands my far-
" ther Aid, Yet I muſt haſte away; for now
" the Fight Burns with full Fury: to the Son
" of *Thetis* I bend my Steps: who knows but
" now ſome God May by my Words incline
" his Heart to Pity? The Voice is pow'rful of
" a faithful Friend:

He ſpoke, and ſprung away: mean time, the *Greeks* Suſtain'd the Shock of War; and tho' they were Superior to the *Trojans*, (*w*) yet they fail'd To force them from the Fleet; nor cou'd the *Trojans* O'erthrow the *Grecian* Bands, and fire the Navy. (*x*) As when a Ship-wright, who by *Pallas*' Aid Excels in all the Works of curious Art, Levels the Roughneſs of th'inequal Wood, Nor ſwerves from the directing even

(*u*) *Tho' your Diſtreſs demands my farther Aid.*] Theſe Words juſtify the Stay of *Patroclus*; he is detain'd by *Eurypylus*, while all that which is contain'd in the four laſt Books is executed; he had ſtay'd ſtill longer, had not Neceſſity forc'd him to return to *Achilles*.

(*w*) *Yet they fail'd to force them from the Fleet.*] *Homer* always marks diſtinctly the Place of Battle; he here ſhews us clearly, that the *Trojans* attack'd the firſt Line of the Fleet, or the Veſſels which were drawn foremoſt on the Land; theſe Veſſels were a ſtrong Rampart to the Tents, which were pitch'd behind this firſt Line, and to the ſecond Line of the Navy, which ſtood upon the Shores nearer the Sea; to penetrate therefore to the Tents, they muſt neceſſarily force the firſt Line, and defeat the Troops which defended it.

(*x*) *As when a Ship-wright.*] The Text runs thus; *As the Rule makes even a Piece of Wood, in the Hands of a ſkilful Workman, who is inſtructed in all the Wiſdom of his Art by the Leſſons of* Minerva: the Poet calls Ingenuity, Wiſdom; for the Antients gave the venerable Name of σοφία, to Skill in Arts; for before Philoſophy had enlighten'd the Minds of Men, they knew no other Wiſdom but Work, and the Practice of Arts, over which *Minerva* preſided; and thoſe who were call'd *Wiſe-men*, were Workmen.

Line; So did the Warriors poiſe the even Scales Of War on ev'ry part: now *Priam*'s Son Ruſh'd with Impatience on the Ship of *Ajax*; Dire was the Fight; (y) nor cou'd the Godlike *Greek* Repulſe ſtout *Hector*, nor cou'd *Hector* gain, Tho' aided by a God, an Inch of Ground. Then *Ajax* ſlew *Caletor*, *Clytius*' Son, Bearing a flaming Brand to fire his Ship. Deep in his Boſom ſunk the pointed Spear: He fell, and falling to th' enſanguin'd Ground, The clanking Armour rattled o'er the Plain.

When *Hector* ſaw him groveling in his Blood, He burnt with Rage, and thus aloud exclaim'd: "Ye *Trojan*, *Lycian*, and *Dardanian* War-"riors, (z) Stand to your Arms, put all your "Courage on; Defend the Body of the "ſlaughter'd *Clytius*, Nor let the *Grecians* bear "away his Arms.

He ſpoke, and launch'd at *Ajax* his dire Spear; It err'd, and vainly ſung along the Air. But now at *Lycophron* a Lance he hurl'd; With fatal Certainty it ſwiftly flew, And fix'd above his Ear; reeling he fell, And everlaſting Darkneſs veil'd his Eyes. Shock'd at the Sight, to *Teucer*, *Ajax* ſpoke:

(y) *Nor cou'd the Godlike Greek.*] *Homer* here with a great deal of Addreſs raiſes the Valour of *Ajax*, in making an Equality between him and *Hector*, tho' *Hector* has *Apollo* for his Second.

(z) *Stand to your Arms.*] The Text adds, *in the Place where you fight*, ἐν ςείχεσι τῶδε. *Homer* here calls the Space between the Wall, and the firſt Line of the Ships ςείχος, and by the ſame Name he elſewhere calls the Space between the Ditch and the Wall. It is to raiſe the Courage of the *Trojans*, that *Hector* mentions the Place in which they are engag'd.

"A

" A Friend, O *Teucer*, and a gallant Man,
" Who from *Cythera* to the War of *Troy*, Our
" lov'd Companion, came; lo! pale and wan,
" In horrid Death's cold Arms extended lies,
" Slain by the Spear of *Hector*: where then,
" *Teucer*, Where is thy Bow, and thy unerring Darts, Which thou receiv'ſt from the
" Archer God?

He ſpoke, and *Teucer* iſſu'd to the Fight: He bore a Quiver ſtor'd with feather'd Deaths, And bent his well-ſtrung Bow: then by a Dart Sent from the twanging String, ſtout *Clytus* fell, Companion to *Polydamas*; thro' the Fight, Where moſt it rag'd, he drove his fiery Steeds, But haſten'd to inevitable Doom: (*a*) His Neck the Arrow pierc'd, and drank his Blood; Then down he tumbled to th' enſanguin'd Ground; And o'er the Field, affrighten'd by his Fall, The furious Horſes whirl'd the rattling Car. This from afar *Polydamas* beheld, And ſtopt their wild Career; and gave the Reins To ſtout *Aſſyrtus*; then march'd again, To ſhare the Dangers of the bloody Day. Then full at *Hector Teucer* aim'd a Dart, And now had laid him breathleſs on the Ground, Had not the Thunderer from *Ida*'s Heights Beheld the Fight,

(*a*) *His Neck the Arrow pierc'd.*] The Text runs thus, *The fatal Arrow ſmiting him behind, pierc'd his Neck*; that is, he was wounded in the Nape of his Neck. I ſhall paſs over ſeveral ill-grounded Conjectures concerning this Paſſage, which are made uſe of, to ſhew how *Clytus* might be wounded in the Neck; this *Clytus* was a young giddy-headed Fellow, who drove his Chariot now here, now there, and by this means he might eaſily receive a Wound in his Neck, as he went from one Veſſel towards another.

and interpos'd his Aid; For as with all his Strength he drew the Bow, Aſunder broke the String; the braſſy Arrow Flew innocent, and from his Hand the Bow Fell to the Earth. To *Telamonian Ajax* Then *Teucer* thus with Indignation ſpoke:

" Unhappy I! I find ſome jealous God
" Envies my Glory, and defeats my Aims:
" 'Tis hence the treach'rous Bow deceives its
" Lord; Hence broke the String, which at the
" Dawn of Morn, I to the Bow apply'd, that
" all the Day My Shafts might fly inceſſant
" o'er the Field.

To whom thus *Ajax*: " Quit thy Bow and
" Darts, Since ſome malignant God has made
" them vain. Aſſume a Jav'lin and a maſſy
" Shield, Ruſh on the *Trojans*, and excite the
" *Greeks* To fight, by thy Example, that if *Jove*
" Decrees the Conqueſt to the *Grecian* Foes,
" The crimſon Plain may flow with *Trojan*
" Blood.

He ſpoke: and *Teucer*, haſting to his Tent, Laid up his Arrows, and his faithleſs Bow; He arm'd his Shoulder with a four-fold Shield, A Helmet dreadfully adorn'd his Head, Whoſe plumy Creſts wav'd horrible in Air, Then took a Spear, and ſtrode again to War.

But *Hector*, who beheld the falling Bow, Rais'd his loud Voice, and in theſe Terms began:

" Ye *Trojan*, *Lycian*, and *Dardanian* War-
" riors, Exert your Proweſs, put your Courage
" on; For lo! the Father of the Men and
" Gods, Has made the Arrows of brave *Teucer*
" vain,

" vain, And he was skill'd to ſend the certain
" Dart. 'Twas *Jove*; for (*b*) when he deigns
" to give his Aid, His Pow'r is manifeſt, and
" ſhines conſpicuous, Both to the vanquiſh'd
" and the victor Army; And now his Arm
" diſcourages the *Greeks*. Then fall with your
" whole Fury on the Fleet; Baniſh the Fear
" of Death; let him who dies, With pleaſure
" meet his Fate, ſince he who falls, To ſave his
" Country from Deſtruction, ſhares A glorious
" Ruin; and his growing Sons, His loving
" Spouſe, his Country, and his Friends, Will,
" when the coward *Greeks* are fled from
" *Troy*, Riſe from his Aſhes, and enjoy his
" Doom.

He ſpoke, and fir'd their Souls with Godlike Ardor. Then to the *Grecians* valiant *Ajax* cry'd:

" O coward *Greeks*! O ignominious Day! If
" thus ye fly, we are for ever loſt: Can you, when
" *Hector* has the Fleet deſtroy'd, By Land reviſit
" fertile *Argos*' Shores? And heard ye not the
" Voice of *Priam*'s Son, Encouraging the *Tro-*
" *jans* in the Fight, To fire our Navy with vindic-
" tive Flames? (*c*) It is not to the Dance he
" thus invites, But to the Danger of the bloody

(*b*) *When he deigns to aid, his Pow'r is manifeſt.*] He adds this Reaſon to ſhew the *Trojans*, that what he ſays is more than a Conjecture, and that he was really ſatisfy'd of what he ſpoke.

(*c*) *It is not to the Dance.*] This is an Inveſtive of great Strength and Reaſon; *Ajax* reproaches his Troops for looking upon the Words of *Hector* with the ſame Indifference, and Coolneſs of Blood, as if they had been deliver'd in an Aſſembly, where *Hector* invited his Friends to a Ball; beſides, he would ſhew with how much Readineſs he is obey'd, and that his Troops follow him to the Battle with as much Joy, as if he led them to a Dance; with greater Reaſon therefore the *Greeks* ſhou'd

" Day. Then ſpring to War, exert your man-
" ly Proweſs; 'Tis better far to fall in glorious
" Arms, In one illuſtrious Heap, than by de-
" grees Conſum'd, receive an ignominious Doom,
" From Men inferiour to the *Greeks* in Fight.

Thus to the Battle he inflam'd the Army. Then *Hector Schedius* ſlew, the *Phocian* Leader; *Laodamas* to *Ajax* ow'd his Death; *Arcadian Olus* to *Polydamas*. Then at *Polydamas* the gallant *Meges* Launch'd with impetuous Strength his ſhining Spear, It err'd, and whizzing, vainly cut the Air; For *Phœbus* ſuffer'd not ſo brave a Man To meet his Ruin in the Front of War: Then in the Breaſt of the unhappy *Craſmus*, Indignant *Meges* plung'd his deadly Spear; He fell, and falling to the trembling Ground, The clanking Armour rattled o'er the Plain. But while he bore away th' enſanguin'd Arms, *Dolops*, the Son of *Lampus*, hurl'd a Spear, And ſmote the Center of ſtout *Meges'* Shield; But a ſtrong Breaſt-plate ſav'd him from the Wound. From *Ephyra*, and from fair *Selleis'* Stream, *Phyleus* his Father brought the royal Gift, From King *Euphetes'* Court, and in the Fight, It oft had ſav'd the Father from his Doom, And now the Son: then at the Helm of *Dolops*, Indignant *Meges* hurl'd a pointed Spear, And ſtruck his plumy Creſt; the plumy Creſt, (*d*) Gay with the rich *Sidonian*

obey their Leaders, and exert all their Strength, ſince they are oblig'd to conquer, or to periſh. The Diſcourſe of *Hector* is more grave and ſtately than that of *Ajax*; but that of *Ajax* is more perſuaſive, preſſing, and politick, than *Hector's*.

(*d*) *Gay with the rich* Sidonian *purple Dyes.*] This is the true Meaning of the

purple

purple Dyes, Broke from the Helm, and tumbled to the Ground; Intrepidly ſtill *Dolops* ruſh'd in Fight, And hop'd to bathe his Spear in *Meges'* Blood; But *Menelaus*, unperceiv'd, diſcharg'd A fatal Lance; quite through his Shoulder went The braſſy Point; prone on the bloody Ground The *Trojan* fell; then forth the Hero ſprung, From the dead Corſe to ſtrip the goary Arms. (*e*) Now with a Voice which might be heard afar, To his Companions God-like *Hector* cry'd: But to thee, firſt, O gallant *Melanippus!* When the loud Clank of Arms, and Din of War, Had not diſturb'd the happy *Trojan* Shores, He at *Percote* fed large Herds of Beeves; But when the *Grecians* ſail'd to conquer *Troy*, He ſhone in youthful Atms; for martial Deeds Renown'd, and in the royal Court of *Priam* Abode in equal Honour with his Sons. To him brave *Hector* in theſe Terms began: (*f*) "Why are we thus remiſs? does "not the Death Of one ſo nearly to thy Race "ally'd, Kindle thy Fury? ſee the Victor "*Greeks* Strip from his Body the enſanguin'd "Arms! Wake then thy Wrath, and follow to "the Fight; Cloſe in the Battle, let the *Tro-*"*jans* join, Till Ruin overwhelms the ſlaugh-

obvia exuvis, and not *all bloody*; for *Dolops* was not wounded. In the Days of old, as well as in our Days, they painted the Plumes of their Creſts with Variety of Colours.

(*e*) *To his Companions.*] *Homer* ſays, *He went to excite all his Couſins, or Relations*, who were particularly obliged, on the Account of Proximity of Blood, to defend his Body.

(*f*) *Why are we thus remiſs?*] This Speech agrees very well with the Character of *Ajax*; it is nervous and lively.

" ter'd *Greeks*, Or *Ilium* tumbles from her tow'ry
" Height.

He ſpoke; and both ſtrode forward to the Fight. Then to the *Grecians* thus ſtout *Ajax* cry'd:

" Exert yourſelves, my Friends; Think,
" timely think, What dire Diſgrace attends a
" coward Flight: Let each obſerve his Friend,
" and ſure no *Greek* Will let him witneſs to un-
" manly Deeds. While the dire Fury of the
" Battle reigns, The Hero often ſcapes, while
" Cowards fall, And everlaſting Shame attends
" their Names.

He ſpoke: and fir'd the *Greeks* with Godlike Ardor. Along the Fleet, in terrible Array, They join'd their moony Shields, and to the Eyes (g) A ſudden Wall aroſe of beamy Braſs. (b) Then *Jove*, who from th' *Idæan* Mount beheld *Ajax* encouraging the fainting *Greeks*, Inflam'd the *Trojans* with heroick Strength.

Now to *Antilochus Atrides* ſpoke: " No *Greek*
" excels thee, O brave *Neſtor*'s Son, In darting
" fleetly on the flying Foe, None is ſuperiour
" in the ſtanding Fight, Let then ſome *Trojan*
" feel thy manly Proweſs.

Fir'd by his Words, the Godlike Son of *Neſtor* Sprung to the Front, and hurl'd a

(g) *A ſudden Wall aroſe of beamy Braſs.*] Inſtead of a Rampart of Stone, that is, ſuch a Wall as the *Trojans* came to aſſault, the *Grecians* raiſe one of Braſs, that is, they join'd their Bucklers along the Ships, in a continu'd Row.

(b) *Then* Jove.] In this ſame Book, *Homer*, to raiſe the Valour of *Hector*, gives him *Neptune* for an Antagoniſt; and to raiſe that of *Ajax*, he has already oppos'd *Hector*, ſupported by *Apollo*, to him; and here he oppoſes *Jupiter* himſelf. Theſe are Strokes of a Maſter-Hand.

ſhining

ſhining Spear; Nor was it ſent in vain, the reaking Point Drank deeply *Melanippus'* vital Blood, And fell'd him to the Ground, and o'er the Shores His clanking Armour gave a rattling Sound. As the fleet Hound, impetuous, o'er the Plain, Shoots on a Roe, which from ſome ſecret Hold, The Hunter wounds with his unerring Darts; So, *Melanippus*, on thy bleeding Corſe, *Antilochus*, the Son of *Neſtor*, ruſh'd, Impatient to bear off the bloody Arms. *Hector* beheld, and forward took his way: But *Neſtor's* Son, tho' valiant, fled his Sight; And as ſome Beaſt of Prey, with Hunger ſtung, Scatters the trembling Beeves, and tears the Hounds, Or helpleſs Herdſman, with his goary Jaws; But at th' Appearance of approaching Swains, Scours o'er the Plain, and wings his haſty Way: So fled *Antilochus*, but from the *Trojans* Thick Storms of Spears accompany'd his Flight: Like furious Lions, greedy of their Prey, Vaſt Trains of Warriors ſprung upon the Fleet.

Jove, to perform his Promiſes to *Thetis*, Aided proud *Ilium*, but diſmay'd the *Greeks*, And waited, with impatient Eyes, to view The flaming Navy blazing thro' the Skies: Then he decreed to turn the Scales of War, And lay the Palaces of *Troy* in Aſhes. But now, to execute his ſtedfaſt Thoughts, With Vigour he inflam'd the Soul of *Hector*, Who look'd as dreadful as the God of War, Or like a Flame, which on a Mountain's Brow Lays waſte a Foreſt, and deſtroys its Groves. He foam'd with Wrath, his Eyes flaſh'd dreadful Flames Beneath his gloomy Eye-

Eye-brows; high in Air With formidable Horror wav'd his Plume, And the dread Maſter of the burning Bolts Strengthen'd the Hero from th' *Idæan* Heights, And made him ſuper-eminently ſhine, To recompence the Shortneſs of his Days: (*i*) For *Pallas* haſten'd on the fatal Hour, When by the Son of *Thetis* he ſhou'd fall, And tread the Paths which lead to gloomy Night.

Now thro' the Files of War he held his way, (*k*) Where ſtood the *Greeks* who bore the ſtrongeſt Arms, Where Shield to Shield, and Man was join'd to Man; But fail'd to break the Order of the Fight: Unmov'd they bore the Fury of his Arms. As ſome vaſt Rock upon the Ocean's Shores Bears the rude Inſults of the ſtormy Winds, And Billows tumbling from the roaring Main; So they the Fury of the *Trojan* Army. Still *Hector*, (*l*) ſhining with tremendous

(*i*) *For* Pallas *haſten'd on the fatal Hour.*] What has *Pallas* to do, ſome ſay, with the *Parcæ*, or what Power has ſhe over them? But ſuch People do not rightly underſtand the Paſſage; *Homer* ſpeaks thus, becauſe *Minerva* has already reſolv'd to ſuccour *Achilles*, and deceive *Hector* in the Combat between theſe two Heroes; as we find Book 22. Properly ſpeaking, *Pallas* is nothing but the Knowledge and Wiſdom of *Jove*, and it is Wiſdom which preſides over the Counſels of his Providence; therefore ſhe may be look'd upon as drawing all Things to the fatal Term, to which they are decreed.

(*k*) *Where ſtood the* Greeks *who bore the ſtrongeſt Arms.*] *Homer* ſays, *where he ſaw the beſt Arms*: he has reſpect to what went before, where the Soldiers change Arms, and the ſtrongeſt Men take the ſtrongeſt, the largeſt Bucklers, the tougheſt Spears, and beſt Helmets.

(*l*) *Shining with tremendous Flames.*] I have left the Expreſſion as ambiguous in my Tranſlation, as I found it in the *Greek*, which is πυρὶ λαμπόμενος. It being difficult to ſay, whether the Poet means the Luſtre of his Arms, or of the flaming Brand, which perhaps he bore to fire the Navy.

dous

dous Flames, Sprung on the Hoſt, and darted on his Foes. (*m*) As a prodigious Wave, when from the Clouds Impetuous *Boreas* ſettles on the Deep, Burſts o'er a Ship, and tumbles down in Floods; The Ocean foams, and loud the Tempeſt roars, Shatters the Sheets, and whirls them thro' the Skies; The Thunders rattle, and the Lightnings flaſh; Waves riſe on Waves, and laſh the ſounding Shores; The fearful Sailors tremble for their Doom, For whereſoe'er they turn their mournful Eyes, Death they behold in all her hideous Forms: (*n*) So fear'd the

(*m*) *As a prodigious Wave.*] *Longinus*, Chap. 10. to ſhew that the Circumſtances, when well choſen, and juſtly brought in, contribute chiefly to the making a Paſſage ſublime, quotes this Place of *Homer*; who in deſcribing a Tempeſt, introduces every thing that is dreadful and affrighting: he is not content to ſhew us, that the Sailors were in danger, but he repreſents them as in a Picture, upon the very point of being drown'd every moment by the mountainous Waves; nay, the very Words and Syllables of the Deſcription give us an Image of Danger. *Aratus*, who has paraphras'd this Place, had a mind to improve it, particularly where *Homer* ſays, they ſaw themſelves ſurrounded on all ſides with Death; his Words are theſe:

Ὀλίγον δὲ διὰ ξύλον Ἀΐδαο ἔρυκες.

A ſlight Plank defends them from Death: But in flouriſhing thus upon the Thought, he has loſt the Loftineſs and Terror of it, and he is ſo far from raiſing the Image, that he has not given the leaſt Shadow of it. The ſingle word *defends*, calms all the Apprehenſions of the Reader, and leaves the Sailors in Security: 'tis reported of *Anacharſis*, that as he paſs'd over the Seas, he ask'd the Pilot how thick the Planks of the Ship were; ſo many Inches, ſaid the Pilot; and ſo many Inches, reply'd *Anacharſis*, are we remov'd from Death: nevertheleſs, it ſtill falls far ſhort of *Homer*.

(*n*) *So fear'd the* Grecians.] It is not amiſs to remark how *Homer* varies his Compariſons; he begins *as a Wave burſts on a Ship*, one wou'd thence expect that the Winding up of it ſhou'd be, *ſo* Hector *ruſh'd*, &c. but we find it otherwiſe; he

Grecians

Grecians at th' Approach of *Hector*. As when a Lion ſees a Herd of Beeves, Where ſome clear River rolls his chryſtal Flood, Dreadful he roars, and ruſhes on the Prey; The Herdſman, not inur'd to ſuch Alarms, Now walks before the Herd, and then behind; But in the middle of the feeding Beeves, He rends a lordly Bull, and o'er the Field Chaces the reſt precipitate in Flight: (*o*) So *Hector*, aided by the thund'ring God, Scatter'd Confuſion o'er the *Grecian* Army, But only Godlike *Periphetes* ſlew. (*p*) He from the Loins of *Copreus* ſprung, who bore To *Hercules Euryſtheus'* ſtern Commands; Baſe was the Sire, but brave the gallant Son, Renown'd for Virtue, and heroick Deeds; Nor did *Mycenæ* boaſt a wiſer Man. But now from *Hector* he receiv'd his Doom; For as he turn'd from Battle, on his Shield, Whoſe wide Circumference conceal'd his Body From Head to Foot, unhappily he trod, And

leaves him who is the Cauſe of the Fear, and paſſes to them who are afraid; ἀ'πὸ δὲ τὸν πάσχοντα ὅμιλον ſays *Euſtathius*.

(*o*) *So* Hector.] In the preceding Paſſage I have follow'd *Homer*, and imitated the Run of his Compariſons, but here I have deviated a little: *Homer* ſays thus, *but* Hector *like a Lion*, &c. and in the Concluſion leaves *Hector*, and ſays, ſo the *Grecians* were ſcatter'd by *Jupiter* and *Hector*. The Poet ſuits his Phraſe to the Confuſion which reign'd in the Battle, and being carry'd away by a ſort of an Enthuſiaſm, neglects the Congruity; but this which is a Beauty in the Original, wou'd be inſupportable in our Language, which not permitting the leaſt Inverſion, dares not aſſume the ſame Liberty.

(*p*) *He from the Loins of Copreus.*] This *Copreus* was of *Elis*, and Herald to *Pelops*; he retir'd to *Mycenæ* for a Murder which he had committed, and was expiated by *Euryſtheus*. *Homer* here, we ſee, blames *Copreus* for being the Miniſter of *Euryſtheus*, tho' he only bore his Commands.

tumbled

tumbled to the Ground; far o'er the Plain His rattling Helmet gave a dreadful Sound. *Hector* beheld the Fall, and in his Breaſt Plung'd a dire Spear; nor cou'd his circling Friends Preſerve the Hero from unhappy Fate; For, terrify'd, they ſhunn'd the Sword of *Hector*.

(*q*) Now from the foremoſt Line the *Grecians* fled, To gain the ſecond near the Ocean's Shores; But at their Tents embody'd firm they ſtood, Nor ſcatter'd o'er the Field; for Shame and Fear Detain'd them in the Fight, Man ſuſtain'd Man, And Friend inflam'd his Friend, but chiefly thou, O Godlike *Neſtor*, didſt with earneſt Pray'rs Preſerve the Fleet, and, marching thro' the Files, Conjure them by their Parents

(*q*) *Now from the foremoſt Line.*] *Homer* always gives us ſo clear an Idea of the Actions which he deſcribes, and of the Places where they happen, that we ſee them as plainly, as if we had been preſent. Hitherto they have fought in the Space between the Wall and firſt Line of the Fleet, which the *Greeks* had behind them; the *Greeks* are here puſh'd by *Hector* beyond this firſt Line to the ſecond, that is, to thoſe Ships which ſtood on the Shore near the Sea, which *Homer* calls ἀκταὶ and πρῶται· thus they have in Front the firſt Line, therefore *Homer* ſays, ἐ σταν δ' ἱγένοντο νεῶν. It is impoſſible to conceive what Blunders have been made for want of underſtanding this Diſpoſition of the Field of Battle: Monſ. *Racine* himſelf, who underſtands Antiquity better than any of our Tragedians, has faln into a great Miſtake, when he ſpeaks of a Fight at the *Grecian* Navy; for in his *Andromache*, which is one of his moſt beautiful Compoſitions, *Oreſtes* ſpeaks thus concerning *Aſtyanax*, Act 1. Scene 2. *Who knows what, one day or other, this Son of* Hector *may perform? perhaps we ſhall ſee him fall upon our Ports, as we have ſeen his Father fire our Ships, and with Flames in his Hand purſue them thro' the Waves.* Now *Hector* never purſu'd them thro' the Water, for the Fleet ſtood on dry Ground, as I have ſufficiently prov'd.

ſacred

ſacred Names, To meet the Fury of the coming Storm.

" O Friends, thou ſaid'ſt, put all your Man-
" hood on, Think what Poſterity, and Men
" unborn, Will ſay, if thus ye fly! Think on
" your Sons, Your tender Wives, your vene-
" rable Parents, Whether now dead, or draw
" the vital Air: (r) They by my Mouth, O
" *Greeks*, tho' abſent, ſpeak, Command you to
" reſtore the doubtful Day, And not diſgrace
" 'em by a Coward Flight.

Thus *Neſtor* ſpoke, and thro' the Army breath'd Heroick Ardour. (s) *Pallas* from their Eyes Remov'd the Miſt, whoſe dim Suffuſion veil'd Their clouded Sight: a joyous heav'nly Ray Shone o'er the Navy, and conflicting Armies. *Hector* they view'd, and all the War of *Troy*, The Troops which ſtood from Battle in the Rear, And thoſe which came impetuous to the Fight. But *Ajax* ſcorn'd to ſtand, like other *Greeks*, Fix'd to one Poſt; with vaſt gigantick Stalk From Ship to Ship he ſtrode; a Pole he bore Twenty two Cubits long, adorn'd with

(r) *They by my Mouth, O Greeks, tho abſent, ſpeak.*] This Word *abſent* ſuits equally upon the Dead and Living; and *Homer* by it inculcates to theſe Warriors, that their Parents, tho' dead, are Witneſſes to their brave or coward Actions, and ſhare both their Honours and Diſgrace. This Paſſage is remarkable, and *Demoſthenes* has made uſe of it in his Orations.

(s) *For Pallas from their Eyes remov'd the Miſt.*] *Homer* here ſays in a poetical Manner, that the Wiſdom of *Neſtor*'s Diſcourſe open'd the Eyes of the *Greeks*, and let them ſee the ſmall Number of *Trojans* who had put them to flight.

Steel.

Steel. (*t*) As when a Man well-skill'd to mount the Horſe, Selects four Steeds egregious to behold, Fleet in the Courſe to skim along the Ground; He, while the thronging Crowds with Wonder gaze, (*u*) Urges the Courſers in ſome publick Road To their full Speed, and ſcours along the way, And in a moment gains the deſtin'd City; Mean time, he nimbly bounds from Steed to Steed, Flies as they fly, and cleaves the yielding Air: From Ship to Ship, ſo *Ajax* ſwiftly ſtrode, And his loud Voice aſcended to the Clouds, While he inflam'd the Battle of the *Greeks*.

(*t*) *As when a Man well-skill'd to mount the Horſe.*] This Compariſon, which *Homer* here introduces, is a Demonſtration, that the Art of mounting the Horſe and managing the Steeds was brought to ſo great a Perfection in theſe early Times, that one Man cou'd manage four at once, and leap from one to the other even when they run full Speed: but ſome object, that the Cuſtom of Riding the Horſe was not known in *Greece*, at the Time of the *Trojan* War; beſides, they ſay the Compariſon is not juſt, for the Horſes are ſaid to run full Speed, whereas the Ships ſtand ſtill and unmov'd. Had *Homer* put the Compariſon in the Mouth of one of his Heroes, the Objection had been juſt, and he guilty of an Inconſiſtency, but it is he himſelf who ſpeaks: Saddle-Horſes were in uſe in his Time, and any Poet may be allow'd to illuſtrate Pieces of Antiquity, by Images familiar to his own Times. This I hope is ſufficient for the firſt Objection, nor is the ſecond more reaſonable than this; for it is not abſolutely neceſſary, that Compariſons ſhou'd correſpond in every Particular; it ſuffices if there be a general Reſemblance. This here is introduc'd to ſhew the Agility of *Ajax*, who paſſes ſwiftly from one Veſſel to another, and it is therefore entirely Juſt.

(*u*) *Urges his Courſers in ſome publick Road.*] *Homer* here ſhews us, that Races were not only run in the Liſt, but alſo in publick Roads from one Place to another, juſt as the Cuſtom is at this day in *France*, and particularly in *England*.

Nor

Nor was th'illuſtrious Son of Godlike *Priam*
Leſs active ſeen; but as th'imperial Bird, Which
bears the Thunder of dread Heaven's King,
Views near ſome Stream a Crane, or ſilver
Swan, Stoops from on high, and ſouſes on the
Prey: So *Hector* pour'd impetuous on the Navy;
For potent *Jove*, with his Almighty Arm,
Led him to Battle, and inſpir'd his Army
With Vigour and Impatience for the War.
The Fight then kindled into tenfold Rage:
Had you now ſeen the Fray, you wou'd have
thought The Battle juſt begun, the warring
Hoſts Freſh to the Fight, ſo dreadful was the
Onſet. (*w*) But different Thoughts the Armies
entertain'd, The *Grecians* deem'd the fatal Hour
was come, When they ſhou'd fall; the *Tro-
jans* fought with Hopes To fire the Navy with
vindictive Flames, And in one Ruin overwhelm
the *Greeks*. Thus Hope, and thus Deſpair,
with equal Strength, Inflam'd the Courage of
the adverſe Heroes.

The faireſt Veſſel of the *Grecian* Fleet, Then
Hector ſeiz'd, (*x*) which to the War of *Troy* Had

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(*w*) *But different Thoughts the Armies entertain'd.*] With what Addreſs does *Homer* here exalt the Courage of the *Greeks*, even while he deſcribes them as vanquiſh'd! It is not at all wonderful, that the *Trojans* ſhou'd fight gallantly, when *Jove* himſelf incites them to Battle; but it is ſurprizing, that the *Greeks* ſhou'd not be diſcouraged, when they thought they ſhou'd all be ſlain: this is the laſt Effort of Courage.

(*x*) *Which to the War had borne* Proteſilaus.] *Proteſilaus* was ſlain, when the *Greeks* firſt landed on the *Trojan* Shores; this is the Reaſon why his Ship was left in the ſecond Line, it being without a Chief: *Homer* feigns, that *Hector* laid hold of this Ship rather than any other, that he might not diſgrace any of the Generals.

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